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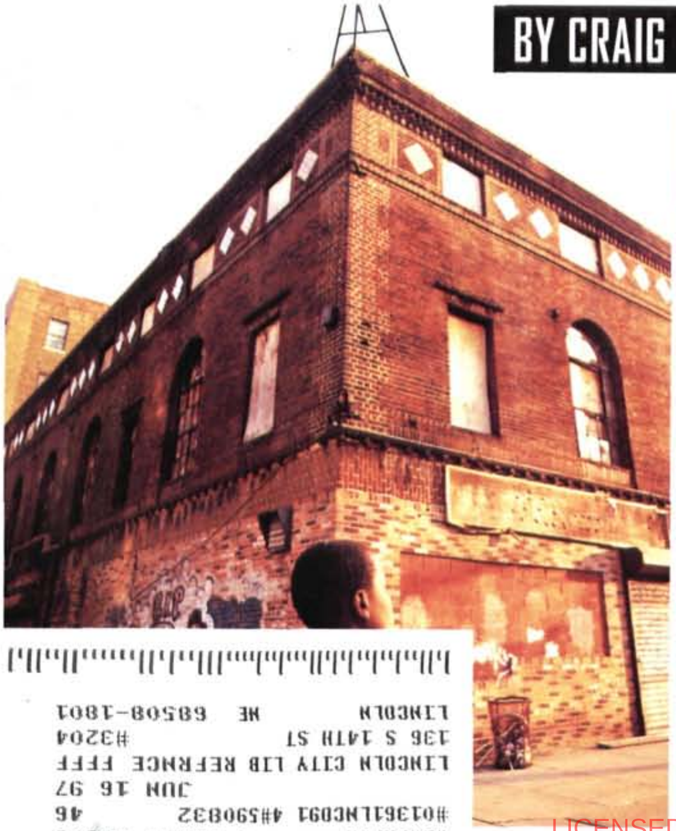
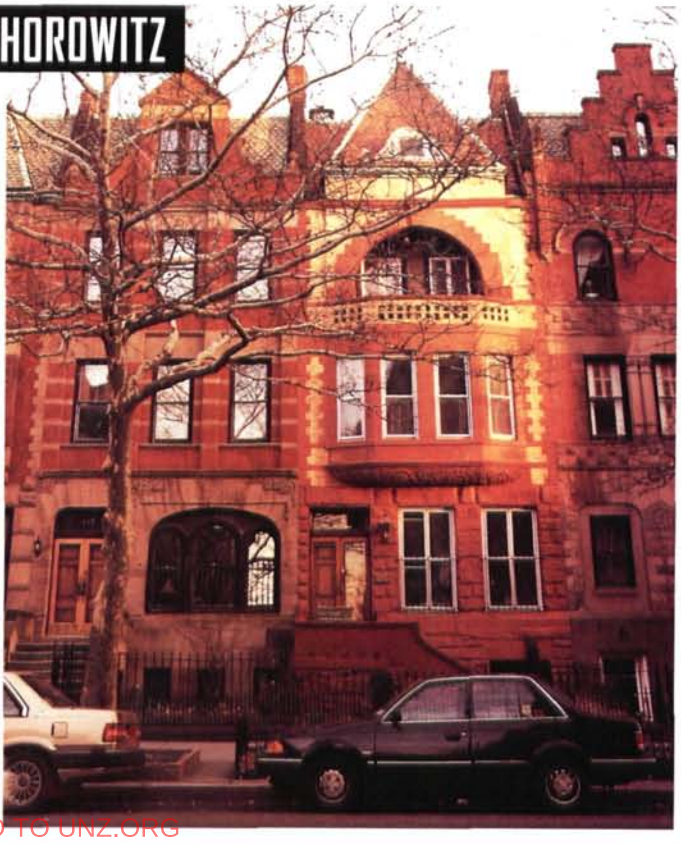
THE BATTLE FOR THE SOUL OF HARLEM

BY CRAIG HOROWITZ





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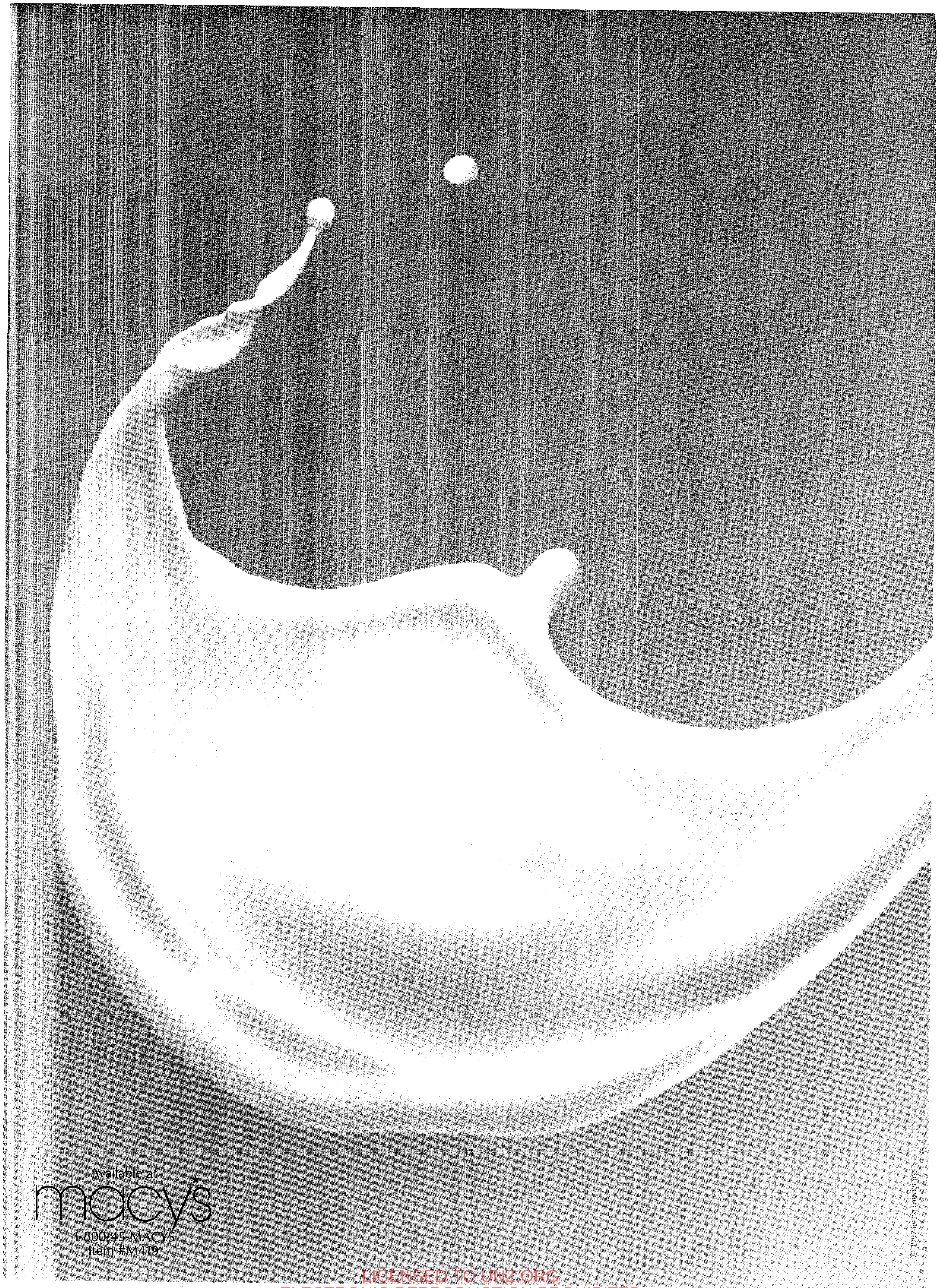
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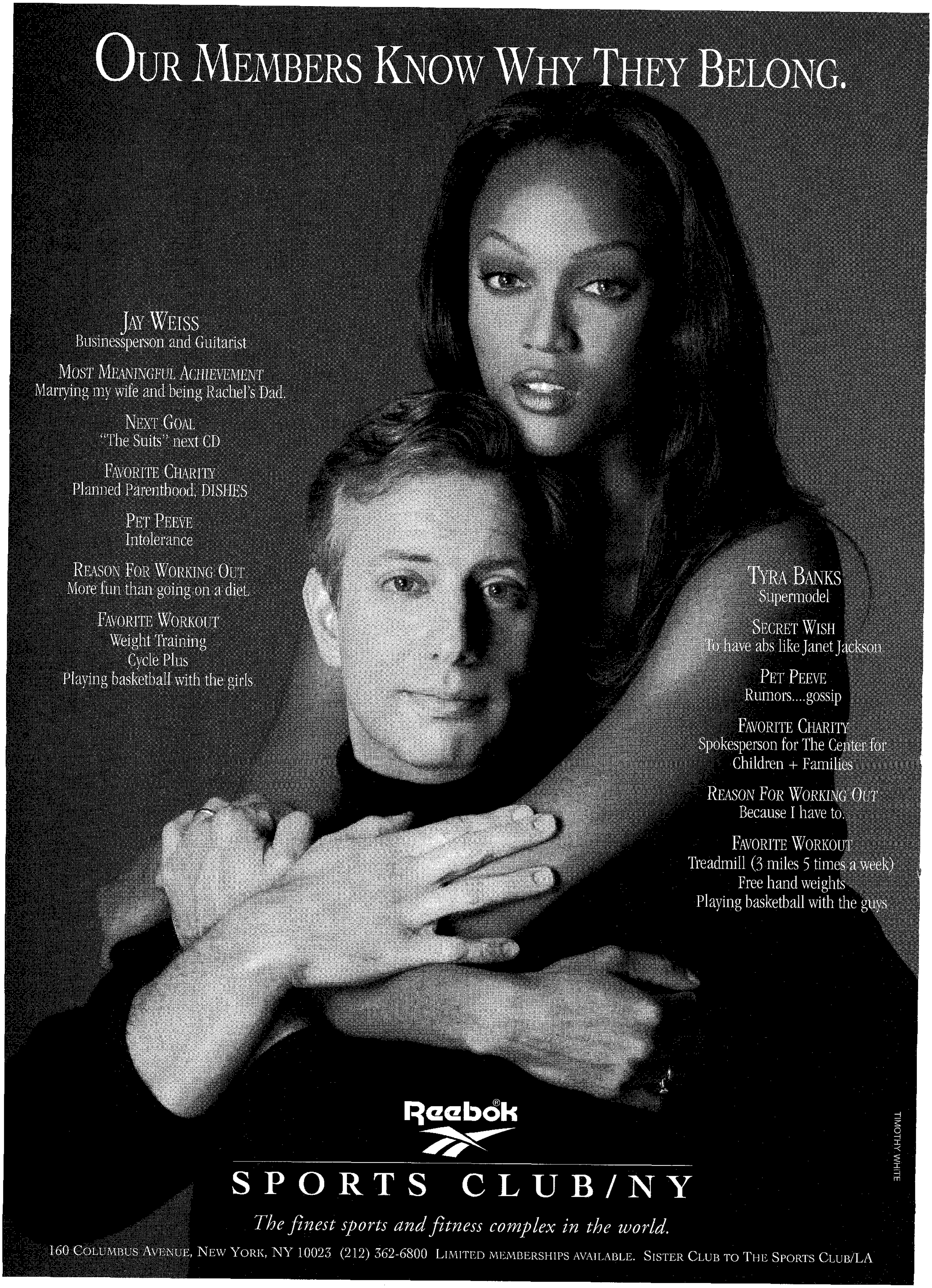

Jay Weiss
Businessperson and Guitarist

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Favorite Charity
Planned Parenthood, DISHES

Pet Peeve
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Reason For Working Out
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Secret Wish
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TIMOTHY WHITE

Contents Jan. 27, 1997

"One way or the other, Harlem is gonna change now. Black people need to step up to the plate.
If we don't, then we got no right to go complaining that the white people took all the money."

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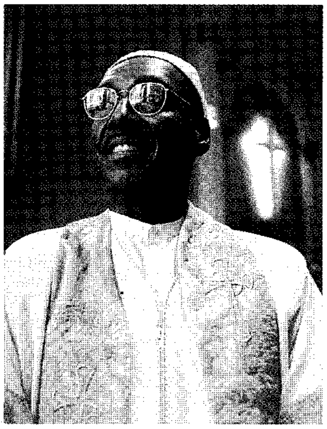
22 Hope in Harlem

By Craig Horowitz

Major retailers are discovering 125th Street. Young middle-class blacks are coming back. But with optimism comes conflict: Angry at the legacy of failure they've inherited, the new activists want results, not rhetoric. And they want the Old Guard to step up—or step aside.



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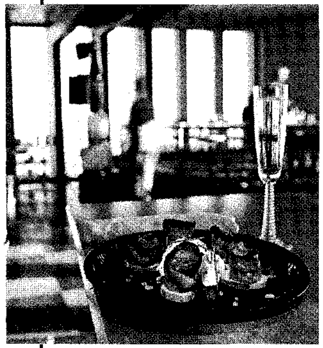

A seat at the bar no longer dooms diners to drinking on an empty stomach. More and more of the city's top restaurants are offering real, substantial food on their bar menus, from planked salmon to spaghettini con bottarga to spiced duck à l'orange. Just imagine: a memorable multi-course meal from a great chef without reservations. Who passes our bar exam?

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By Nancy Jo Sales

Wanna see some magic? Brooklyn boy wonder David Blaine has charmed some of the more jaded celebrities and hipsters around town with his sleights of hand. His gentle ambushes have got him a quietly fanatic word-of-mouth following—and an upcoming ABC special. Magic indeed.

On the cover: *Left, the Renaissance Ballroom; right, renovated brownstones on Convent Avenue. Photographs by Micheal McLaughlin.*

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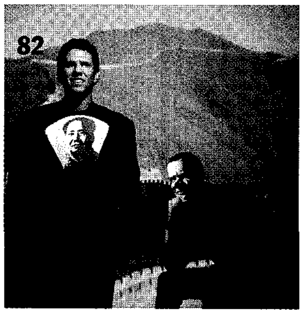

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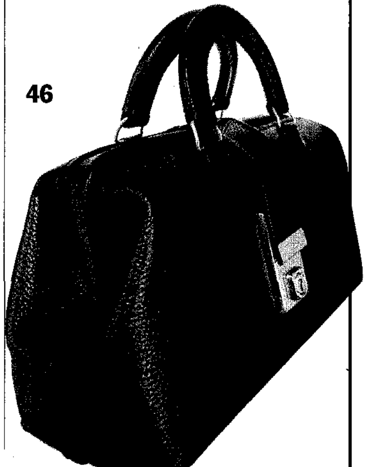

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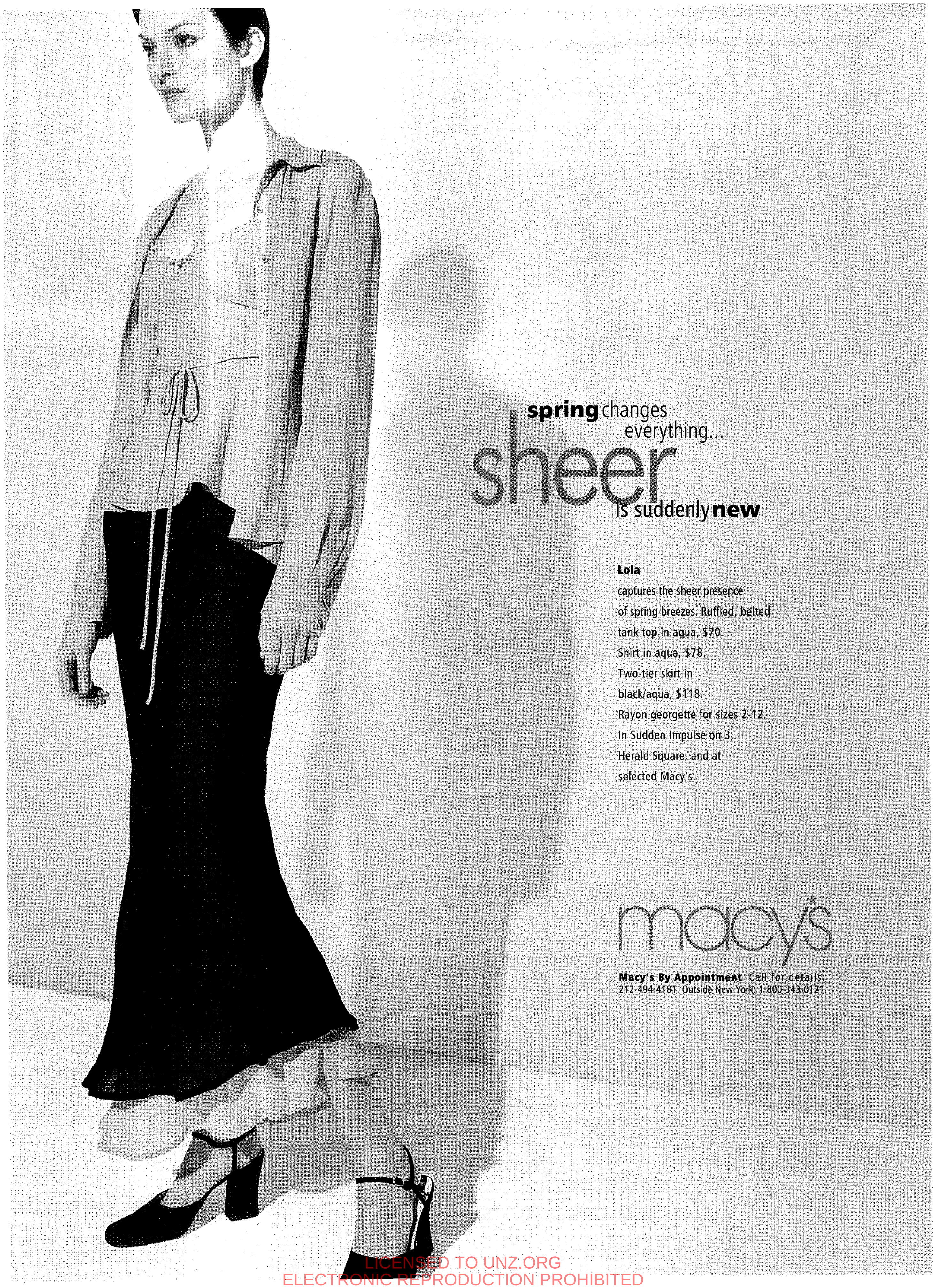

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Talking Head

Tom Brokaw: overpaid or overtly eager to please?; a close reading of Simon and Leonard makes literary enthusiasts cry "Foul!"

OBVIOUSLY, I WAS VERY FLATTERED by Charles Kaiser's generous article about me ["Does Anyone Have Anything Bad to Say About Tom Brokaw?," January 6], but the readers of *New York* should also know that the success of any network news division is a true collegial experience. At NBC News, that begins at the top with the inspired leadership of Andy Lack and goes right down through the ranks to our interns. As anchors, we get the public attention and the big bucks, but without all of our colleagues pulling on the oars, we'd be seriously adrift.

Tom Brokaw
MANHATTAN

I DID NOT "RESIGN IN DISGRACE" AS PRESIDENT of NBC News in 1993. I resigned with pride. During my five years as president, the news division increased its weekly programming hours from 17 to 75, launched its first successful news magazine, hired and promoted a great number of minorities and women, put in place such talented anchors as Tim Russert and Katie Couric—and moved from an annual deficit of about $100 million to a profit of nearly $50 million.

I resigned to rejoin my family in Iowa, a few months ahead of my plan, in an effort to stop the damaging publicity around the GM incident. I am proud, though, of my own role in that incident: being up front with the viewers when I found out that someone who worked for me had done a stupid thing, and bringing to an end an incident that could be defended legally but not journalistically.

No network is perfect—as CBS has shown with its cigarette reporting, as ABC has discovered in its two recent court losses, and as NBC just rediscovered in its settlement with Richard Jewell. I doubt the presidents of those divisions were "disgraced" by any of those incidents, though I am sure they were dismayed and distressed.

I agree that Tom is a fine person and anchorman. As for his line "Come work for NBC for food," that's funny and clever, but as I recall, his clothing allowance alone was about the same as the median yearly earnings of all Americans.

Michael Gartner
DES MOINES, IOWA

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Charles Kaiser responds: If Mr. Gartner had responded to either of the messages I left for him at his office, I would have been happy to include his point of view.

CHARLES KAISER'S FATUOUSLY UNCRITICAL paean of adulation for Tom Brokaw must set a record for sycophantic toadyism. There's plenty bad to say about Brokaw, who is engaged in entertainment—not news—for the purpose of maximizing his audience and his employer's profits.

Your picture of Brokaw replete with virile stare, breast-pocket display hanky, coiffed hair, and pretentiously oversized cuff links portrays a virtual anthology of the bad taste and quackery that pass for TV news these days. A man who employs the royal "we"; whose raised eyebrows, cocked head, smiles, and grimaces as he reads the news remind one of a Punch and Judy show; and whose insipid and soporific program drives anyone seriously interested in current events to Jim Lehrer or CNN—such a man is a cynical parody of a genuine news reporter.

All Brokaw has going for him as a genuine newsman, in fact, is a plummy voice saturated with testosterone and featuring the pungency of overripe cheese. Dan Rather and Peter Jennings aren't much better. The network anchormen are merely three pretty-boy entertainers.

James S. Gratton
WORCESTER, MASS.

Critics' Picks

THERE IS ONLY ONE THING WRONG WITH John Simon's hatchet job on the Public Theater's production of *Henry VI:* It found its way to print ["Theater: Ill Will," January 6]. Indeed, I am not quite certain that Mr. Simon and I saw the same play. As a quasi subscriber to the Public's 36-play Shakespeare cycle, I have seen at least 30 productions, ranging from fair to exceptional. Contrary to Mr. Simon, I would place *Henry VI* somewhere on the good-to-excellent end of the spectrum.

It is some comfort to know that my tastes were antithetical to Mr. Simon's: Almost all the things he found wrong with the production were aspects I liked, and his by-now-infamous (and repugnant) personal attacks on each actor hit all the wrong marks. More to the point, however, is that in focusing on tearing apart the actors, sets, and music, Mr. Simon forgets to address the main point of a review: how the material itself came across. If the point of a production is to tell a story, then *Henry VI* was unquestionably a highlight of the series: I walked away with a clear understanding of the Plantagenets and their personal, political, and military history. Given the amount of history involved, and the intricate nature of the play's three generations of complex relationships, the Public deserves kudos, not contempt, for its efforts.

Ian Alterman
MANHATTAN

FROM HIS IDIOTIC COMMENTS ABOUT *NOSTROMO* ["Television: Heart of Whiteness," January 6], John Leonard makes it apparent that (1) he hasn't read the book, or (2) he has read but doesn't understand the book.

Mr. Leonard does manage to figure out that Nostromo is the hero of *Nostromo* (the title, duh, evidently provided him with a clue), but he gets just about everything else wrong. Far from being a "noble noodle," Nostromo is an epic hero whose tragedy lies in his discovering too late that, in freeing himself from corrupt European masters, he has only become slave to another equally corrupt master—himself. Costaguana succeeds in being no better, and no worse, than any other place on earth where human beings live, love, work, and die. Conrad understood that generosity of spirit and moral degradation are not matters of skin color, nationality, or geography.

Unfortunately, I am unable to direct Mr. Leonard to a course in which to enroll, since American colleges and universities have eliminated Conrad from their curricula—along with such other white male European nuisances as Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton.

Mary T. L. Bannon
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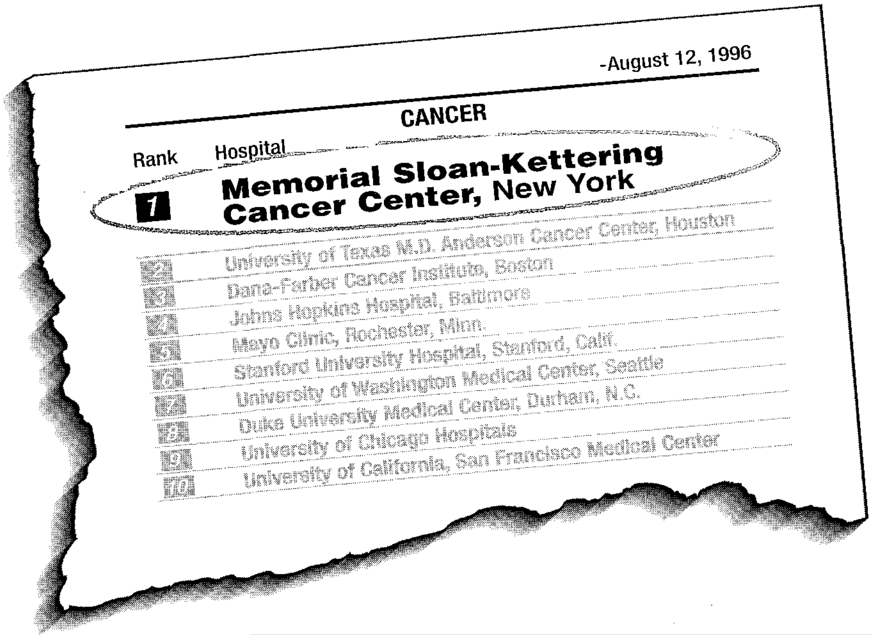

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9	University of Chicago Hospitals
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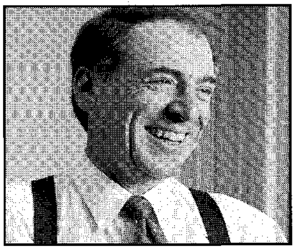

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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

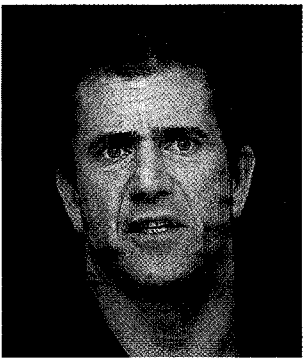
WILL VIDEO KILL THE RADIO STARS?

It looks like Radio City's high-kicking Rockettes are about to be unceremoniously kicked out of their Sixth Avenue home. According to an insider at Rockefeller Center—which co-owns the building along with a group of investors led by Goldman, Sachs and **David Rockefeller**—several other potential tenants are looking like better bets to win the lease for the landmark than Radio City Music Hall Productions, which owns the Rockettes. "Radio City is now only booked four and a half months a year, and most of the gross comes during the Christmas season," says the source. "*Anyone* looks better at this point." Among the video and film companies rumored to be looking at the space are Universal MCA, Disney, Time Warner, and ITT. Despite the ominous rumblings, a spokesman for Radio City Music Hall Productions insists "new management has had fresh discussions with Rockefeller Center and we are hopeful that a deal can be struck."

PHILIP JOHNSON'S GLASS MENAGERIE

Following the pomp and circumstance of **Philip Johnson**'s ninetieth-birthday bash at the Four Seasons last July, the architect is realizing there's no place like home. Forced to retire after heart surgery and a bout with pneumonia, the ailing Johnson has retreated to his famed Glass House home in New Canaan, Connecticut, where he is under the care of his companion **David Whitney,** who recently admitted Johnson "was not doing well." Now a stream of old friends and all-star architects is checking in with the nonagenarian. **Peter Eisenman, Frank Gehry, Rem Koolhaas,** Museum of Modern Art curator **Terry Riley,** Seagram heiress **Phyllis Bronfman Lambert,** and Johnson editor **Jeffrey Kipniss** have all stopped by to reminisce and pay their respects. Israeli architect and onetime business associate **Eli Attia** was called to Johnson's bedside just a few weeks ago. "I've visited him many times in the Glass House, but it's the first time I've realized that the place is *so much* Philip Johnson," says Attia. "Philip and the place were like one." Though Johnson's health remains poor, many friends are reluctant to see his departure to New Canaan as signaling his permanent exit. Says fellow architect **Robert Stern,** "Hey, when you're 90, you're entitled to take a day or two off."

Philip Johnson:
Lying low



Mel Gibson:
Harried

MEL'S NOT WILD ABOUT HARRY'S

Don't expect to see **Mel Gibson** lifting any Bellinis to toast the opening of his latest film. During the making of *Conspiracy Theory,* the addled Aussie visited the overpriced Harry Cipriani restaurant only to be set upon by tacky celebrity hounds. But it wasn't the *diners* who plagued the actor; it was the employees. Waiters and other staff members kept interrupting Mel's meal to ask for autographs. At last the headwaiter sheepishly approached. "We thought that finally someone was coming over to apologize," recalls a Hollywood executive who was at the harassed table. "Instead, he said, 'I'm sorry—would you mind giving one more autograph, for my son?' It was so tacky." Maître d' **Sergio Vacca** protests: "Only one or two people asked for his autograph—the chef and the bartender or sommelier. How are we supposed to know if someone wants privacy if he doesn't ask for it? **Woody Allen** comes here. **Sharon Stone. John Travolta** goes down to the kitchen and gives autographs." At the end of the meal, according to the executive, Gibson announced that he wouldn't be returning to the restaurant any time soon. "Too bad for him if he doesn't want to come back," snaps Vacca. "We have good food."

TRUMP: ONE IS THE LONELIEST NUMBER

Talk about personalized service: Despite the endless fanfare surrounding **Donald Trump**'s new 168-room hotel on Central Park West, on opening night the much-hyped hostelry seemed more like a ghost hotel. A Trump spokeswoman maintains that the place "could have been fully booked" but that management had purposely tried to "discourage too many people" from checking in, hoping to smooth out any glitches. If that's true, their efforts were all too successful. While Trump vaguely claimed his hotel had attracted "several guests" for opening night, a well-informed insider more accurately puts the total figure at *one*. At least the staff-to-guest ratio made the $475-a-night room rate worthwhile.

CUSTOMER HIT WITH THE BILL AT ELAINE'S

Service with a smile has never been a priority at Elaine's, but the watering hole was recently the scene of fisticuffs that would have impressed even the pugilistic **Norman Mailer. David Levine,** an L.A.-based television executive, charges that he was beaten by an employee of the restaurant last month. According to Levine, the incident began when he discovered that he and his three female companions had been charged for several items they hadn't ordered.

Photographs: top right, Chris Buck/Outline; Armando Gallo/Retna.

RICHARD SIMMONS SHEDS *LBS.*

After the success of his exercise studios, his Boston obesity clinic, his infomercials, and his cookbooks, what could be next for flamboyant fitness freak **Richard Simmons**? Apparently, the Great White Way. *Lbs.*, a Broadway musical set on a fat farm, has been on the Deal-a-Meal guru's back burner for a few years. But now that Simmons has a new writing partner, **Glenn Rosenblum,** he's ditching that one for a brand-new show, *The Meeting.* Simmons calls it "a low-cal Lily Tomlin one-man show" and says he will play all seven characters at the meeting, which he describes as a mixture of "Overeaters Anonymous, Weight Watchers, Jenny Craig, Diet Workshop—and add a little Tabasco sauce." Simmons isn't worried about stage fright. "I don't even need a microphone," he boasts. "They could save money." And should Simmons literally "break a leg" on his still-far-from-scheduled opening night, he'll be able to heal himself: The diet diva recently announced to **David Letterman** that he plans to begin a special medical-school program at USC soon. In the meantime, he's hired a professor for twice-weekly science tutorials at home.

Richard Simmons: Feeling the burn

Shalom Harlow: Noah's lark

Levine says that when he confronted the restaurant's cashier about the mistake, the cashier responded with an eloquent "Wait a fucking minute," provoking a heated exchange of words. Finally, Levine was grudgingly presented with a revised bill, and peacefully left the restaurant. But someone apparently thought he hadn't fully paid his dues. According to an eyewitness, the enraged cashier followed Levine onto Second Avenue and "began beating the crap out of him," slamming him against a minivan and kicking him to the ground while his shrieking companions struggled to free him. "I've seen some bar brawls in my time," marvels the witness, "but this was unbelievable." When police arrived, a battered Levine filed a report but did not press charges. Normally placid proprietress **Elaine Kaufman** insists that *she* should be the one pressing charges. "The guy was *wacked,"* she snaps. "He marched into the kitchen and started to order directly from the chef. Then when the bill came, he complained he hadn't ordered any of it." Levine maintains he only entered the kitchen "to thank the chef for a great meal," whereupon the surly cook ordered him to "get the hell out of here." But Kaufman maintains Levine is simply delusional. "He grabbed the cashier's arm, and the cashier went outside to get away from him. Then one of his girls hit the cashier with her water bottle." Next time, it might be safer to order in.

THAT'S NO BARGAIN; MORRIS LEAPS AHEAD

JUNK MAIL: Apparently the folks at *Financial World* magazine have come up with a *real* get-rich-quick scheme. In an announcement headed TIME IS MONEY!, the publication promises discounts to subscribers who renew immediately for $29.95. Interestingly, the magazine's regular subscription is only $27—$2.95 less than the "discount" offer. A *Financial World* spokesman told a caller that while "test-marketing" the new rate, the magazine found that people blindly agreed to the higher amount. Said one disgruntled subscriber, "They clearly thought they wouldn't get caught." So did Ivan Boesky.

Morris: Direct approach

MARK THE SPOT: Mark Morris is following in the footsteps of **Bob Fosse, Michael Bennett,** and **Jerome Robbins:** He's becoming a Broadway director. The avant-garde dance-maker, who has been choreographing the new **Paul Simon** musical *The Capeman,* assumed the directorial role when **Eric Simonson** was fired last month. The play, co-written by Simon and Nobel Prize–winning Jamaican poet **Derek Wolcott,** is the story of teenage murderer turned poet **Salvador Agron.**

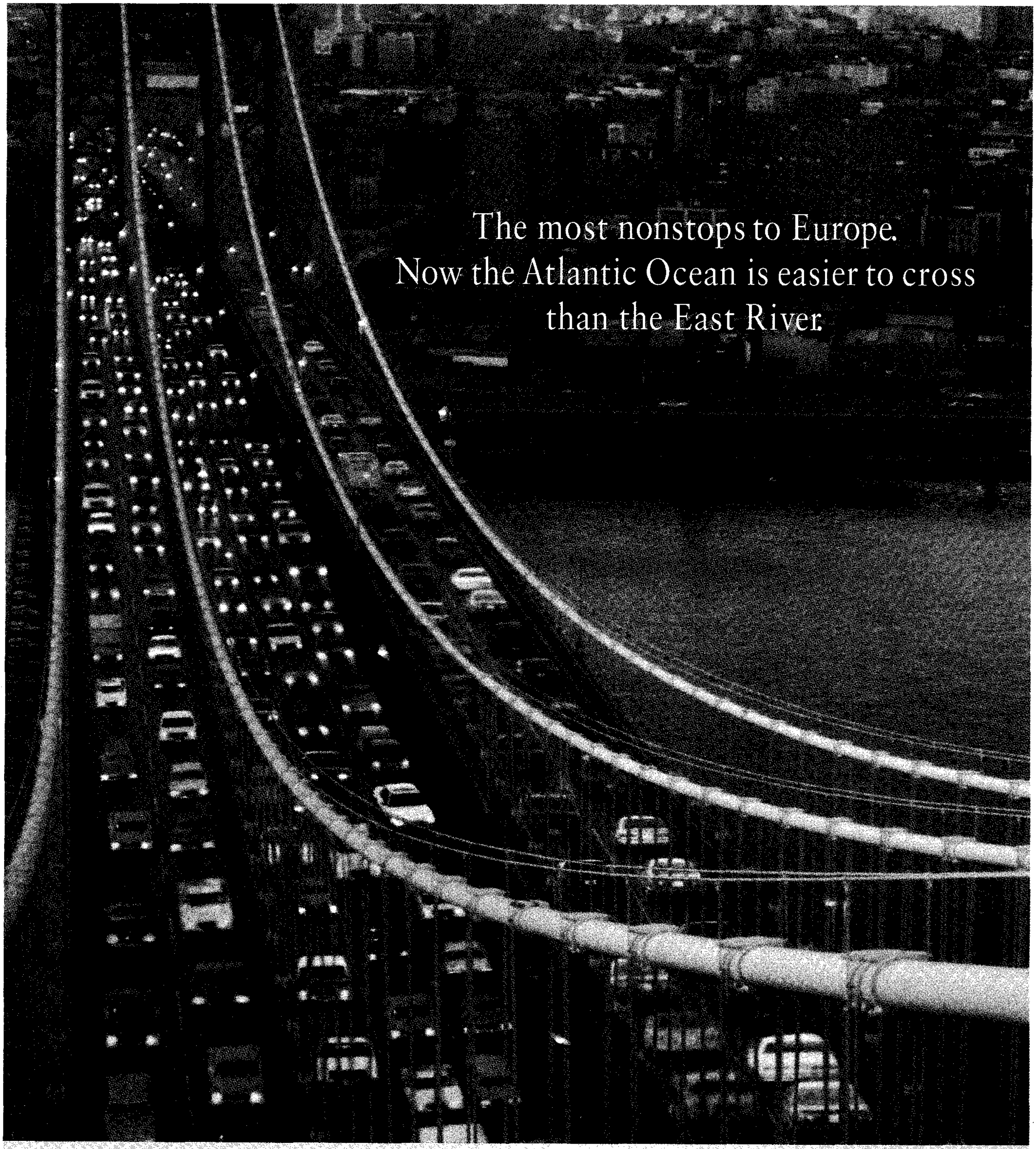
INSTANT REPLAY: "Jockbeat" junkies, get ready to cheer: *Village Voice* editor **Don Forst** has announced the return of the racy sports column. Forst's predecessor, **Karen Durbin,** got hissed when she scrapped the column in July 1995. But it's making a comeback in February.

Additional reporting by Kate Coyne and Zoe Wolff.

SHALOM HARLOW'S HERRERA TAKEOVER

Supermodel **Shalom Harlow** might seem like she's joined at the hip with her MTV mate **Amber Valetta,** but apparently she has time to slink off with another woman's man. Young **Carolina Herrera Jr.,** the daughter of society's favorite designer, was profiled in *Paper* magazine two years ago with her boyfriend, up-and-coming video director **Noah Bogen.** "Carolina met Noah at Area, where he was a busboy," wrote downtown chronicler **Anita Sarko,** who went on to proclaim the couple "madly in love," and friends say that they remained close long after the *Paper* story. Herrera and Bogen broke up around Christmas, and very soon after, Bogen began dating Harlow. The timing was so close, in fact, that some say they'd been secretly dating for weeks, much to the consternation of Herrera, who dumped Bogen flat. Others insist the couple split amicably. Whatever the case, there's no escaping the paparazzi. "Every time they'd see Shalom with Noah, they thought he was the young Italian actor **Vincent Gallo,"** reports one source, who laughed while reading press reports of Harlow's supposed romance with the Italian star of *The Funeral.* Harlow's press rep, while eager to discuss her many bookings, wouldn't talk about her private life.

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Stephen Harvey/Outline; Stewart Ferguson/Retna; Gregory Pace/Sygma.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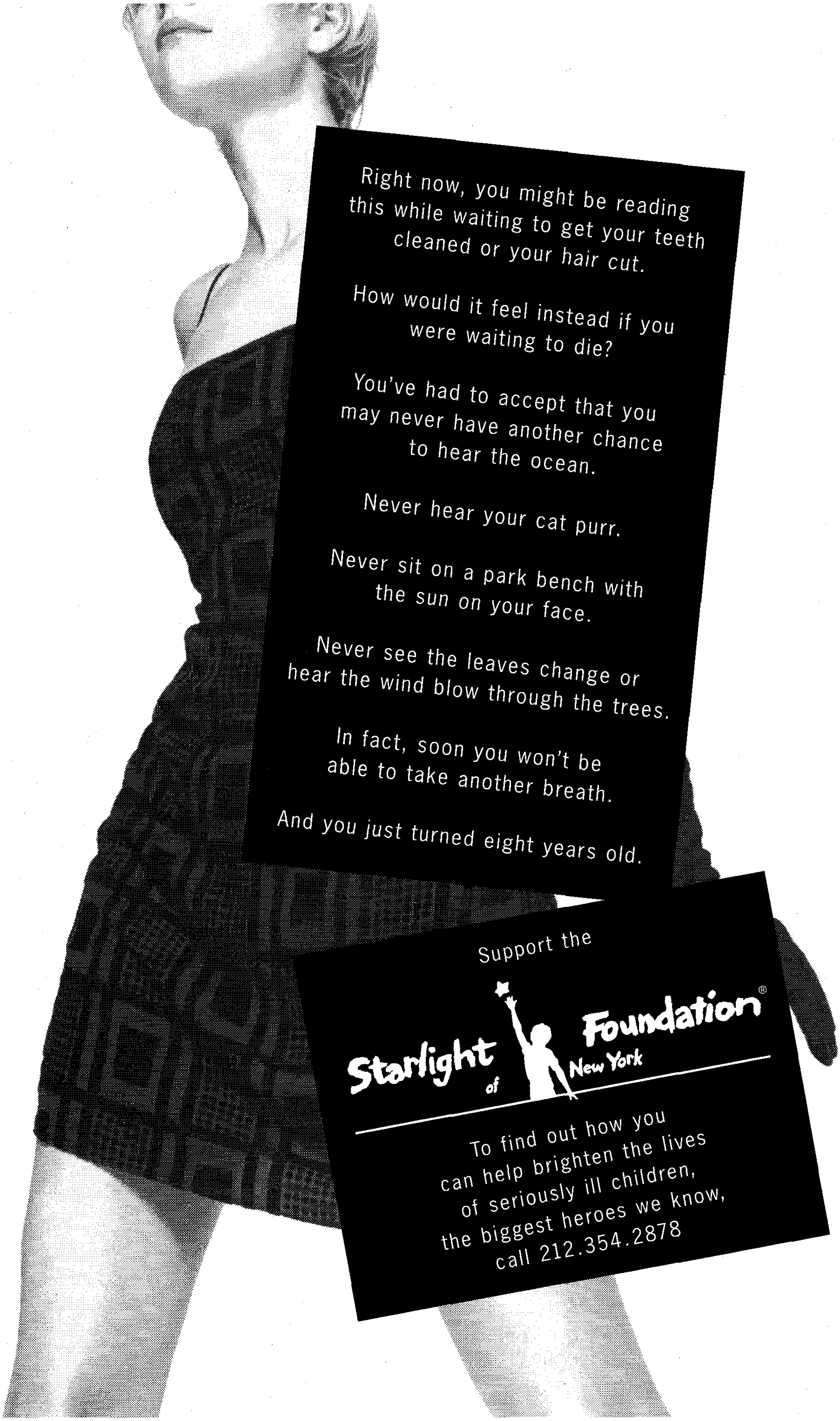

Right now, you might be reading this while waiting to get your teeth cleaned or your hair cut.

How would it feel instead if you were waiting to die?

You've had to accept that you may never have another chance to hear the ocean.

Never hear your cat purr.

Never sit on a park bench with the sun on your face.

Never see the leaves change or hear the wind blow through the trees.

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Photographer: Andrew Eccles.
Model: Frauke.

GOTHAM

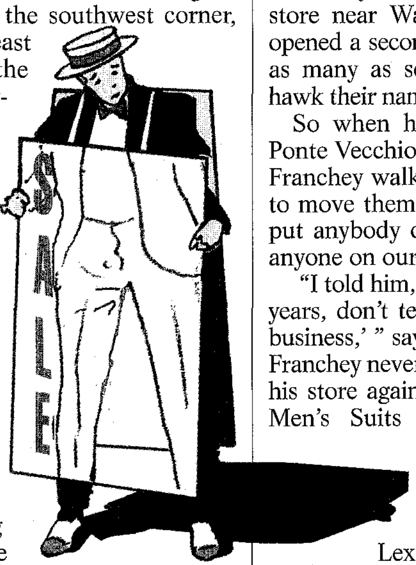
A third-rate Babylon—*H. L. Mencken*

Fashion

DOING THE BOARDWALK AROUND BLOOMINGDALE'S

"It's like a chess game," says Hubie Tyler, standing catercorner from Bloomingdale's with a sandwich board shouting MEN'S SUITS hung over his shoulders and a knit cap pulled low against the cold. "The boss shifts us around depending on the time of day and where *those* guys are." He nods toward Zoundi Idrissa, who stands ten feet away wearing a sandwich board for the competition, Ponte Vecchio, also in the business of selling discount men's wear here in the retail center of the universe.

For months now, the five sandwich-board men at 59th Street and Lexington Avenue—two on the southwest corner, two on the northeast corner, one on the northwest corner—have been jockeying for position on this key intersection, where foot traffic streams by vigorously in all directions.



Two blocks away on East 57th Street, Ponte Vecchio is quiet. "Business has been soft," says Assad Ashmawy, standing behind a glass case of bright geometric ties at the boutique. He would never have used sandwich boards to promote his 20-year-old business back when he had two locations selling $900 Italian designer suits; now it's a single store with big discounts on unknown labels—still Italian, though. But when Men's Suits on 59th dispatched a small army of leafleteers, Ashmawy followed their lead, hiring two sandwich men of his own to stand near Bloomingdale's. He didn't realize the owners of Men's Suits felt proprietary about the intersection.

"We get a lot of business by word of mouth, and people don't always have the address, so they're told to look for the guys giving out fliers," says the co-owner of Men's Suits, Robert Gerola, who got started in the suit business during summers off from college. Gerola, 28, and his partner, Chris Franchey, 27, boyhood friends from Riverdale, first handed out fliers to commuters in suburbs like Scarsdale and Garden City, where they rented temporary retail space near train stations. After graduation, they added sandwich boards for a store near Wall Street, and when they opened a second store on 59th, they used as many as seven human billboards to hawk their name-brand, under-$250 suits.

So when he spotted the guys from Ponte Vecchio on "his" turf last summer, Franchey walked down to ask Ashmawy to move them. "We told him, 'We don't put anybody on our corner—don't put anyone on ours,' " says Gerola.

"I told him, 'I've been here twenty years, don't tell me how to run my business,' " says Ashmawy. He told Franchey never to set foot in his store again. Soon after, Men's Suits moved one sandwich man to the corner of 57th and Lexington, two doors from Ponte Vecchio.

On a raw, rain-soaked morning last week, two Men's Suits sandwich men scheduled for 10 A.M. showed up as usual. Toure Allassan, from the Ivory Coast, set up under the covered doorway of the Gap, while a 57-year-old Pakistani too embarrassed to give his name stood beneath the porte cochere at Bloomingdale's. Given his heart condition, he said, leafletting beats loading work. But he hopes to return home to his six children soon, because he doesn't enjoy life here.

"New York life is too fast," he says. "Everybody is in competition."

While the turf war has cooled somewhat with the weather, the sandwich-board guys persist. A native of Burkina Faso, Idrissa admits he's more concerned about the icy weather than the cold shoulder he gets from his confident counterpart Tyler.

And Tyler, after a year and a half on the corner, has mastered the finer points of leafletting. He demonstrates how to fold a flier to make it easier for a passerby to slip into his pocket. Whether you're behind the counter or walking the street, he says, in this business you have to know who you're dealing with. ANDREW PAGE

Charity

WORKING HER WAY UP FROM THE SMALL OFFICE

"Was it '86? Yeah, I think it was '86. I don't think the volunteer office was any bigger than this room." The room in question, Joan Tisch's study in her apartment in the Regency, has an enormous state-of-the-art TV on one wall and a Frank Stella on the other, two things the volunteer office of Gay Men's Health Crisis could certainly never hope to have. But almost a decade ago Tisch, the wife of Loews Corp. co-chairman and billionaire Bob Tisch, exchanged these comfortable confines for the cramped offices of GMHC, which will be honoring her and entertainment mogul David Geffen at Carnegie Hall on Wednesday with a concert by Celine Dion and Reba McEntire.

"On balance, I really don't like these things," says Tisch. "But I said I would do it if David would do it, and he

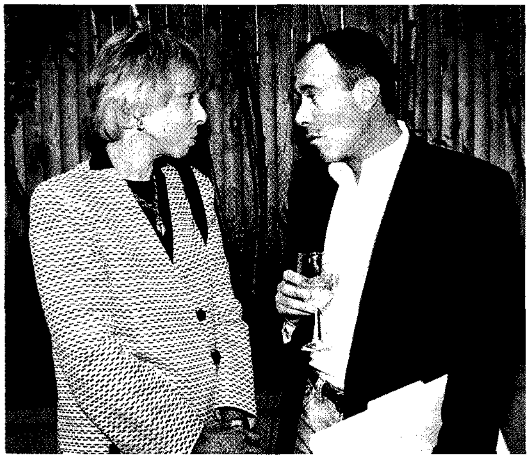
said, 'You want me to do it? I'll do it.' "

Joan Tisch spent two years shuffling papers in the volunteer office before anyone figured out who she was (like a schoolgirl embarrassed by her wealth, she would make her limousine driver drop her off a block away from GMHC's Chelsea headquarters.) "I went Tuesday and Thursday mornings," Tisch recalls. "The thing that was impossible to teach me was the switchboard."

When a co-worker asked her to sponsor him for an AIDS walk, Joan wrote him a check for $100. "He said, 'This check is good? It's not going to bounce?' " Tisch recalls. "I said, 'I'm reasonably sure it's not going to bounce.' "

Finally, Nathan Kolodner, then president of GMHC and director of André Emmerich gallery, noticed Tisch's name in the volunteer logbook and invited her to lunch, where he asked her to be on the board. "Well, I didn't think that was a good idea at all," says Tisch. "But he said, 'You have to understand: We have a board that consists of eight gay men, some of whom are sick. We don't have any straight women, especially any who live in 10021. You can still go to the volunteer office, but you're going to give us the credibility that nobody right now other than you can give us.' And that really did make sense." (Kolodner died in 1989; he was 38 years old.)

So Joan started beating the bushes for large donors, who happened to include some of her high-placed acquaintances, who happened to include David Geffen, whom she had met in her pool cabana at the Beverly Hills Hotel back in the seventies. "I'm not totally clear about this—whether he actually knew my husband, or he knew *of* my husband," says Tisch. "I'm not sure it matters."



Party time: GMHC honorees Joan Tisch and David Geffen.

What happened after that is a little fuzzy. GMHC's deputy director of development says Joan Tisch had made a challenge grant, and Geffen questioned the point of a challenge grant and said he believed one should make donations without any strings attached. Joan Tisch says she called Geffen directly to solicit him: "I remember it was in the summer, and I don't remember what year, because I'm usually not in the city in the summer but I was that day." Whatever. The upshot was that Geffen wrote a check for $1 million. Addie Guttag of GMHC says, "He changed the whole benchmark for philanthropy."

Geffen later gave GMHC another $2.5 million for an HIV-testing-and-education center. "It's incredibly important," Geffen says. "It's hard to believe people are still being infected." Because of their good deeds, Geffen and Tisch will be presented with the inaugural GMHC "Friends" award and be fêted by Michael Douglas, Barbara Walters, Jeffrey Katzenberg, Edgar Bronfman Jr., and Mort Zuckerman.

"Well, you know, *awards*," says Geffen. "These are essentially significant fund-raisers for the organization, and you participate in order for them to be able to have another event."

And even though Tisch managed to spend those first two years at GMHC anonymously, she also understands the power of lending her name to the event. "There really is no faceless serious fund-raising," she says. "There really isn't." RUTH G. DAVIS

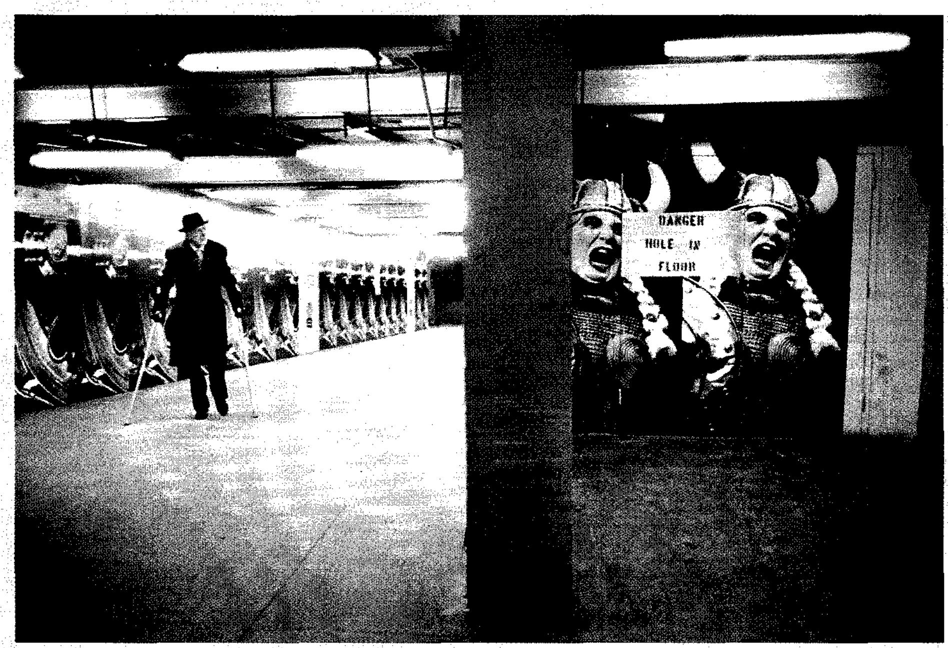
Sweat
LAW AND ORDER IN THE LOCKER ROOM

"THE MINUTE I WALKED IN, I KNEW I BElonged here—it was like Dorothy finding Oz." At 11 a.m. on a recent Saturday, Willie Reale, a comfortably dressed 38-year-old theater producer, was standing in the middle of a locker room bragging about his gym. "I had considered many other places, but none had the same camaraderie," he said, gesturing to the empty and somewhat shabby changing area. "But now"—Willie frowned and threw back his shoulders—"it looks like we might lose it all."

Not long ago, the members of the Lone Star Boat Club, a 110-year-old men's health club and gym on 54th Street just west of Broadway, realized that their roster had declined precipitously (from 400 members in the sixties to 100 in 1996). The club is also behind on property taxes on the five-story building. Last summer, some of the principals (members who share ownership of the club) suggested that the Lone Star should sell its building and use the money to buy memberships for everybody at some other club. "We've never advertised," explained Willie. "We've had some pretty famous members—Walter Matthau, Walter Kerr—but we've always been very low-key."

At that moment, Jerry Orbach, the gray-haired star of

SHOT



Grand Central Terminal, 6:30 P.M., January 13, 1997, *photographed by Barry Munger.*

Photograph: top, Neil Roberts.

Law and Order, walked in, stripped down to his briefs and a Katz's Delicatessen T-shirt, wrapped a towel around his waist, and sat down at a card table. A little later, three other older men, also with gray hair—Eli, Bob, and Swifty—arrived and changed into towels. Nobody smiled or spoke as Jerry dealt a hand of cards.

"Lone Star has been around since 1887," Willie continued, leading the way down narrow steps to the third floor, where a small, old-fashioned tiled swimming pool, a steam room, and a row of chipped marble shower stalls patched with white caulking were all conspicuously empty. "It started as a gentlemen's sculling club on the Harlem River," he said, walking past a door marked PODIATRIST. "We moved here in the sixties, and now it's squash, basketball, and weights. And," he added, "good company."

Back upstairs, the locker room was beginning to fill up with younger guys who were stretching and getting ready to play squash. Some said hi to the cardplayers, but most kept a respectful distance. "Five beats diamonds," Bob yelled at Eli. "You know, Swifty's lessons aren't doing you any good. You just don't have card sense." Bob lit up a Salem. Swifty shook his head.

Willie led the tour to the fifth floor to show off the three squash courts and a tiny gymnasium with a basketball hoop. "You wouldn't believe the mix of people who work out here," he said. "Chris Noth [formerly of *Law and Order*], the guy who played Basquiat [Jeffrey Wright], a top editor from the *Times,* there's a guy who can get you any piece of furniture in the city for half-price."

Back downstairs, the cardplayers had started to argue. "Nobody beats Bob [at squash]," Jerry yelled at Swifty. "The only way you can beat Bob is if you tied a couple of poodles to his legs." Swifty was silent for a moment and then countered, "The pro can beat Bob; that's why we hired him." Bob lit a Salem and said, "Let's deal the cards."

At 2 P.M., Adrian Pasdar, the young star of the television show *Profit,* announced that he had bought everybody lunch. The cardplayers stopped their game, walked up to the banquet table, and examined the spread of bagels, lox, whitefish, and deli salads in white plastic containers. Bob smiled. "I used to not trust actors," he said, patting Adrian on the back.

"We're trying to get the word out about the club," Willie said. And then he raised his voice. "Maybe if we get a few more members to join, some of the older and more influential members will chip in extra money this year and we'll be able to keep the building."

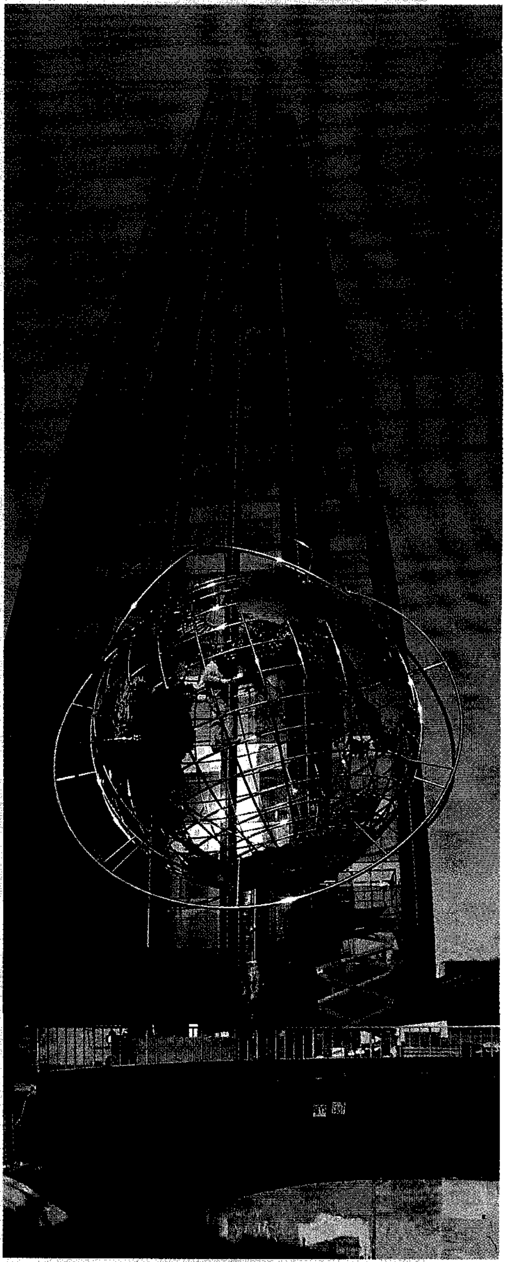
After finishing their bagels, the four cardplayers agreed that it was time to work out. Eli and Swifty headed upstairs to play squash while Jerry went downstairs to shoot pool in the rec room.

Forty-five minutes later, they'd all showered and were back at the card table. Jerry said, "Eli, did I forget my drink? I think I left it downstairs. I can't live like this." Swifty turned to Eli and said, "I'm addicted to working out." NORMAN VANAMEE

SITE LINES

Small World, After All

The pint-size unisphere that suddenly materialized on Columbus Circle beside the newly opened Trump International Hotel & Tower could easily be mistaken for another example of the developer's magpielike affection for bright objects. The sparkly, stainless-steel Cracker Jack prize, however, is not just an ornament. It's a talisman. The symbol of the 1964–1965 World's Fair promoted "peace through understanding." This globe promotes good feng shui.



Global ambitions: Trump's shiny talisman.

As you probably know by now, feng shui is the ancient (but trendy) Chinese art of creating harmony in the man-made world. According to practitioner Pun Yin, of the Tin Sun Metaphysics Corporation, the principles of feng shui dictated that the tower's exterior color be changed from a garish gold to a more restrained bronze, the better to reflect passing clouds. The main entrance had to be positioned opposite Central Park to draw the strongest dose of the life force known as *chi.* And the globe was necessary to deflect "extreme forces" created by the cacophony of Columbus Circle. Traffic heading directly toward a building is very bad feng shui. "We suggested the globe because it neutralizes the forces," Pun explains. The rings represent the "unity and harmony of the world."

Although the globe looks like a leftover from the glitzy eighties, it actually represents Donald Trump's New Age. Happily for him, *chi* is the sort of life force that promotes prosperity. After a feng shui blessing conducted in the lobby of Trump International Hotel & Tower, Trump cautioned smirking onlookers against making light of the ritual: "A lot of our Asian customers have asked us to do feng shui on the building. This is in respect to our Asian customers." KARRIE JACOBS

THE SKINNY

AT LEAST IT FITS THE CRIME Recently, the NYPD began rounding up people arrested for patronizing prostitutes and subjecting them to a public "perp walk." The idea is to use humiliation as a deterrent to the illegal solicitation of sex. Which, according to a spokesman for Johns Anonymous, rather misses the point. "It doesn't teach them a lesson. Shame doesn't do it for me, but for some guys, it's part of the mix," he said.

Photographs: left, Kirk Condyles/Impact Visuals; right, Matt Harnett.

A Wrinkle in Time

At the home of Jerry Della Femina and Judith Licht to celebrate 'The Youth Corridor,' by Dr. Gerald Imber

By Ariel Kaminer
Photographed by Patrick McMullan

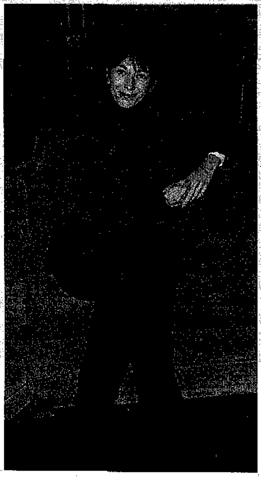
Top, Jerry Della Femina and Dr. Gerald Imber celebrate the publication of *The Youth Corridor*. Above, Drew Barrymore and Goldie Hawn at the home of Dr. Mathilde Krim, for the premiere of Woody Allen's *Everyone Says I Love You*.

DR. GERALD IMBER, THE PLASTIC SURGEON RESPONSIBLE for some of New York's highest-profile profiles, is naturally good with faces. It's the names that trip him up. "He has never revealed one of his clients," said his friend Jerry Della Femina, even when "some woman who's just obviously one of his patients runs up and throws her arms around him."

Would that his admirers shared his sense of discretion. "I had Dr. Sherman on my ankle," Michelle Clough said, lifting her trousers several inches. "I had a big scar that was open," boasted John Iturralde, running a finger down his face. Chris Adams leapt in with his own gruesome car-crash story, but in the end he admitted that "only my car needed plastic surgery."

They all wanted their cut. Diana Lyne, for example, seemed to read Dr. Imber's get-young-quick book as a catalogue. "I can't wait to get at least three procedures," she said. "There's that chin thing that seemed very intriguing, and the face peel." Many, of course, had already enjoyed his services; the resulting contrast between the men, who exhibited a slightly relaxed sag, and the taut, improbably well-proportioned women was hard not to notice.

"I try not to look at people critically, because it's very bad manners, but the truth is I do," the good doctor said. "Ah, here are the G—— sisters." Two women with perfect skin and serious cheekbones ascended the stairs. "No, we're not sisters," one of them said. "Gerry just made us look that way."



Top left, Stacey Ness at Sony Style's auction preview to benefit Bailey House. Top right, Mariah Carey, Tommy Mottola, and Lawrence Bender at Wax. Left, Ghislaine Maxwell at Chaos, for the Princess Grace Foundation–USA Guild party. Above, at actor Joe Flanigan's bachelor party, Flanigan, Chris Cuomo, and Greg Bellows.

Stage

STILL DEPENDING ON THE KINDNESS OF STRANGERS

IT WAS NEARLY FIVE YEARS AGO THAT Jessica Lange made her Broadway debut as Blanche DuBois in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, eliciting mostly pans from critics not necessarily predisposed to welcome a Hollywood celebrity to the stage. Now she's playing Tennessee Williams's fragile heroine again, this time in a West End production staged by Sir Peter Hall. And she's willing to address that Broadway baptism-by-brickbats, about which she kept defiantly silent at the time.

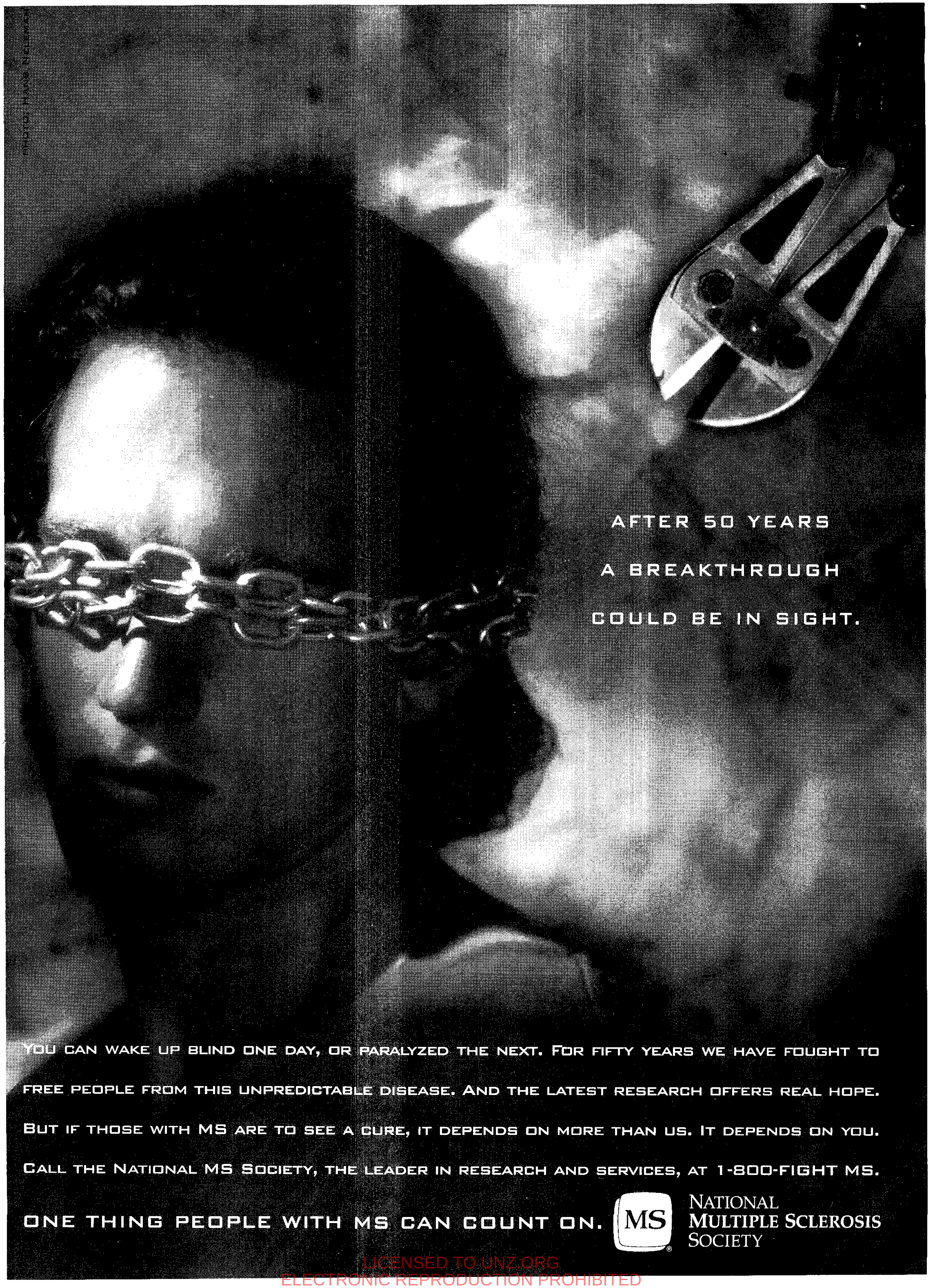
"You know, you wonder, when you live in a small town and you see that kind of provincial snobbery that's based on nothing—that's how I feel about the New York theater world," says Lange, 47, shifting this way and that one lunchtime as she stares out at London's wintry drear. "I mean, I can barely sit through a Broadway play, the quality is so . . ." her voice falls off and the sentence goes unfinished. "But they're commercial, and it's the same thing with films: They're nothing I can sit through. I'm just out of the loop. What I like, other people don't like, and what other people flock to, I find unbearable."

The same season she and Alec Baldwin were appearing in *Streetcar,* Glenn Close, Richard Dreyfuss, and Gene Hackman were across the street in *Death and the Maiden*, and the cudgels, accordingly, were out. Not that she took the New York knocks too much too heart. "It doesn't matter what the opinion is of some person who is paid to have it. You know if the work is good or not, and Blanche is such an emotional part that it has always felt true to me when I've done it."

"I think this character is pretty inexhaustible," she says, which explains why those Minnesota cheekbones are returning to Blanche's Mississippi-bred neurasthenia."I never tire of the discovery with Blanche. Usually in a film you have to figure out, *How the hell am I going to say this?,* and then you end up rewriting 70 percent of it so that it's palatable. This is just a plethora of riches."

Lange insists she won't read the notices, a typical London spread from raves to pans, until the run has ended March 22. She smilingly refers to her next job as "going into retirement." Don't believe it.

"It was never a decision that I wanted to be a film actor, as opposed to a theater actor," she says. "It was just the work that came my way." So would she return to the New York stage? "If the situation were right," Lange replies, "in a heartbeat." MATT WOLF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THE CITY POLITIC MICHAEL TOMASKY

Sal Quixote

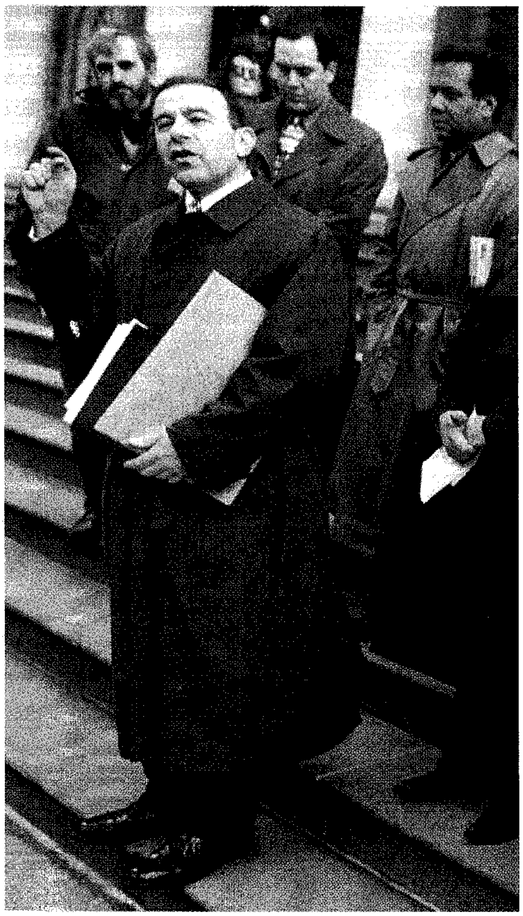
He's a good-guy populist from Bay Ridge whose contrarian impulses are kept in check by his fellow councilmen. But as mayor, Sal Albanese hopes to do things his *way.*

ON THE TWENTY-THIRD floor of 250 Broadway, just across from City Hall, City Council members keep their offices, which stretch the length of a long and forlorn hallway. It's not exactly democracy's pulsating nerve center; it's been said that you could fire a cannon down this hallway at three o'clock on a Friday afternoon and history would never record that it happened.

The first office along the row is a tiny corner room belonging to Sal Albanese of Bay Ridge, Brooklyn; you can see instantly that actual work does get done here. Fourteen years' worth of papers and documents are stacked here and socked away there—so much paper, there's hardly room to sit. "Usually, after fourteen years," he says, "you get to move down the hall to one of the bigger offices." But Albanese's career has not been usual.

This year, the City Council's leading—often its only—renegade is making his most unusual move of all: This little-known, underfinanced, uncharismatic member of our belittled and self-belittling local legislature is running for mayor. Since most New Yorkers have no idea who he is, his campaign has not exactly been a news flash. And among those who have heard of him, his populist candidacy has been dismissed as a crank's errand.

It is difficult to see how he can win a Democratic primary, let alone defeat an incumbent mayor who was looking good even before his impressive State of the City address last week. But it's only January—things do change. And just lately, the belief is percolating, if only because Albanese is such an honest and decent person that people feel bad about dismissing him, that he shouldn't be written off quite yet. "He'll do better than a lot of people are expecting, I think," says Kevin McCabe, chief of staff for City Council Speaker Peter Vallone.



Citizen Albanese: Can he convince voters that it's time to cashier Giuliani?

WE'RE ON QUEENS BOULEVARD, IN AN ELKS Lodge for a meeting of Local 434 of the machinists' union, whose district council has just endorsed Albanese for mayor. In a drafty hall where about 50 men are obviously eager to get on with new business (i.e., dinner), Albanese is given a few minutes to make his pitch.

"This campaign will be a campaign of regular people wanting to take their city back," he says. He touches on all his standard points, about circumstances conspiring to drive working people's wages down, about how difficult just getting by has become for residents of all but a few of the city's Zip Codes. Mayor Giuliani had delivered his State of the City address that day and had cited for heroism police officer Charles Davis, who was slain in December. "What the mayor didn't say," Albanese tells them, "is that Officer Davis was moonlighting when he was shot because his paycheck just didn't make ends meet. He needed to buy Christmas presents for his daughter." He's well received, though afterward he admits that it was "probably a Giuliani crowd."

In an earlier age, the predecessors of today's spin doctors would have wanted to invent Sal Albanese as a mayoral candidate. Italian, born in dirt-poor Calabria (the immigrant angle); raised, with his two sisters, by his mother on a garment worker's wage (the trade-union angle); got a degree from CUNY (the free-higher-education angle); played baseball, and well enough to be invited to a tryout at Yankee Stadium itself (the all-American-boy angle); became a schoolteacher (the self-abnegating, public-service angle). Hank Sheinkopf, a consultant to Bronx borough president Fernando Ferrer's mayoral run, attended York College with Albanese: "Good guy, sweet person." George Spitz, an East Side activist and perennial thorn-in-the-side candidate who adores Albanese, says his man's homespun qualities remind him of an admired old Speaker of the State Assembly: "He's like Tony Travia. Tony used to send me $10 contributions in envelopes using old 6-cent and 4-cent stamps. Sal's just like that."

Not everyone thinks so highly of him. *Independent* is the word generally employed to describe Albanese; it can mean either principled or stubborn, and he's been both. His criticisms of Vallone have been relentless. He has voted against budgets, against Vallone for Speaker, and he supports term limits. And he's been punished. He doesn't get good committee assignments and therefore pulls in none of the baksheesh more favored members get as committee chairs.

"I never really understood what was

Photograph by Richard B. Levine.

the difficulty in agreeing to work toward a consensus," Vallone says. "In Sal's case, I always believed that he didn't really want to be part of this. He wanted to be mayor or congressman or something." But even Vallone has a grudging respect: "He never lied. He always said, 'If you're not doing it my way, I'll vote no.' "

So this is Albanese's chance to do it his way. About the need to diversify the job base, he's spot-on. The city's reliance on Wall Street's ups and downs will always make for inevitable downturns and deficits. Expansion of the manufacturing sector, which has been dwindling for decades, is of vital importance.

He's got interesting ideas, too, about campaign-finance reform. And the animating principle that suffuses his proposals, that a city must cater as much to its average people as to its elites, is pretty hard to rebut. One Albanese proposal sums up this view of the world, in its possibilities and limitations, nicely. He'd institute a 25- or 50-cent surcharge on tickets to all professional sports events in the city to fund public-school sports and arts programs. It's hard to imagine most Knicks fans, who are shelling out $60 a ticket or more, minding very much. But it's virtually impossible to imagine the Madison Square Garden Corporation letting it happen.

Also increasingly difficult to imagine is any of the mayoral crop of Democrats convincing enough voters that they should cashier Giuliani, who last week adroitly took most of the Democrats' issues away from them. Albanese, like everyone else, applauds the crime reduction, but he says the mayor's policies on things like CUNY tuition and transit fares and public education have hurt people. Albanese's biggest achievement on the council, a bill that requires companies that hold certain kinds of contracts with the city to pay their employees a living wage, is an idea he says he'd expand to cover the Board of Education, the Housing Authority, and other agencies. And since Giuliani vetoed the bill (the council overrode), the contrast is pretty clear.

But first things first. He has to run in a primary against opponents, Ferrer and Manhattan borough president Ruth Messinger, who have far more money than he and whose appeal to Democratic voters is far more natural. If his campaign catches even a little fire, he could force a run-off, which happens if no candidate hits 40 percent. But Albanese likes being a long shot. "I'm uninhibited," he says. "I can tell the truth." The truth doesn't often work in politics, but it can make things interesting.

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THE LAST WORD LESLIE SAVAN

Community Disservice

As traditional communities give way to no-physical-contact-required conceptual ones, what are we losing—besides a perfectly good word?

“IN THE POLLING COMMUNITY,” Republican pollster Tony Fabrizio said during the ’96 elections, “we have a saying: The trend is your friend.” And the friendliest trend rolling through speech patterns today is the discovery of “communities” where previously there were only interests or professions. Places like Fabrizio’s imaginary Pollstertown now dot the map of America, as any group of more than two individuals consecrates itself as a community.

“It’s time to get UFO investigations out of the UFO community and into the scientific community,” a true believer asserted on a Fox TV show about (20th Century Fox’s) *Independence Day.* According to the Dallas *Morning News,* “the stock-car racing community wrapped its arms around car owner Rick Hendrick” at NASCAR’s annual awards banquet (he was recently indicted on federal charges). An Emmy Award winner thanked “all of you in the television community out there.” One member of that community, Peter Jennings, described Christopher Reeve at the Democratic National Convention as an icon of “the paralyzed community.”

Real communities in the traditional sense may be struggling to survive, but *community,* the word, is booming, cheerfully riding any modifier that waddles its way, as in these recent sightings: “the eco-design community,” “the S&M community,” “the creative community,” “the transplant community,” “the hockey community,” “the legal community,” “the criminal community,” and, from the nonplace where this kind of thinking seems to be the default drive, “the online community,” “the networked community,” and “the virtual community.”

Clearly, the Internet has popularized the idea of nonphysical communities, pushing cup-of-sugar-borrowing, town-meeting-decision-making neighborhoods to the margins of the definition. And our second-term president’s it-takes-a-village touchy-feeliness has raised expectations of group coziness so much that it takes a community to have a conversation. But there’s a more fundamental emotional shift in the meaning of the word as well, away from describing an inclusive, indiscriminate mix of people (the sort of community served by the United Way) to something more about personal choice. As a Sausalito interior designer told the design monthly *Metropolis* (which devoted its November issue to answering “What is community?”): “The communities that have some importance to me are communities of intellect or spirit. They are the design community, the artistic community, the psychologically aware community, the health-conscious community, the nonviolent community, the ecologically sound community.”

If this busy guy ever gets to New York, he’s got to check out a new Chelsea restaurant—it’s called Community.

ALMOST EVERYBODY WHO ISN’T A MEMBER of the misanthropic community seems to be overselling the sweets of togetherness. But most of the word’s users tend to fall into three, uh, categories: First, minorities, like gays, blacks, and Jews, who may or may not have a cohesive group identity but who, by virtue of their contrast to a majority, have the most natural claim to being at least a community in name. Second, people who share an interest or occupation (“the advertising community,” “the cultural community”), who aren’t a community by the usual standards but apparently feel girded by the label. And finally, anyone who wants to invoke some form of social consensus, no matter how imaginary. (As Elaine does in a *Seinfeld* episode: Worried what people will think if they discover she dumped a man after he had a stroke, she frets, “I’ll be ostracized by the community!” Jerry: “Community? There’s a community? All this time, I’ve been living in a community. I had no idea.”)

Identity politics has surely contributed to *community’s* rise, and the word, with its emphasis on collective rather than individual virtue, does serve as a righteous liberal retort to the right’s *family values.* But *community* isn’t limited to a supposedly p.c. left. “When *Firing Line* began,” William F. Buckley Jr. said on radio last week, “conservatives were a very isolated community.” And of course, *community* is unfettered capitalism’s favorite humanizing device: The business community, the investment community, and the financial community are among the worst abusers.

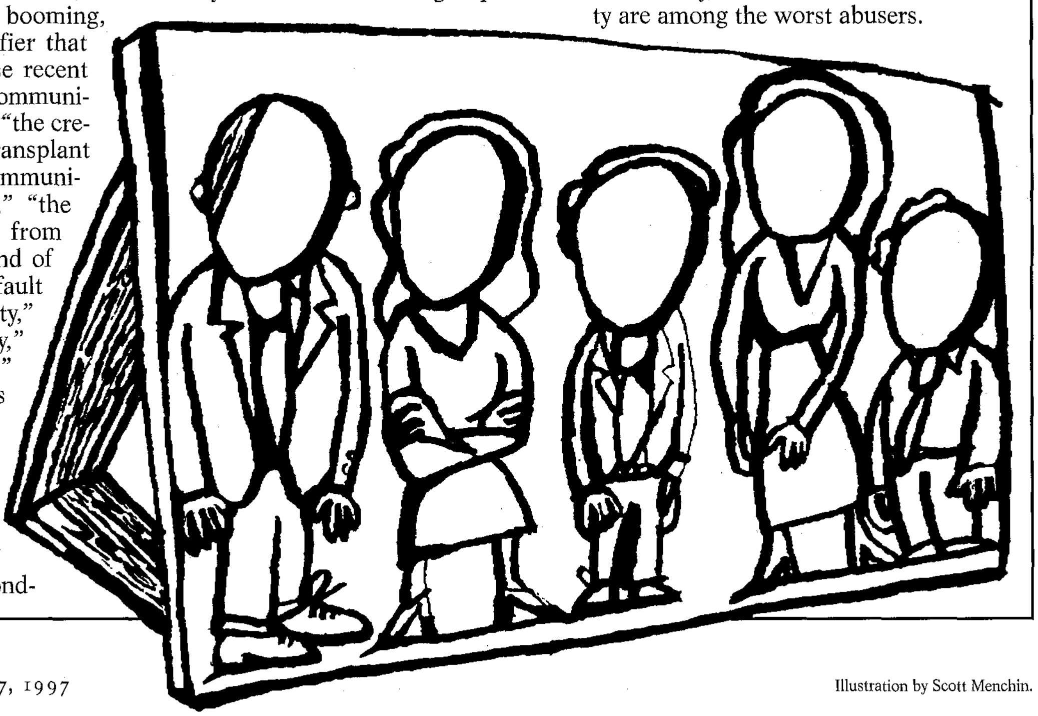


Illustration by Scott Menchin.

Like so many values, *community* is on everyone's lips just as it seems to be disappearing. The enormous social upheavals of the past few generations—globalization, suburbanization, television, technologies that collapse time and space—have all forced the notion of community to shift from one grounded in a physical closeness that fostered mutual concerns and responsibilities to . . . what?

"My definition of community has two components," says Amitai Etzioni, the "guru" of communitarianism, the movement that focuses on balancing rights and responsibilities among individuals and groups, which President Clinton made famous during his 1992 campaign. (Etzioni acknowledges *community*'s overuse: "We've not only noticed it, but we're the culprits.") "The first element," he says, "is a bonding, not one-on-one, but a group of people to each other. The second is a shared set of values and culture—it's much more than interests."

He doesn't find all self-named communities spurious: "Bankers may not be a strong community, but they are more than an interest group—they often know each other personally, they hang around the same country club. But people who have only a narrowly defined group interest—people who sell office equipment and lobby Congress, for example, when they share no bond, just shared greed—they're not a community."

Robert Putnam, the Harvard government professor who wrote *Bowling Alone,* an essay on the decline of civic participation in America, says he's "ambivalent about the word *community.* The word has become so vague and banal and meaningless, I try to use another term—*social capital,* which means the social networks of connectedness, of reciprocity and trust. But if I say 'social capital' before a group of Rotarians, their eyes glaze over." The old community cornerstones, "the PTA, bowling leagues, Sunday schools," Putnam says, "no longer fit the way we live . . . but as a people, we don't seem to want to give up this word for something we long for—a sense of warm, cuddly connectedness to people with whom we share things in common."

And as boomers face their mortality, "we're going to hear a lot more about community," he adds. "In a certain sense, there's a market out there for people who have ideas on how to connect." The success of the Saturn car company, for instance, is due largely to its decision to market community, complete with "reunions" for Saturn owners—who, of course, have never previously met.

BUT WHY CAN'T THE DAMN WORD AT LEAST be slowed down, maybe by substituting other nouns that used to work well enough and that, depending on the context, can actually be more descriptive: network, industry, circle, field, movement, association, public, constituency? In fact, why not go for broke and state the entity—investors, artists, scientists—without any appendage? Obviously, *community* softens and bestows respect on racial and ethnic words that, standing alone, could too easily be turned into slurs. On the other hand, *community* makes it awfully easy to feign a respect that isn't there (an exercise common on TV and radio talk shows).

The reason everyone wants to be part of a community, rather than an association or a movement, goes beyond respect: This bright and rounded word lends an instant halo effect. Anything it touches seems valiant; whatever the endeavor, it is noble.

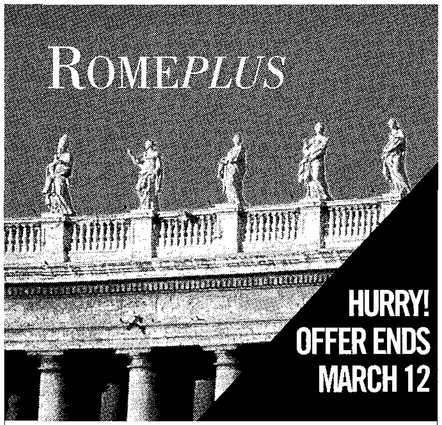
Whether community is vanishing or merely evolving, fear of its loss is what keeps us chanting the word. The word provides comfort—it's a prayer, or wishful thinking, as if we could yak it into being.

Community's quasi-religious overtones may reflect an authentic yearning, but too often we're reaching less for spiritual kin than for self-amplification: We want to see our individual selves turned into a multitude—a thousand other people who cherish *The X-Files,* do eco-design, or make a killing in online investments. We're not alone; our identity is validated.

But since community is generally a good thing, why niggle over how the word is used? Sometimes magical thinking really works. Writer Robert Atkins recently edited an issue on community for the online journal *TalkBack!* He began by zinging those who "prattle about virtual community as if sex chat-rooms . . . constitute community." But looking back on the project, he now says he "can see the value of adhering to some ideas even if we don't quite believe in them, like Santa. Maybe the fact that we say 'community' all the time is an important wake-up call that it's an endangered phenomenon."

Maybe, but if past habits are any clue, we're far more likely to continue to choose a verbal hologram over the real thing. Who wants to *do* anything if you can merely say it? You don't have to join local organizations, do volunteer work, or even vote, because you're already part of the creative community, the Channel 13 community, or—who knows?—the polling community.

You've done your duty by pronouncing the word. ■



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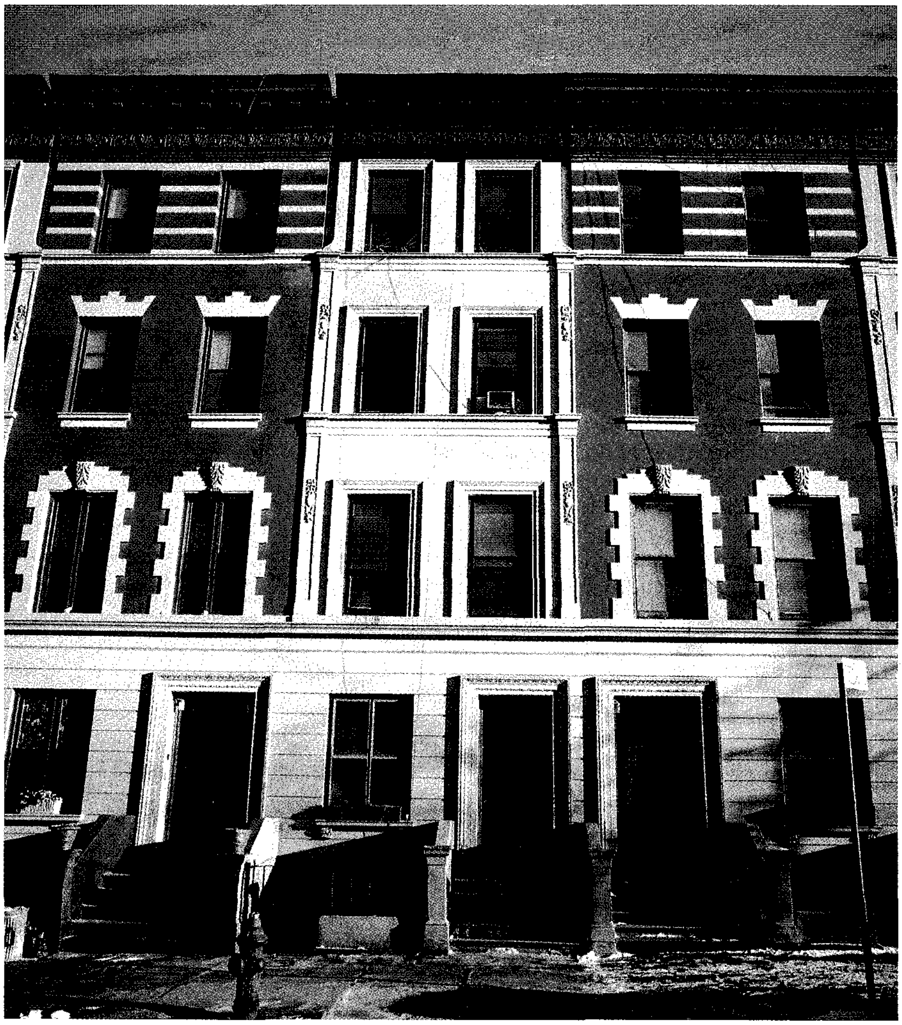
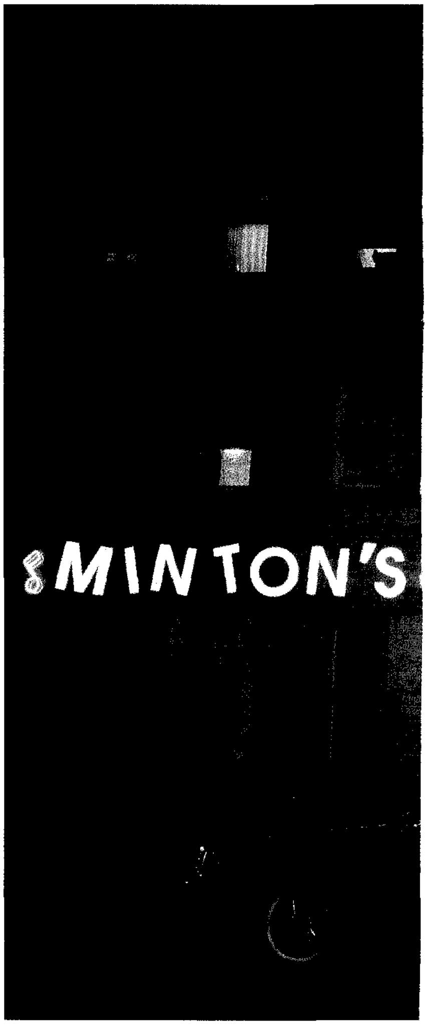
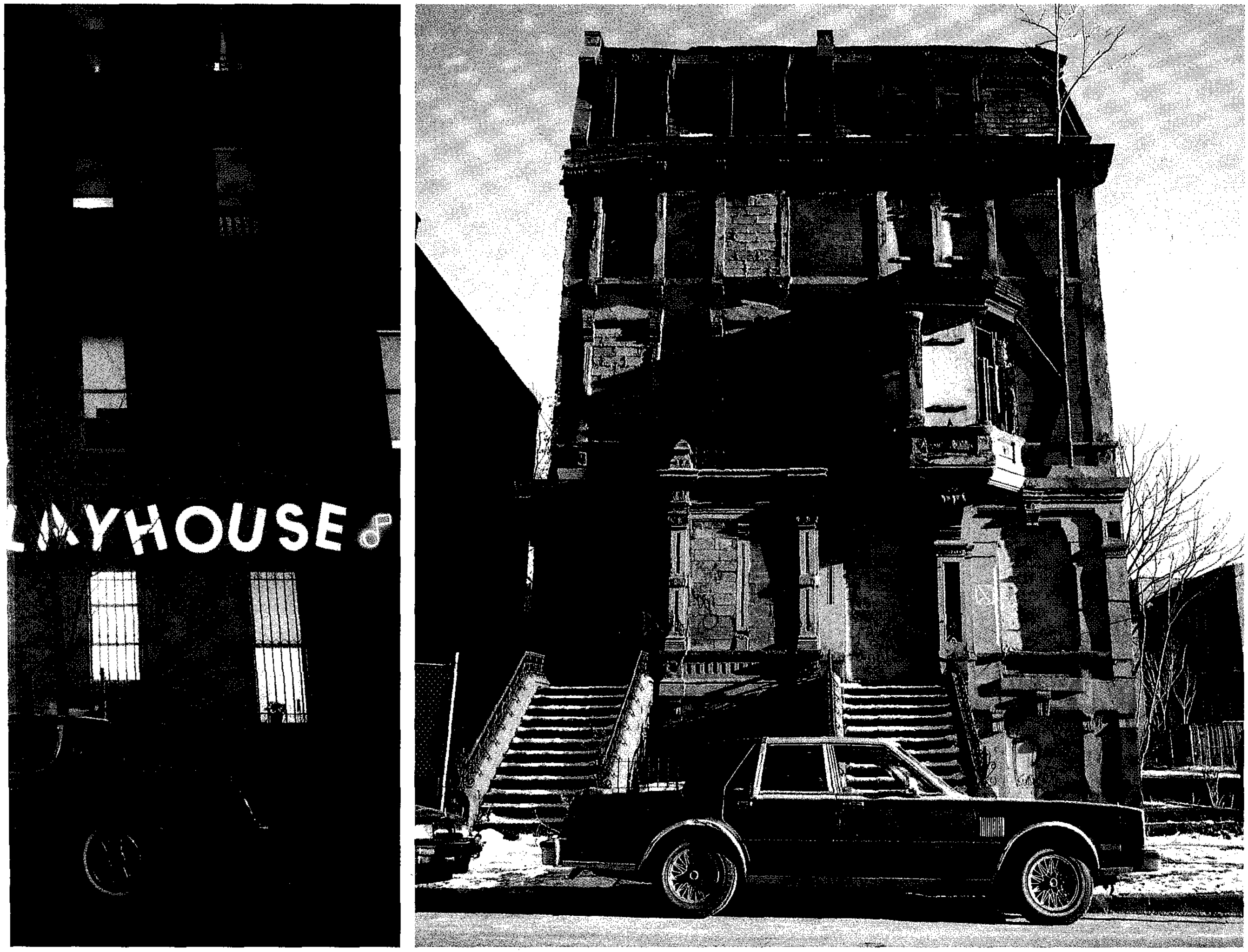




THE SOUL OF

LEM

tailers, a cadre of young activists are pushing the capital of
e struggling bitterly with Harlem's old guard. By Craig Horowitz



PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHEAL McLAUGHLIN
FOR *NEW YORK*

IF YOU STAND AT THE CORNER OF 138TH STREET AND ADAM Clayton Powell Boulevard and look to the west, the view is as striking as anything you can see from the ground in Manhattan. Though St. Nicholas Park is several blocks away, its lush, wooded hillside rises up from the street, climbing until it soars high above the rooftops of central Harlem. Sitting on the promontory, like a fortified castle looking down on the village, is Shepard Hall, the neo-Gothic City College tower that was once a symbol of hope for so many aspiring New Yorkers. ■ But when Darren Walker stopped at this spot on a clear and bright December afternoon, it wasn't for the view. Standing there in his pin-striped suit, white button-down shirt, Hermès tie, and oxblood tassel loafers, surrounded by Harlem's mix of decay and rehabilitation, Walker was seeing something else: He saw the thing that compelled him to give up a flourishing Wall Street career two years ago to work on community development in Harlem. He saw justification for trading a six-figure salary and a corporate office for a secretary's paycheck and a cramped basement work space in a low-income apartment building (rehabbed by his new employer, the Abyssinian Development Corporation). When Walker looked at 138th Street and Adam Clayton Powell Boulevard, he saw the *possibilities.*

Four decades ago, Adam Clayton Powell Boulevard (Seventh Avenue) was Harlem's Park Avenue: a broad, beautiful thoroughfare six lanes wide with a grand esplanade running down the center. "In Harlem's heyday," Walker said, moving his arm in a slow sweep of the boulevard, "you didn't walk on Seventh Avenue without a coat and tie."

He could also see the possibilities as he shifted his gaze across 138th Street to an abandoned two-story building with Palladian windows and a glorious past. It was here, at the Renaissance Ballroom, that Harlem's residents once came to dance to the bands of Duke Ellington, Cab Calloway, and Count Basie, while whites from downtown danced at the Cotton Club and the Savoy. For blacks, the Renaissance was the heart of Harlem.

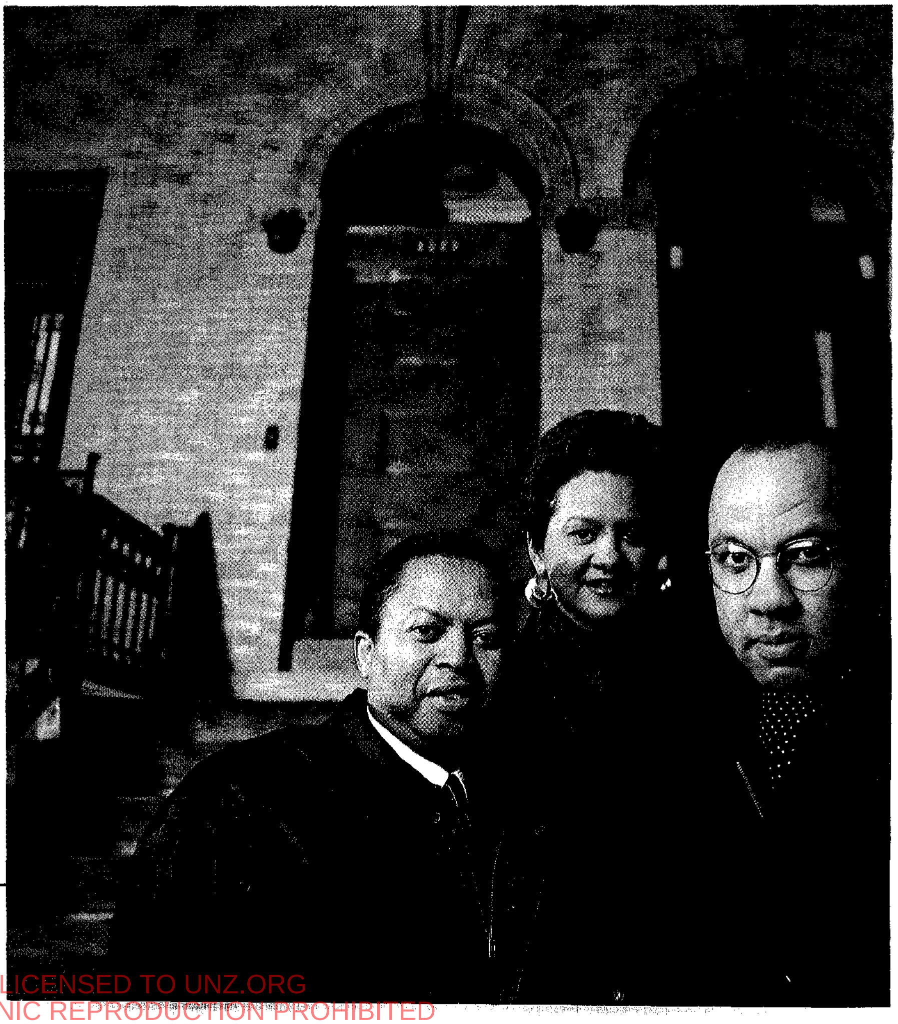
Built in 1921, "the Renny," as it is known, was where residents celebrated the landmark events in their lives—David and Joyce Dinkins had their wedding reception here more than 30 years ago. But the once-ornate, 40,000-square-foot ballroom has been dark for more than fifteen years.

"When you talk about the critical elements of a community," said Walker, who took his financial expertise to Harlem to help bring assets like the Renaissance Ballroom back to life, "and those things that affirm a community's spirit, you have to talk about a place where people can come together to mark the transformative events in their lives. Harlem has not had a place like that since the Renaissance Ballroom closed."

It has also been a long time since Harlem had a solid middle class to support not only the community's economic vitality but its psyche as well. The great exodus began in the sixties when, just as manufacturing jobs started to leave the inner city, the civil-rights movement broke down racist housing barriers. As a result, middle-class blacks could do the same thing middle-class whites were doing: move to the suburbs. Even before the decimation and the chaos caused by drugs, Harlem lost its strivers, its role models. Left behind were the working poor, the welfare-dependent, and a constituency of brewing dysfunction.

Now, however, there are signs that Harlem is beginning to turn around. For the first time in decades, the private sector is actively looking to invest uptown: Disney, Sony, Magic Johnson Theaters,

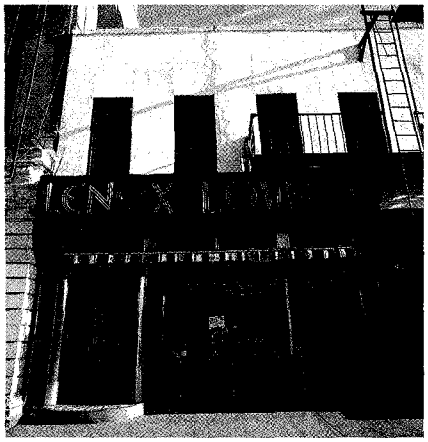
"YOU COULDN'T DO BUSINESS IN HARLE



THE NEW BUILDERS: This page, Van Woods, Deborah Wright, and Darren Walker on Strivers' Row. Opposite, a landmark on Lenox Avenue.

Pathmark, Cineplex Odeon, the Gap, Radio Shack, Barnes & Noble, Motown.

Much of the commercial interest in 125th Street has been driven, of course, by the promised injection of $300 million in Empowerment Zone funds into the Harlem economy ($100 million each from the federal government, the state, and the city). And beyond this, there is a broader recognition that inner-city communities are viable, underserved markets.



LESS YOU WERE A FRIEND OF SUTTON, RANGEL, OR DINKINS."

But perhaps even more critical than capital investment is the fact that people with options are once again looking at Harlem as a place to live. For some, like Lloyd Brown, a 32-year-old Columbia graduate who works as an attorney at IBJ Schroder, the decision was primarily a financial one. With real-estate values exploding all over Manhattan, Harlem is the last unexploited frontier. Brown and his wife bought an apartment on 110th Street at the north end of Central Park because they got a good deal on a place with enough space for their two toddlers. "I know people in many different fields," says Brown, who grew up in Crown Heights, "who are buying and renovating properties in Harlem."

For people like Darren Walker, the decision to live or work in Harlem is not about finances; rather, it is layered with emotion. "There's a generation of young black people now, people in their thirties and forties," said Walker, 37, "who have gone to the right schools, gotten all the right degrees, and worked in the private sector as lawyers or bankers or architects and decided . . . 'You know what? I want to be in Harlem. I want to be in a community where I'm actually going to make a difference.' "

BUT ALONG WITH THE NEW OPTIMISM IN Harlem has come conflict. No one can dispute that redevelopment is long overdue; determining exactly what that redevelopment should look like, however, is another matter. Are companies like Disney and the Gap a positive thing for the community, or is this downtown's idea of what Harlem should be? Should the focus instead be on starting and building local—meaning black—businesses? How big a role should government play? Should any Empowerment Zone funds be spent on desperately needed social services?

Darren Walker's generation has little patience for race rhetoric and the quagmire of economic separatism. They have a private-sector sensibility, and their focus is on performance. "We're not interested in the politics of all this," said Walker. "Are you friends with Charlie Rangel? Are you friends with Calvin Butts? What we're interested in is how are we changing this community."

As a result, there is a generational battle taking hold just as Harlem seems ready to move forward. And this dispute cuts deeper than a simple policy debate: It's a battle for the soul of Harlem, a power struggle over who will decide what kind of community this becomes. If Harlem's economy is rebuilt, it will inevitably change the structure of local politics. And this makes Harlem's Old Guard very uncomfortable. (Oddly, it also makes them, as defenders and supporters of the status quo, Harlem's conservatives.)

The Reverend Preston Washington, who heads Harlem Congregations for Community Improvement, a consortium of more than 60 churches and mosques devoted to economic and social redevelopment, assesses the situation bluntly: "Percy Sutton, Charlie Rangel, David Dinkins, and Basil Paterson need to understand that this generation that they have been a part of is now past.

"Our children are angry, and I am angry, too," says Washington, who has taught at the Yale Divinity School and whose pulpit is Memorial Baptist Church on 115th Street. "Where in the hell are we going? We don't own anything here, we have no entrepreneurial class, and our children attend the worst schools imaginable.

"Billions have been given to us through anti-poverty programs, but we must say to our children that we didn't build you one decent school," says Washington, whose grassroots organization has developed more than 1,000 units of housing. "Our local elected officials don't feel that they are accountable to us. They only show up at election time. They're so busy being who they are, being so important, that they haven't even trained and mentored a new generation of leaders. But you can see, a new leadership is beginning to emerge nevertheless."

DEBORAH WRIGHT IS, AT THE MOMENT, the most important member of this vanguard. As the president and CEO of the Empowerment Zone, Wright, 38, has become the economic czar of Harlem. When the mayor, the governor, and Congressman Charles Rangel were squabbling over control of the zone and how funds would be dispersed, Wright emerged as the lone candidate acceptable to all the parties.

"Even people who have very different views on the Empowerment Zone," says Wright, wearing jeans and eating grapefruit at breakfast on a recent day off, "recognize this is the last, best shot the community has. There is no tomorrow. We've got to show taxpayers that investment in the inner city can produce results."

A Harvard grad who worked at First Boston, and then did notable stints in both the Dinkins and Giuliani administrations, Wright is a pragmatic, no-nonsense administrator. She comes from a family—Marian Wright Edelman is an aunt; her brother, father, and grandfather are all preachers—known for speaking its mind, so she is unlikely to put up with what the Reverend Calvin Butts of the Abyssinian Baptist Church calls the "political shenanigans" that have plagued Harlem for the past 25 years.

"The idea is to take the Empowerment Zone funds," says Wright, "and leverage them with private money. The private sector has a whole different set of criteria for investment than what's been used up here in the past. It's not about who owes whom or who's friends with whom. The numbers have to pencil out, and that, by itself, will fundamentally change Harlem."

Historically, Harlem has been a place where it has been extraordinarily difficult to get anything done. Talk to almost anyone who has been involved in a project—say the rehab of a moderate-size apartment building—and he will moan on about how quickly it becomes entangled in process issues: the choice of a lawyer or a contractor, or making sure it's a black architect with the right political connections.

"The leadership did not have this community's best interest at heart," says Councilman Adam Clayton Powell IV. "They were more interested in their cronies and developer friends. You couldn't do business in Harlem unless you were a friend of Percy Sutton, Charlie Rangel, or David Dinkins. This clique

SPIRITUAL REVIVAL: This page, Astor Row—landmark houses built in the 1880s on 130th Street. Opposite, the Reverend Preston Washington, head of Harlem Congregations for Community Improvement.

has ruled for the last 20 or 25 years. There was never any room for someone to come in and say, ‘Hey, we’d like to be a part of 125th Street.’ Unless he was one of the boys, so to speak, they’d look at him like he had two heads.”

The young activists who are getting their first real exposure to how the public sector has operated are, in a word, horrified. “The Old Guard is still caught up in that whole mentality,” says Darren Walker, “of handouts, pork-barrel projects, and programs that basically doled out cash. But what we’ve learned from all that is that a few people lined their pockets and did very well, and nothing ever touched the community.”

Former Manhattan borough president Percy Sutton believes the charge that his generation of leadership has left a legacy of failure is “unknowing” criticism, leveled by people who simply aren’t familiar with what Harlem was like. And both Sutton and Congressman Charles Rangel (David Dinkins would not comment for this article) say the seeds for the current flowering were planted over the past fifteen years or so.

“INSTEAD OF CURSING THE OUTSIDER, WE HAVE

“Why do you think Disney wants to come to 125th Street?” Sutton asks. “Why do you think Sony wants to come to 125th Street? It’s because it is now a thriving area.”

In any case, the community has rarely questioned the leadership’s record. “A lot of people have waited for poor people to get fed up and, you know, throw the bums out,” says Wright. “But it hasn’t happened because people are simply so unaccustomed to results-oriented performance.” It is also true that residents of poor communities are dependent on the political infrastructure, such as it is, because they have no place else to turn.

Congressman Rangel, Harlem’s senior elected official, has had another layer of protection as well, according to the Reverend Calvin Butts. There has been a kind of waiting-for-Charlie game: waiting for his seniority to build, waiting for him to get more powerful on the Hill, waiting for him to get some committee post. And once he finally had the seniority, how could it just be tossed aside? “I think that now you’re going to see some serious political challenges to the current leadership,” Butts says. “People have waited too long and have gotten too little.”

THOUGH HARLEM HAS LONG SERVED AS A metaphor for everything that is wrong with America’s cities, it has maintained an almost mythic quality for blacks. “Harlem goes where black folks go,” Ralph Ellison wrote. “Try as one might to get out from under it, the shadow of Harlem falls over us all.”

“When I was growing up in Philadelphia,” says Yale-trained architect John Reddick, who lives on 142nd Street and has a portrait of Langston Hughes hanging over his desk, “Harlem always resonated. We visited all the time because my parents had friends there.”

Reddick, 45, worked for a series of private architectural firms, including Robert Venturi, before deciding he wanted to give something back to the community. He now works for Cityscape Institute—a venture started by Betsy Barlow Rogers, who founded and led the Central Park Conservancy. He has a grant to redesign Harlem’s gateway, the area just north of the park, which currently has a kind of I’d-turn-back-if-I-were-you look.

Darren Walker’s odyssey began when he went to work on Wall Street in 1985. Within a few years, the native of Goose Creek, Texas, was volunteering at the Children’s Storefront School on 129th Street. “I always seemed to have one foot in Harlem.” When the bond market slumped in ’94, Walker, who was then selling institutional bonds for the Union Bank of Switzerland, knew the time had come to make a move. He had saved some money, he had finished putting the last of his three sisters through college, and he was emotionally ready.

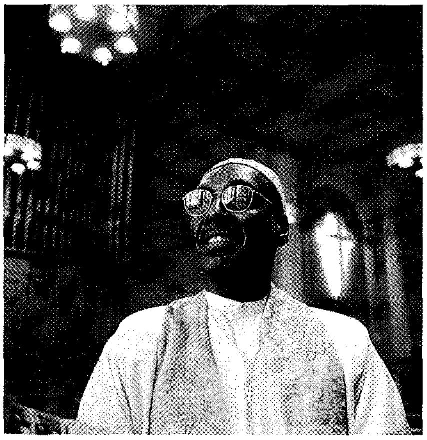
The one thing he hadn’t counted on, however, was that his decision to leave Wall Street would nearly break his 75-year-old grandmother’s heart. “The greatest thing for her,” said Walker, who is a graduate of the University of Texas law school, “was telling all the old ladies in her church that her grandson had three degrees, went to law school, and that she visited me in my office down on Wall Street. When I told her I was leaving all that to come to Harlem, she was shocked and appalled. ‘Boy, are you crazy?’ she said to me. ‘Your mama did not work that hard, holding down two jobs, to send you to school so you could go to Harlem.’

“But I have to tell you,” he said as the light midweek traffic breezed by on Adam Clayton Powell Boulevard, "yes, Wall Street is wonderful, and yes, those big salaries are great, but in fact all this stuff our parents and grandparents told us about making it and getting out of places like Harlem is no longer where it's at. It's a new day up here."

WHEN YOU TALK ABOUT ECOnomic revitalization, it is important to remember that Harlem is not a geographically contained neighborhood like SoHo. It's a huge area with a population of almost half a million people. If Harlem were a city, it would be the twenty-second-largest in the country. "You have to understand," says John Reddick, "that right now it's like Atlanta without a movie theater or without a supermarket. Then when Blockbuster comes to 125th Street, everybody acts surprised that it's so successful. Well, how do you think it would be if Atlanta had one video store?"

IME TO THE TABLE AND BE WILLING TO WORK DEALS."

Though central Harlem is only three or four subway stops from midtown, the change in the physical environment is bracing. There is a completely different sense of scale. Without the competitive



market pressures that drive construction below 96th Street, Harlem has, with the exception of a few apartment blocks, almost no tall buildings. There is an open, expansive, breathable feeling.

While most people are familiar with the immaculate, sober-looking Stanford White–designed townhouses of Strivers' Row on 138th and 139th Streets, there are pockets of amazing architecture that can come as a complete surprise. On 130th Street between Fifth and Lenox, for example, are the Astor Row Houses—a stunning stretch of 28 landmark houses built between 1880 and 1883 by William Astor. The façades have filigreed ironwork, porches, and other effete southern flourishes that look more New Orleans than New York.

On Sugar Hill, which starts at 155th Street and winds down to around 138th and runs between Edgecombe Avenue and Riverside Drive, there are brownstones, townhouses, limestones, and row houses built in French Provincial, Italianate, and Gothic styles. Many of Harlem's well-known residents live here. Hamilton Heights, in the low 140s by City College, has also been a stable pocket, and it is no longer a shock to anyone when a renovated, four-story brownstone comes on the market for half a million dollars or more. At 141st Street and Convent Avenue is the yellow home built by Alexander Hamilton in 1802, when Harlem was still an area of large estates.

In the late 1800s, however, Harlem began to change from an enclave of country estates belonging to New York's most prominent citizens to a community built for second- and third-generation German Jews, Irish, and Italians. "These were people who had something to prove," says Darren Walker. "So they built some of the best housing stock in the city."

At the turn of the century, says Walker, "there was an oversupply of housing built in Harlem by speculators hoping to capitalize on the new subway lines running all the way up to the Harlem River. Desperate to rent their unoccupied properties, landlords began to accept blacks. This quickly drove out the whites, and by 1920, Harlem was all black."

As you walk the streets today, Harlem is mostly a hodgepodge, from the unofficial car wash at Park Avenue and 120th Street where budding entrepreneurs use the hydrants to run their business; to Patsy's Pizza on 118th Street and First, which used to fly pies around the country to Frank Sinatra; to Minton's Playhouse, the historic jazz club where be-bop was born and for which Robert De Niro and a group of partners recently received approval for $650,000 in Empowerment Zone money for a planned $3 million renovation.

There are the red-brick St. Charles condos, which took four proposals and fifteen years to get built but have taken back a stretch of Frederick Douglass Boulevard between 136th and 138th Streets; there's Londel's, diagonally across from the Mahalia Jackson School near 140th, with its soothing cream-colored walls, its green-and-white tablecloths, and its bow-tie-wearing waitresses; and there's 116th Street between Lenox Avenue and Adam Clayton Powell Boulevard, which has become a West African enclave of entrepreneurial energy with businesses like the Keur Samba Restaurant and FaLilou Mbacke Hair Braiding.

Though the city still owns about 30 percent of the housing stock in Harlem—only ten years ago it owned twice that much—many of the really dilapidated properties that dot the neighborhood are owned by private landlords who live outside the community. There is even one of these awful-looking buildings right across the street from the Abyssinian Baptist Church, which it has unsuccessfully been trying to buy through its development arm. The Renaissance Ballroom is similarly stuck—despite Abyssinian's extensive efforts to pry it loose—in the hands of a speculator who has been in default on the mortgage for nearly six years.

"When I worked on Wall Street," says Walker, "my white co-workers and friends always used to say, 'Why don't black people do this? Why don't black people do that? Why don't they just take charge of their own communities?' Well, people need to understand that not everything that goes on in black communities is the fault of the people who live there or even of the leadership. There are these intractable issues in inner-city neighborhoods that are totally outside our control."

ONE OF THE CONTRIBUTORS TO HARLEM'S legacy of failure has been a housing policy that focused almost exclusively on the poor and the indigent. "The politicians were simply pandering to low-income people because they had become the majority," says Imani Bennett, an officer at Fleet Bank who's lived in Harlem with her three kids for sixteen years. "This is why the economy of Harlem is what it is. Good economic decisions simply weren't made. At every opportunity to diversify the economic base, the politicians chose not to do it."

What politicians often chose were the grand gestures of pork-barrel politics: dazzle the voters with an office building or a hotel that shows them you're working on their behalf and you can really bring home the bacon.

One of the best examples of this was Harlem on the Hudson, a project of four glittering condominium towers and a marina that was to be built just about where the Fairway supermarket is, on 132nd Street and the Hudson River. This never progressed much further than four-color glossies. Another was the 22-story Harlem International Trade Center, a combination hotel–office–commerce center where the

leaders of African nations would stay and do business. This was a political showpiece for more than fifteen years, until the Pataki administration pulled the plug.

"That trade center is a freakin' time bomb of a scandal waiting to explode and send some people straight off to jail," says Powell. "They spent $10 million on it and not a shovel hit the ground. A lot of people got some real nice consulting contracts."

Some of the trade center's proponents, including Charles Rangel and Percy Sutton, continue to defend it, even though African leaders rarely if ever go to Harlem, Harlem has nothing to trade, and not a single tenant lease was signed in all those years of pushing the proposal. It appears, however, that the days of the poorly planned project of pharaonic proportions are over.

"The future looks quite different from the past in this regard," says Carol Parry, an executive vice-president at Chase Manhattan Bank who has worked on development in Harlem for more than twenty years. "There's a recognition now that building monuments does not create economic development. You need to build a whole new infrastructure of employers and employment opportunities, as well as decent housing, to bring people back to the community who have some money to spend. It's a complicated process. You can't just say, 'We'll build this thing and that takes care of it.' "

There is also a new analysis of why urban-renewal efforts have failed in the past. "There was a heavy emphasis on social services in the belief that they would change people's behavior," says Andrew Cuomo, Clinton's new secretary of Housing and Urban Development and one of the architects of the Empowerment Zone program. "We're not trying to change people's behavior with the Empowerment Zone. We're trying to bring business back into these areas, grow businesses already there, and create jobs."

"THIRTY YEARS AFTER THE CIVIL-RIGHTS MOVEME

HOW FAIR IS THE CRITICISM OF Rangel, Sutton, Dinkins, and company? It's true that the upstarts can sometimes sound like Republicans; that Adam Powell wants Rangel's congressional seat; and that Butts is an adviser to Governor Pataki and may also want Rangel's seat. But the piercing accusations are leveled by the unaffiliated and by other Democrats as well.

Listen to State Senator David Paterson, not only a Democrat but the son of longtime Harlem pol Basil Paterson: "Nobody wants to blow the whistle on anybody because everybody's got a friend and nobody wants to hurt anybody. But now public scrutiny is forcing everybody to move away from patronage.

"This is not the way I would have planned it," he says regarding the Republicans' being the agents of change, "but for the first time, I'm seeing results. What's really changed is that now the political community is experiencing the same atmosphere as the competitive marketplace. You know that if *you* don't make it work, somebody else will."

It's ironic that the Republicans have opened things up in Harlem and created an environment and a climate in which things can get done, considering that helping the inner city has never been their top priority. Elected without Harlem's support, the governor and the mayor are not beholden to the community's established hierarchy.

"I probably spend more time in Harlem than I do anywhere else," says Charles Gargano, Governor Pataki's economic point man and the chairman of the Empire State Development Corporation. "When I was in college, I used to go to the Apollo on Friday nights. There's so much potential up there, but the development efforts really need to be focused. In the past, the waste has been incredible. Both the governor and I are committed to the redevelopment efforts, and I guarantee that in two years from now you'll see a major difference up there."

The Pataki administration's major move to break the gridlock in Harlem was to dismantle the Harlem Urban Development Corporation (HUDC), which was formed more than twenty years ago to funnel state funds to the community. Essentially, HUDC had functioned as a gatekeeper for almost any proposed investment in Harlem. Over two decades, the agency received more than $100 million in government money, yet it is difficult to find anyone who can point to any projects outside of some rehabbed apartments that HUDC actually completed. "It was run by a small cadre of insiders," says Preston Washington, "and it was never clear to me if it was here to facilitate develop-

BUSINESS CATALYSTS: Left, Pataki point men Randy Daniels and Charles Gargano at 125th Street and Lenox Avenue. Below, Barbara Askins runs the 125th Street Business Improvement District.

ment or block it. It was all about the insiders getting theirs."

One example of how abysmally things worked uptown under the aegis of HUDC is the 3,500-square-foot Blockbuster Video store that opened on 125th Street last March. According to high-level state officials, Blockbuster had been trying for some time to open a store in Harlem, but HUDC, which controlled the space, sat on the lease for more than two years. An HUDC official reportedly told Blockbuster executives (repeated calls to Blockbuster were not returned) that for them to do the deal, there had to be local minority participation.

"Well, everybody knew what that meant," says a state official who was involved in finally putting the deal together. "National chains don't take local partners. That's why you haven't seen any up on 125th Street." When Pataki's people came in, a lease was signed and the deal was closed in two months. The Blockbuster store on 125th Street is now the chain's third-highest-grossing location in the city.

"Clearly there is more will to move forward on major economic development now," says Chase Manhattan's Parry. "The political environment is better and more supportive." To Councilman Powell, the change has been emphatic since Republicans moved into Albany and City Hall. "Suddenly the clique, the boys from Harlem, so to speak, have lost control because the Republicans have no interest in dealing with them. That by itself opened things up. And now that people see that it's possible to do business in Harlem, they are coming up here every day. The phones are ringing off the hook."

Charles Rangel, however, is not impressed. The usually voluble congressman refuses to discuss anything related to the past. He does, however, have plenty to say about Republicans. "They talk a lot, and I don't argue with them except that I don't see a goddamned thing they've done in my community. They keep saying they've encouraged black investors in the community, but if my life depended on it, I wouldn't be able to name one. And as for the mayor," Rangel continues, his voice rising ever so slightly, "the only thing I see that Giuliani has done is he bought some goods in Harlem from a Jewish merchant to show that 125th Street is coming back."

Given the tragedy at Freddy's clothing store on 125th Street a little more than a year ago, when a gunman killed eight people, including himself, Rangel's remark about Giuliani's Christmas-shopping photo op seems an imprudent, perhaps even reckless, way to take a shot at the mayor. "Hey, you know what?" he says finally. "If you can think of anything that Gargano has done in a positive way to encourage investment in Harlem, say that Rangel didn't know about it but he supports it anyway. You see, I want to get along with these people."

E DON'T OWN ONE NATIONAL RETAIL CHAIN. NOT ONE."

PERCY SUTTON, THE FOUNDING CHAIRMAN of Inner City Broadcasting, which owns WLIB, WBLS, and other media properties, has been the éminence grise of Harlem business and politics for more than two decades. He speaks eloquently and passionately about arriving in Harlem not long after World War II and working fifteen hours a day in the Post Office and as a conductor on the D train. Like Darren Walker, he, too, thinks about better days.

"I've seen degradation and I've seen beauty," Sutton says. "I've seen an April morning when Easter came and people wore tuxedos down Seventh Avenue. And then I saw the drugs come." Sutton, who says he now pays more per square foot for his office in the old Harlem YMCA building between Convent and St. Nicholas Avenues than he does for his office on 34th Street and Park, argues that great progress has been made in Harlem over the past fifteen or twenty years. "When I bought the Apollo Theatre in bankruptcy court for a quarter of a million dollars in 1980," he says, enunciating in the distinctive rhythms of a Texas gentleman who's lived up north for some 40 years, "every other store on 125th Street was vacant. When you come up here now, you see the difference. You see all of the housing that's been built. You no longer see people stacked up on the corners waiting to buy drugs."

But the Apollo has become a major source of contention among the competing camps that would like to guide Harlem's redevelopment. It is perhaps the best example, given its legendary status, of the philosophical differences between the generations. Sutton claims that rescuing the theater was the spark that restarted 125th Street's economic engine. It was, he fervently argues, the lodestar for all future development. And while it is true that reviving the Apollo after it had been shut down in 1978 provided at least a psychological boost to the area, the project has been, from a business point of view, an abysmal failure.

The great stage on which so many black performers launched their careers is dark many nights of the year, even after a renovation that cost more than $20 million. The project, which was originally budgeted for $5.7 million in 1983, included the construction of then-state-of-the-art recording and television-production facilities. But the theater has never clicked with the television and recording industries, and with only 1,470 seats (the Beacon Theater has 2,800), it is considered too small by today's standards to regularly attract major acts.

As a result, the state had to write off $11 million in loans it gave to Sutton's Apollo Theatre Investor Group and the banks wrote off several million more. In 1991, Sutton essentially washed his hands of the project, and today the theater is a nonprofit foundation still struggling to find its place in the city's competitive entertainment market. And despite all the money put into the theater, Grace Blake, who runs the Apollo foundation, says the marquee is falling down and the seats, which inexplicably were never replaced, are threadbare and rickety.

"When you look at the Apollo and how that all went," says Randy Daniels, a Democrat who has lived on Sugar Hill for sixteen years and is now the governor's liaison to Harlem, "you can see the difference between the way things were done then and the way Governor Pataki and chairman Gargano believe things ought to be done. You need entrepreneurs, people who understand that business, to run a theater. Not politicians. What do politicians know about that?

But instead, you had Percy Sutton and his family running it. What they should have done was hire people with experience in managing theaters."

Darren Walker points out that there is another issue here simmering just below the surface. "People with expertise means *white* people, and that never would have been permitted to happen. This continues to be an impediment to Harlem's progress, and some people uptown remain obsessed with this notion of keeping it among us."

Sutton, who says the Republicans are like "aliens" in the community, becomes livid when offered the opposing view on the Apollo. "Gone? Gone?" he says of the state's investment. "You don't say the money's gone when the theater is operating and people come to it from all over the world. I personally lost millions of dollars on the Apollo. And how could they lie and say the theater didn't have good management?

"This is a dastardly way to attack people when you're taking away their money," he says, referring to the governor's pulling the plug on HUDC and the Harlem International Trade Center. "They stole $64 million [the trade-center funding] from us. They stole our money and now they're trying to justify it."

"FOR THE FIRST TIME IN DECADES, THE PRIVA

SOUL FOOD
Southern Fried Chicken
M&G DINER
old fashion BUT Good!

TWO DOORS DOWN FROM SYLVIA'S, the city's best-known soul-food restaurant, Van Woods is busy working the phones in his messy second-floor office. Sitting behind his desk, opposite a poster that says MY FIRST MILLION across a photo of neatly stacked $100 bills, Woods talks to his banker at J. P. Morgan and, in a succession of phone calls, to various partners and advisers, many of them white. A small, demonstrative man who was a campus radical in the sixties, Woods has a lot to be excited about these days. He is Sylvia's son and the president of the rapidly growing family business.

Under his management, Sylvia's is branching out in several different directions. First, there is a line of signature soul-food products—hot sauce and the like, with a label that pictures Sylvia as the "Queen of Soul Food"—to be sold in supermarkets around the country. Then there is the big vision, the plan to take Sylvia's national with a Planet Harlem–like chain of restaurants. The first is scheduled to open in Atlanta later this month.

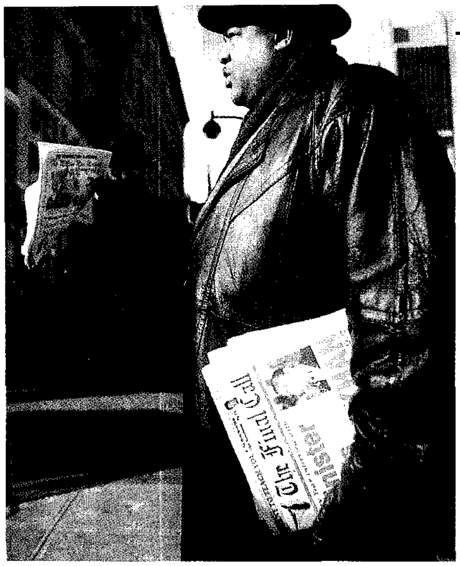
But at ten o'clock on a sunny Tuesday morning, Woods, wearing a black-banded collar shirt and black-and-white houndstooth-checked pants, has other things on his mind. He is agitated. "On fire" is the way he puts it. He is unable to sit in his chair for more than a few minutes at a time. He paces. He waves his arms in the air. He quotes Albert Einstein and Teddy Pendergrass.

"You see this," he says, looking out his window and pointing to the west side of Lenox Avenue, where five or six spindly-looking men are hanging out in front of a deli. "Those are the walking dead. All day long they march back and forth, drunk like that, on the street. You know, people got so upset over the Texaco thing, but I'll tell you something. I'm a lot more upset with the nigger attitude in this community than I am with white folks calling me nigger. We're always reacting to outside stimulus rather than lowering the bucket where we live."

Along with being one of Harlem's leading businessmen—Sylvia's employs 75 people—Woods is also the community's leading black Republican. During the presidential campaign, when Jack Kemp wanted to demonstrate his commitment to the economic recovery of the inner cities, he staged a photo op with Woods at Sylvia's. Three years ago, fed up with what he felt was the Democrats' non-profit, social-service approach to neighborhoods like Harlem, Woods took the dramatic step of switching parties. He has no illusions about large numbers of blacks suddenly embracing the Republicans, but he desperately wants to disrupt the comfortable Harlem hierarchy.

"We are the only ethnic group that is so blindly loyal to one party," says Woods, who split his time growing up between Harlem and South Carolina. "So the Republicans wrote us off and the Democrats didn't have to do anything for us. The country is moving away from social programs and providing services. We have got to learn to do for ourselves."

To do this, Woods believes, business people must take a leadership role. He argues that blacks have mistakenly put all of their energies into politics or the clergy or, more recently, the corporate world: "None of the energy went toward starting our own businesses and employing our own people. Thirty years after the civil-rights movement, we don't



TRADITIONAL VALUES: Opposite, M&G Diner on 125th Street and Morningside Avenue. Left, a vendor sells *The Final Call* at 125th and Lenox Avenue.

ECTOR IS ACTIVELY LOOKING TO INVEST UPTOWN.”

own one national retail chain. Not one.”

Woods is concerned that the Empowerment Zone money, because of political pressure or pressure from some members of the community, will go to the wrong people for the wrong things. He believes the process should be open and that the money should be up for grabs, going to whoever can provide the best goods and services—even if they are from outside the community. He is tired, as are many Harlem residents, of having to go to Westchester or New Jersey to shop.

“Harlem is the center of the African-American universe,” he says, rising out of his chair and standing in front of a map of Africa on the wall. “Is this what we want to be the symbol that represents us? Look,” he says, pointing out that he has six kids for whom he'd like to see things change, “we are in a serious slumber. We got to wake up. One way or the other, Harlem is gonna change now. Black people need to step up to the plate. If we don't, then we got no right to go complaining that the white people took all the money.”

FROM THE WINDOW OF HER SECOND-floor office on 125th Street near Eighth Avenue, Barbara Askins can see not only the present but pieces of the past and the future as well. Askins, who runs the 125th Street Business Improvement District, can see the spot where local tensions exploded last year with the fire and the murders at Freddy's. A little farther west, at the corner of Eighth (Frederick Douglass Boulevard), she can see the mostly vacant lot that is slated to become the $56 million Harlem USA shopping-and-entertainment complex, a development that would include the Gap, Disney, Radio Shack, a nine-screen Cineplex Odeon, Chase Bank, Showman's Cafe, an ice-skating rink, and possibly a Barnes & Noble and an HMV music store.

It is the project that could, if it happens, really break open the gates on economic redevelopment in Harlem. “We expect to begin construction late in the first quarter of this year,” says Drew Greenwald, president of Grid Properties, one of the developers. “By then we expect to have leases signed for 75 percent of the space.”

But Harlem USA is also the project that reminds everyone who is trying to engineer Harlem's recovery that the emotions and the hostilities laid bare by the Freddy's tragedy have not gone away. Twenty percent of the cost of Harlem USA will be covered by an Empowerment Zone loan. This does not sit well with a lot of people uptown. Despite the far-reaching impact the project is likely to have on Harlem, there is plenty of grumbling about companies like Disney—read white-owned companies—getting government help to open uptown.

These separatist impulses are the direct result of people in the community trying desperately to hold on to what's most important to them. Currently, about half of the businesses on 125th Street are black-owned; as for homeownership, Harlem has the lowest percentage of any significant black community in the nation. And according to Lionel McIntyre at Columbia, blacks, who now account for about 63 percent of Harlem's total population—Hispanics make up most of the rest—are the only group whose numbers have actually been declining over the past decade.

Askins, who struggles mightily to get things done on 125th Street with an anemic annual budget of $275,000 for the Business Improvement District (the Grand Central BID budget was $9.3 million last year), must tread gingerly through the thicket of local sensitivities. “This is a depressed community,” says Askins. “Everybody up here's been waiting for something to happen for so long, but everybody's not going to receive. And when they don't, there's going to be disappointment.”

Obviously, Harlem's economic recovery raises some legitimate questions: An economic upswing could drive out long-time residents, and suddenly rising commercial rents could create problems for fragile mom-and-pop businesses.

Nevertheless, Deborah Wright believes the race rhetoric is really beside the point. “It's so destructive, and it's a waste of time,” she says. “We seem to have this need to tear each other apart. The leadership should be educating people on the issues and pulling them together.” In the case of Harlem USA, for example, she says people need to be told that while most of the space will be taken by national chains, the landlord will be Harlem's own Commonwealth Local Development Corp.

The Reverend Preston Washington agrees with Wright about the rhetoric but believes that blacks need to play a decisive role in their future. “Harlem cannot be rebuilt without the investment of outsiders,” he says. “But we have to fully participate, and we have to learn to be sophisticated. We are the only people on earth who have to have the whole damn loaf or nothing, and we end up getting just the crumbs. Instead of cursing the white man and the outsider, we have to come to the table with creative proposals and be willing to work deals.”

The Empowerment Zone also offers significant federal tax incentives to make it attractive for businesses to hire local employees. Though it would seem that a Disney store, for example, would be a benefit to Harlem because at least it will employ local people, there are those who question the kind of jobs locals will get. It is, given the context, a questionable matter to raise; Askins says that without any advertising, about 100 people a month come into her office to apply for the street-cleaning jobs paid for by the 125th Street Business Improvement District.

“You know,” Wright says, “54 percent of the people up here don't have a high-school diploma, and there are those who want to get into this debate about ‘Well, it's not a really *good* job. . . .’ ”

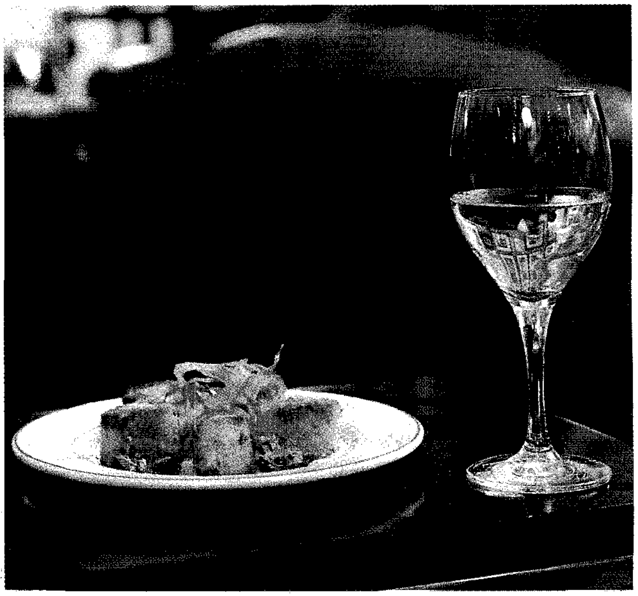
Still, there is a growing recognition that Harlem is at a crossroads. This is a time of historic opportunity. The question is, will it be a time of historic economic progress? Will this be remembered as the second Harlem Renaissance? “We've got to change to move forward,” says Darren Walker, “and perhaps the biggest hurdle of all is getting the people up here to recognize that.” ■

Bar Excellence

Want the yellowfin tuna without having to beg for a table? We barhop our way through Zagat darlings and white-hot newcomers, getting well-fed in the bargain.

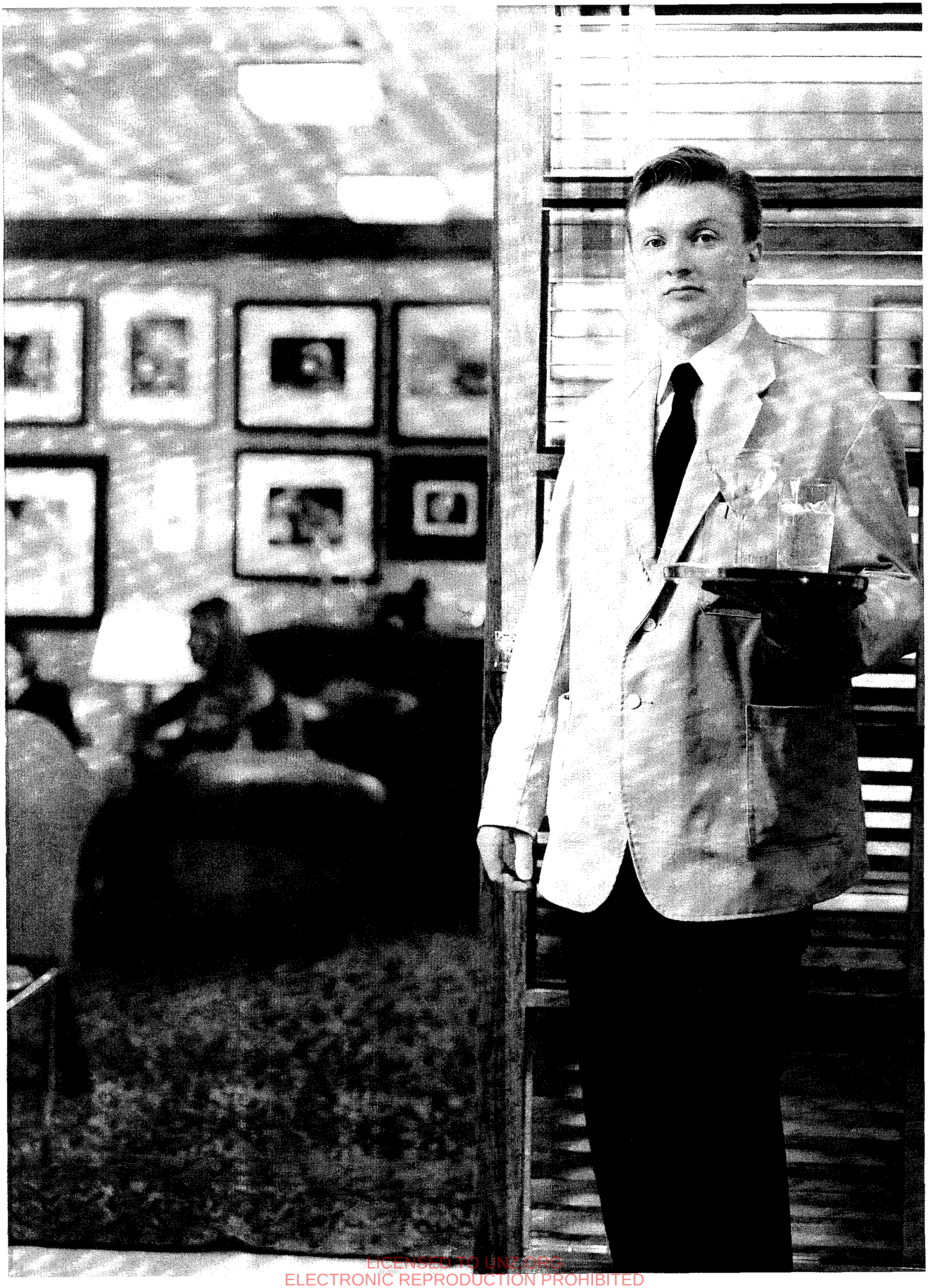
By Peter Kaminsky

THE OAK-PANELED PROVINCE OF CIGARETTE-WAVING and highball-tossing has gone gourmet, as bartenders all over town are handing over forks and knives along with drinks to savvy customers. Why belly up to the bar at a top restaurant? Life's too short to be charming a 20-year-old out of a precious table before ten—especially when we can order those four-star gnocchi from the same guy who's shaking the martinis. And there's no Siberia in a row of barstools. ■ The high-end bar scene is smokin' in more ways than one. Diners with nicotine habits are finding refuge in what has become the de facto smoking section. Those looking for a lighter meal find they can go easy without incurring a waiter's disdain. And there's no better perch—alone or with company—from which to observe the passing scene while enjoying the planked salmon. ■ Not every joint is ripe for such adventure: Yes, Vong and the Park Avenue Café—even Daniel—will set a place for you at the bar, but it's more of an accommodation than an art. Some bars are attractive for socializing, but the food is an afterthought. Below is our survey of spots where there's a pinch (or more) of fanfare in the service and something about the topography of the room that doesn't shriek *loser* if you wander in solo.



The Cigar Lounge at Patroon seduces you with overstuffed leather club chairs and a smoker-indulgent staff, not to mention risotto cakes topped with porcini ragout.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MINH + WASS
FOR NEW YORK



The drink menu takes up seven pages and the food only one, but fries wrapped in Russian newsprint and caviar served in a block of ice make Pravda das kapital *of downtown dining.*

Patroon

KEN ARETSKY, FORMERLY OF '21,' KNOWS FROM UPPER-CRUST. AT Patroon (160 East 46th Street; 883-7373), the mohair banquettes have already been stocked with managing directors from Salomon Brothers and women taking a breather from Bergdorf's—the sourdough and herb-tweaked butter of Aretsky's business. If you want to drink, eat, and wield a stogie, forgo Patroon's damask-walled dining room (even if it means giving up a chance to witness Donald Trump or Ralph Lauren in the act of chewing). Instead, proceed upstairs to the Cigar Lounge and sink into one of the overstuffed leather club chairs in this stunning glass-enclosed humidor of a room. The manly manliness of the space is helped along by a wall of black-and-white photos by the great New York photojournalist Charles Hoff of the *Daily News* (I was stopped in my tracks by an unforgettable shot of Sugar Ray Robinson delivering a ferocious right to a stunned Kid Gavilan). Should you want your La Gloria Cubana lit by an expert, a member of the staff will perform a ritual as entrancing in its way as the Japanese tea ceremony. And the finger food is as jewel-like as sushi. Tiny, unadorned Olympia oysters are naturally intense morsels. Risotto cakes topped with a porcini ragout are rich and filling. A cod-and-lobster cake doesn't stint on lobster, and fried wontons stuffed with truffled potatoes are defiantly luxurious. Next to Patroon, those cigar-and-single-malt hangouts taking root all over town are theme-park imitations. (Appetizers, $8 to $24; $75 for caviar. Main courses, $23 to $35.)

Pravda

THOUGH IT CARRIES ON THE NAME OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY ORgan, the real tip-off to the spirit invoked by Pravda (281 Lafayette Street; 226-4696) is the inclusion of a drink honoring protocapitalist Bakunin (whom Stalin had rendered a nonperson by 1929).

The model-pretty waitresses here all wear seriously slinky little black dresses from Blue on St. Marks Place. By contrast, warm light from Constructivist fixtures washes the honey-colored walls and the archways of what was a musty cellar in its past life.

The drinks—every possible cocktail imaginable—take up seven menu pages; food gets one page (as do cigarettes and cigars). Presentation of both drinks and food is thoughtful (or is that calculated?): Jars of caviar are embedded in a block of ice; French fries and potato chips come wrapped in a bias-cut sheet of Russian newsprint (*mutatis mutandis,* mine carried the Moscow stock quotes). Potato pancakes and beef stroganoff in pastry are a little bland and tepid. But a ribeye-steak sandwich with grilled onion, a slice of tomato, and horseradish rémoulade betrays a sure hand in the kitchen, as does rack of lamb, perfectly *en pointe* and suitably escorted by a ragout of sautéed eggplant and red peppers. Too bad the only good thing I can say about the roasted potatoes served on the side is that they may have been roasted on the same day they were served. But hey, if you've managed to knock back the six vodkas on Pravda's $38 sampler, you probably won't notice. Prices on the bar's zakouski menu range from $5.25 for homemade potato chips and caviar to $21 for rack of lamb.

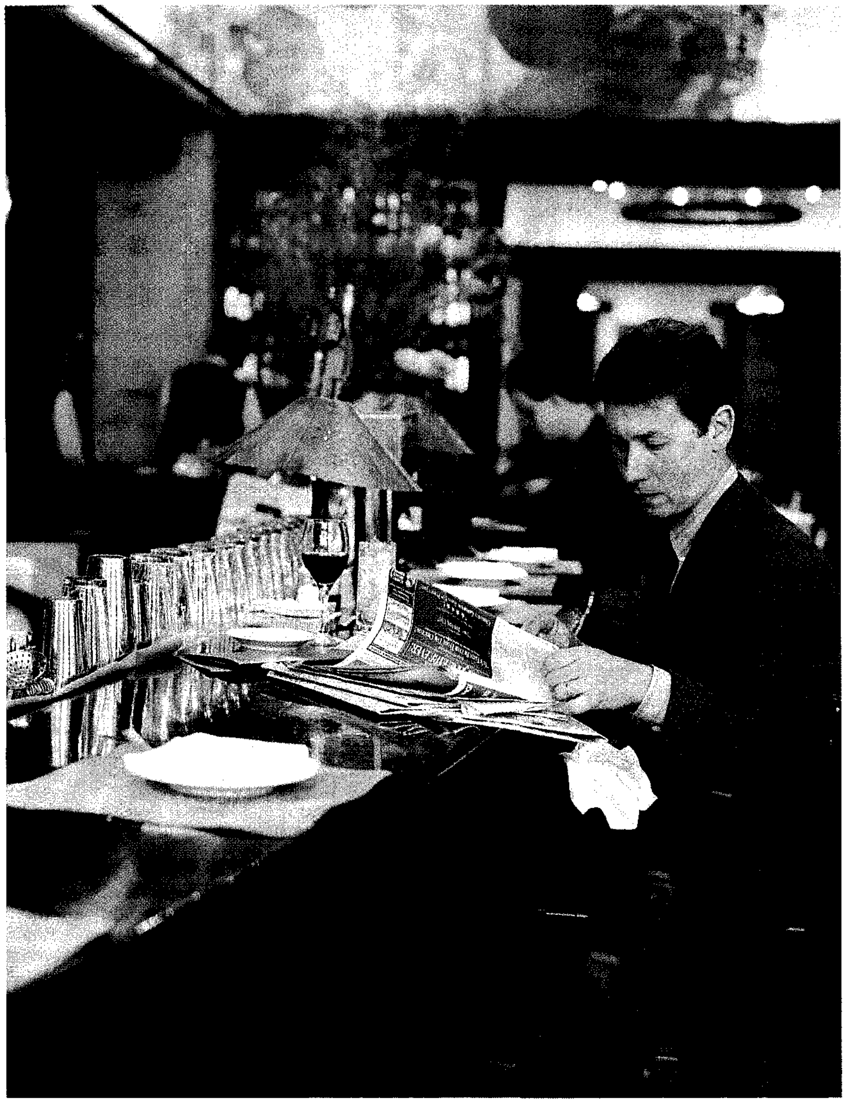
Twig chairs, plaid banquettes, and salmon served on charred planks conspire to give Christer's the feel of an Adirondack retreat around the corner from Rockefeller Center.

Circo

I DOUBT MANHATTAN FEATURES A MORE DELIGHTFULLY FRIVOLOUS room than Osteria del Circo (120 West 55th Street; 265-3636). The soaring space is a temple of whimsy designed by Adam Tihany for the Maccionis (owners of the more upscale Le Cirque, soon to be Le Cirque 2000). Stepping out from the long shadow of paterfamilias Sirio, his three sons—Mauro, Mario, and Marco—and their mom, Egidiana, have created a new midtown hangout that is more casual, less pricey, and totally Tuscan.

The cocktail lounge, a freestanding Deco-inspired orchestration of high-gloss hardwoods, offers a pared-down version of the menu created by Allesandro Giuntoli (like Sirio, a native of Montecatini)—though you can also order off the full menu if you insist. Giuntoli's grilled rare yellowfin tuna with cannellini beans, sweet red onions, and basil ($14) is an elegant mix of tastes and textures. Gnocchi with beef and dried porcini mushroom ragout (most pastas are $13 as appetizer, $20 as main course) are fluffy yet flavorful as a slow-cooked stew. The ravioli are silky and creamy and come bathed in a slightly sweet tomato sauce or a cholesterol-boosting butter-and-sage sauce. Small pizzas, their crusts wafer-thin, are truly nonpareil. There is no special dessert menu for the bar, but Patrice Caillot's regular selection is exceptional, including what is for my money the best tirami su in town.

One could easily imagine Nick and Nora Charles dropping by Circo after 10 P.M. to sip bucket-size cocktails under the dancing shadows of the bar's revolving monkey sculptures.



The bar at Gramercy Tavern is a sweet alternative to the endless wait for reservations: the same great braised short ribs, wild striped bass, and one of the city's best selections of cheeses.

"44"

FUELED BY THE EXPENSE ACCOUNTS OF GRAYDON CARTER AND TINA Brown, "44," at the Royalton Hotel (44 West 44th Street; 944-8844), is a mecca for fashionable mediacrats. The minimalist chic of the long gray lobby recalls the nubby industrial-gray walls of another chic watering hole, Max's Kansas City, in the Warhol years. But whereas the food at Max's was unexciting, some of the offerings at "44" are highly accomplished. Spiced duck à l'orange ($11), a standout, is tender and seemingly devoid of fat, showered with chopped pistachio nuts and surrounded by roast pecans and pickled onion. The Yukon Gold potato chips with a tartar-sauce-like dip ($3.50) make a fine cocktail snack. The generous fruit-and-cheese plate ($16) comes with some healthy-size wedges—of nondescript cheeses, alas—and what looks to be a half-pound of grapes. Grilled vegetables ($23) are tasty, though the vegetables had not made up their minds as to whether they wanted to be crudités or the sweet, more cooked offering the menu seemed to promise. Wines by the glass are unremarkable, and there is, inexplicably, no beer on draft.

For the uninitiated or the unconnected, getting a seat in the bar at "44" requires cruising the room for people paying their check—or at least polishing off their drinks. Having found your prey, you are forced to perch not-so-inconspicuously on the stairs near the target table, lingering like family members at the death watch of a rich relative. When your group rises, you must launch a decisive sally for the barely vacated table—all without appearing *too* rabidly uncool.

Union Square Cafe

DROPPING BY FOR A MEAL AT THE BAR AT UNION Square Cafe (21 East 16th Street; 243-4020) is kind of like showing up at a favorite aunt's for an unannounced overnight visit. Maybe your car broke down. Maybe your flight was canceled. It doesn't matter. She'll make up a bed in the den in no time with crisp white sheets and a plump pillow and act as if you were expected all along.

The bartenders at Union Square create a fanfare as they unfurl a white cloth napkin that serves as your place mat and lay out substantial utensils on the bar. A big basket of perfectly baked breads arrives, along with a bowl of olives and a glass of cold water, your drink hard on their heels. Chef Michael Romano's food has the stamp of a mature culinary artist. Standbys such as the burgers (beef, $11, or tu-

Despite vertigo and a madding crowd, the Greatest Bar on Earth cheers with crusty calamari and peppered salmon.

na, $16.75) continue to please. Spicy shrimp po'boy ($16.25) is a meticulously rendered version of the more familiar New Orleans fried-oyster sandwich, dressed with what tasted like a spiced, sherry-laced mayonnaise. Another excellent shrimp dish, stringhetti ai gamberi ($10), combined lemon-infused farfalle with mildly spicy shrimp.

Spaghettini con bottarga (sun-dried tuna roe, garlic, and extra-virgin olive oil; $8.75) has that "Where have you been all my life?" flavor. One caveat: Lots of people know the bar here as a dining destination already, so there is sometimes a wait. But there are worse ways to kill time than cooling your heels with a glass of the house red, Bricco Manzoni, a robust Piedmontese that—at $29 the bottle—is also a bargain.

Petrossian

FRESH CUT FLOWERS, GLEAMING SILVER, ERTÉ ETCHINGS OF TWENTIES-era women (they all look like Josephine Baker), waiters in crisp double-breasted jackets, and a fancy room in tones of pink and magenta: The bar at Petrossian (182 West 58th Street, 245-2214) is a fantasy of refinement that dominates the space the way a Baroque pipe organ can command the sight lines in a beautiful church. One slow afternoon, I had a writer's lunch, starting with a martini straight up and ordered from the "teasers menu" ($19 or $25)—from which, depending on how hungry you are, you can order a small or large assortment of Russian-inspired zakouski, those delicious little *Vorspeise* dainties that Old Country nobles munched between draughts of alcohol. On another visit, there was smoked eel with roasted sweet vegetables; cod roe on potato crisps; ingenious smoked-salmon beggar's purses filled with salmon tartare; smoked trout with egg crêpe and horseradish sauce; and a pastry crust filled with rich foie gras and tart green apples. An inexpensive caviar option is an order of blini with pressed caviar, salmon roe, and crème fraîche ($30), after which you may die secure in the knowledge that you're going out on a gustatory high note. As you expire, have a spoonful of the transcendent vodka-fruit sorbets with sweet melon purée ($10).

Christer's

HAVING HONED HIS CONSIDERABLE SKILLS FOR SIX YEARS AT AQUAvit, chef Christer Larsson now presides over his own American–Swedish–nouvelle cuisine fish house just west of City Center (145 West 55th Street; 974-7224). The Adirondack-modernist bar area, designed by David Rockwell, is sui generis, as is the food. In the bar there are twig chairs, plaid banquettes, and a doglegged zinc bar. Opalescent tchotchkes freckle the wall. You might start your meal, as I did, with a shot of aquavit. It sharpened the appetite for a smorgasbord assortment including Greenland shrimp with dill mayonnaise, buttery gravlax, smoked salmon with horseradish, and a herring sampler ($12.50 as appetizer; $21 as main course). The baked salmon ($24) was planked—a traditional American way of preparing fish, particularly shad, by broiling it on a hardwood board; the charred wood imparts extraordinary flavor to the salmon. To dine at the bar at Christer's is a keen reminder that this often-overlooked restaurant is a great one.

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven

FIFTY SEVEN FIFTY SEVEN AT THE FOUR SEASONS HOTEL (57 EAST 57th Street, 758-5700) may be a prime place to go hunting for Mr. Right (or at least Mr. Right Now), but if you're looking for a place to eat, you can do a lot better and spend a lot less. The evening began with a twenty-minute wait behind a plush rope guarded by large men in dark suits with the bouncerish looks one expects to find over at Planet Hollywood. The room is impressive in scale and well appointed, with comfy banquettes and cocktail tables that wouldn't have been out of place on an ocean liner in the twenties. Fried calamari ($14.50) was adequate but not particularly special. Neither were the tepid, tasteless crab cakes ($16.50). Salt-baked mini-potatoes with clabbered cream and caviar ($16.50) had the taste and texture of canapés put out very early for a wedding that started very late. I ordered my $13 martini with a twist of lemon. It came with a side of olives. I asked again for the lemon twist. It came back with a piece of lime. When I pointed out again that I had asked for a lemon twist, our waitress responded, mystifyingly, "I twisted it," before walking away. Like the place itself, she seemed nice enough but ultimately clueless.

Gramercy Tavern

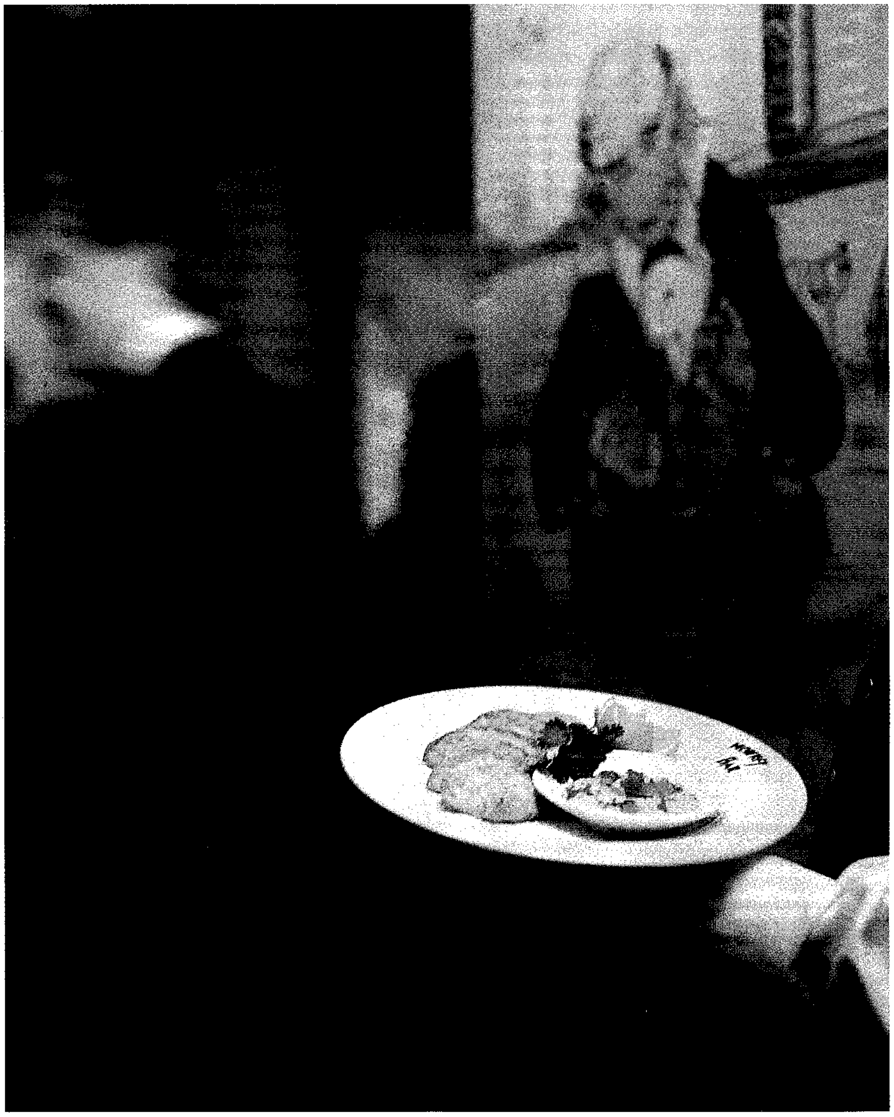
TOM COLICCHIO AND DANNY MEYER'S PARTNERSHIP HAS FULFILLED its early promise and produced a unique bar scene at Gramercy Tavern (42 East 20th Street; 477-0777). The room is girdled with a mural of giant colorful vegetables. Simple, flavorful dishes from a constantly changing menu are cooked on the hearth-grill. Braised short ribs (the best I have ever had, and I come from a genetically pure stock of Eastern European short-ribs braisers) appear every few months. Wild striped bass ($15.50)—i.e., not farm-raised—with fennel confit and slow-roasted tomatoes is sublime and rendered more so by hot peppers that wake up the briny flavors of the fish. Gramercy also offers one of the city's widest selections of cheeses ($6.50 to $12) and wines by the glass ($5 to $14 for Champagne). The constantly changing desserts are sweet and rich: Oatmeal-stout gingerbread ($5) with sour-cherry compote and crème fraîche was exquisite (in the present incarnation, the gingerbread is paired with kumquat confit and crème fraîche), as was the almond torte with poached pears (now banana-walnut tart with caramel ice cream). If you don't feel like waiting for one of the toughest reservations in town, or if you don't feel like filling up on a big meal, just stroll into Gramercy and have a light one at the bar (or one of the cocktail tables) for under $25. Sometimes this requires a wait, penance that can be lightened with a glass of wine or a freshly drawn beer.

The Greatest Bar on Earth

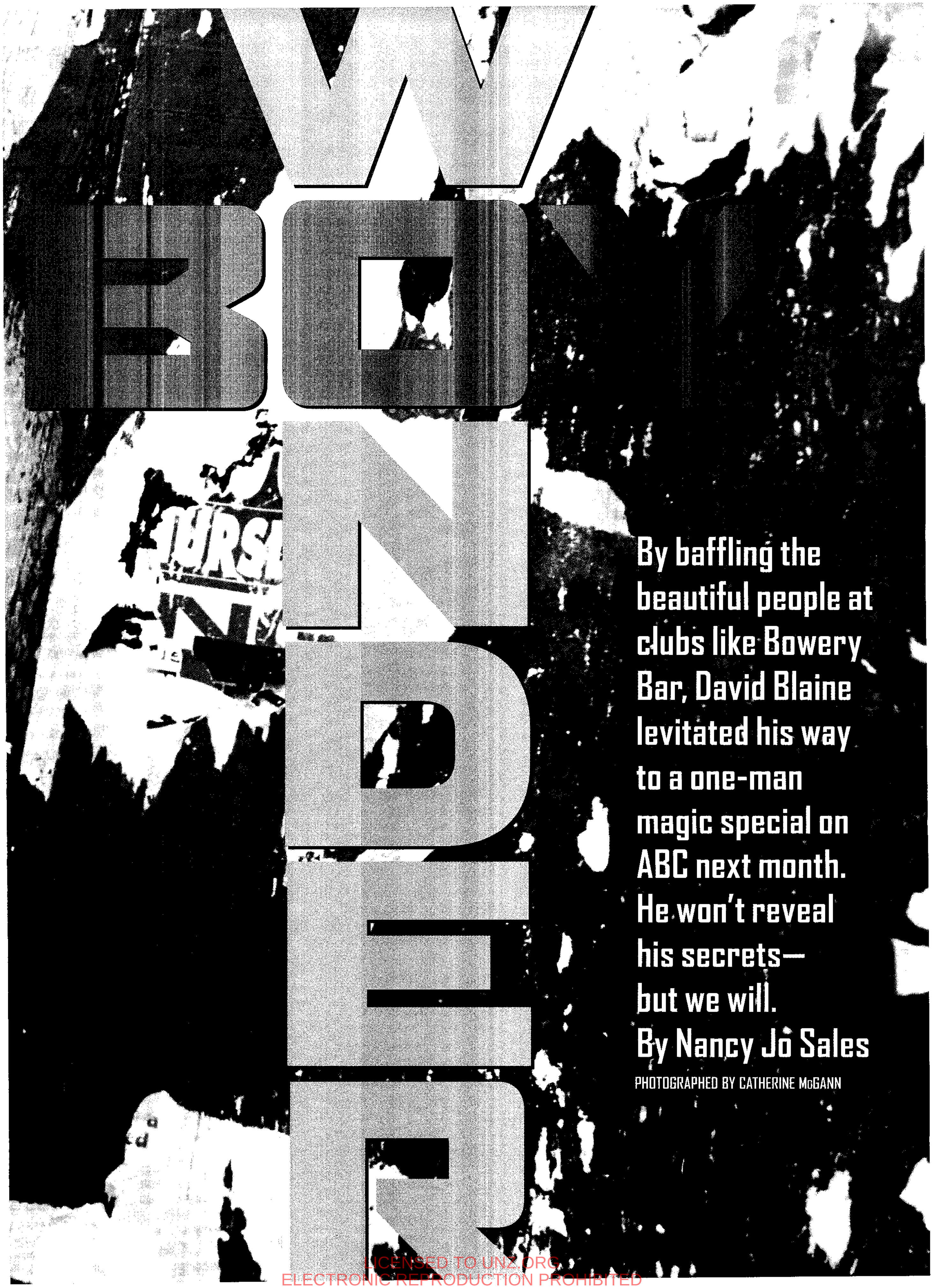
FAR FROM BEING THE GREATEST BAR ON Earth (1 World Trade Center; 524-7000), this may not even qualify as the Greatest Bar on the Top of a Building at Least 100 Stories Tall. The cavernous room has the looming, anonymous feel of an airport during a brownout. Masses of chattering drinkers are clumped around three bars while others spread out over a number of levels. Off in one corner, drowned out in the booming chorus of minglers, a very good band labors thanklessly. When we order one of the cold "hand-crafted" sakes, our helpful waitress counsels us to think again, confiding, "It's a stinky little portion." We also struck out on the single-malt scotch we ordered: "We've been out of it for a while," our server advised with admirable candor. Oh, well, the martini was properly anesthetizing. And the food was actually good. Fried calamari ($11 for one; $18 for more) came in a thick, crusty coating. Smoked and peppered salmon ($16 for one; $24 for more) was well executed even if the accompanying potatoes would have benefited from a livelier dressing. But none of it was enough to mask the unattractive—hurried, crowded, smoky, loud—scene. I knew it was time to check out when the group at the table next to me divided into two acrimonious factions over the merits of Jimi Hendrix vs.—can you imagine?—Eddie van Halen! Burgers, $10–$12. Sushi starts at $2.50 per piece. Cocktails, $8.

Monkey Bar

THIS IS A RARA AVIS—A FIRST-CLASS restaurant and a hot bar scene. Even more rara: Despite its hipness, the staff at Monkey Bar (60 East 54th Street; 838-2600) seems genuinely pleased that you are there. The attitude is in keeping with the lived-in feel of the comfortably elegant room, dominated by murals of playfully anthropomorphic monkeys. The beer is cold, the drinks are generous, and the food out of the kitchen of chef John Schenk is superb. Fried lobster wontons ($12) combine two of my favorite qualities, lobsterness and friedness, and they do it well. Prosciutto on tomato toast with olive and cheese has that salty, creamy quality guaranteed to provoke demands for more drink. You can also order from the restaurant menu, which has some terrific appetizers. Fried wasabi shrimps in crisp Lebanese pastry ($12) are surrounded by a broth in which the flavors of sesame oil and coriander ring out. Fried green tomatoes and crispy runner beans are such a fine accompaniment to thyme-scented baby back ribs ($11) that the vegetables get top billing. The chopped Caesar salad ($10), a light and modern interpretation of the egg-yolky classic, may be more healthful but is also lackluster. Baked Alaskaholics (which I'm not) can amass a month's worth of calories on Schenk's caramel-and-meringue-rich interpretation ($9) of a favorite sweet of the Gilded Age. Bar items and appetizers range from $9 for the prosciutto-and-tomato toast to $14 for seared foie gras. ▬



The simian scene: Fried lobster wontons, baby back ribs, and Monkey Bar's staff happy to have you hanging around.



BOY WONDER

By baffling the beautiful people at clubs like Bowery Bar, David Blaine levitated his way to a one-man magic special on ABC next month. He won't reveal his secrets—but we will.

By Nancy Jo Sales

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CATHERINE McGANN

ROBERT DE NIRO TELLS IT like this: A while back, he was at "a place I go"—he won't say where—where some "people I know"—he won't say who—were doing, you know, the things people do when they're with Robert De Niro. At this time, which the actor says he'll never forget, a kid with a deck of cards and eyes as big as walnuts came up to him and asked: "Wanna see some magic?"

"It was incredible," says De Niro—not a man usually given to gushing, or talking to reporters about anything. But he wants to talk about David Blaine. "It was really amazing. You didn't touch the card or say it—you just picked it out in your head and he could guess it. . . ."

"Now I consult him like a medium." De Niro gives a nervous laugh. "Just kidding."

DAVID BLAINE IS STROLLING DOWN SULLIVAN Street on a quiet weekday evening. He is honey-colored, tall, and handsome, with a lingering layer of baby fat that makes him a puppyish 23. He's wearing a T-shirt, low-riding black pants, dime-store sneakers; the look is pre-homeboy, more *West Side Story*. Blaine also has on his mysterious-magician face, which is intensified by a pair of eyes that fans describe as "hypnotic" (*Roseanne*'s Sara Gilbert), "frightening" (Matthew Modine), "weird" (Leonardo DiCaprio).

"The people who know about me," says the hipster-magician with a shrug, "are the people who are supposed to know what's cool."

Blaine has performed professionally only a few times in his life: at Tatou, once on *Rosie,* recently on *Conan.* "This is the work of the Devil," Conan sidekick Andy Richter declared facetiously as he watched Blaine's tricks. Conan called the magician El Diablo, Mephisto, *and* Beelzebub.

"People always say that stuff about me," sighs Blaine.

In March the virtually unknown Blaine will appear in his own prime-time ABC magic special. One insider on the show, *David Blaine: Street Magic,* calls the money behind it "insane": unprecedented for any first-timer's show, forget about a magic show. ABC is spending over $700,000 on the advertising campaign alone, with spots (which start airing this week) directed by Spike Lee. ABC vice-president Stu Bloomberg calls Blaine "the future of magic." His network gave the young magician a million-dollar deal.

But "this is not about money," Blaine is quick to tell you in his deep, drowsy voice. "It's about the people."

This evening, Blaine's out looking for people to amaze. Since he was a small boy in Brooklyn, he has been practicing tricks like this—on the street, in the subway and the parks—prowling after pedestrians and trying to make them think they've witnessed a "miracle."

"The whole purpose of magic is to give to people," Blaine says. He has many mystical-sounding ideas about the art of conjuring. "The whole point is to reach a moment where there is no logic—where everything has been defied, and your defenses are stripped away . . ."

Blaine stops to observe a redheaded Frenchwoman flicking cigarette ashes on the sidewalk. She's shifting heel-to-heel and complaining about having to wait in a long line for Tomoe, a sushi restaurant.

"Yeah," says the magician with a little smile. "She'll be good."

Suddenly we're hovering behind her. "Wanna see some magic?"

The Frenchwoman turns abruptly, snorts smoke. "Some *magique*?"

Blaine places a hand in his back pocket: "Yeah."

The Frenchwoman clutches her Prada bag and glances at her male companion. The kid with the eyes and the scruffy goatee is reaching for—

A deck of Bicycle playing cards.

"Think of a card," Blaine instructs. He always sounds as if he has just woken up—as if he couldn't possibly be scheming. It's a strain of what magicians call "misdirection."

People always do what Blaine says.

"Imagine it in your mind," he says. "Tell me the card."

"Eh," says the Frenchwoman, "the queen of diamonds."

"You're sure you want that one?"

"Yes."

"You don't want to change it?"

"No."

"I didn't make you say that?"

"*Non.*"

Blaine stares at her intensely. She's beginning to wonder what this all means—what he *sees*.

Blaine holds up the pack. The other people in line are watching now.

"I thought you might pick that one," he drones on, "so I turned it over before I came here . . ."

Blaine spreads out the deck. One card is facedown, blue-and-white side showing. The Frenchwoman takes it, turns it over. The sound of her shrieking pierces the twilight air.

"It is voodoo!" she exclaims, holding

up the diamond queen.

Her male friend lifts his backpack off the ground. “Is he going to lift my camera out of my bag?”

Now they all want to know where Blaine comes from, who he is.

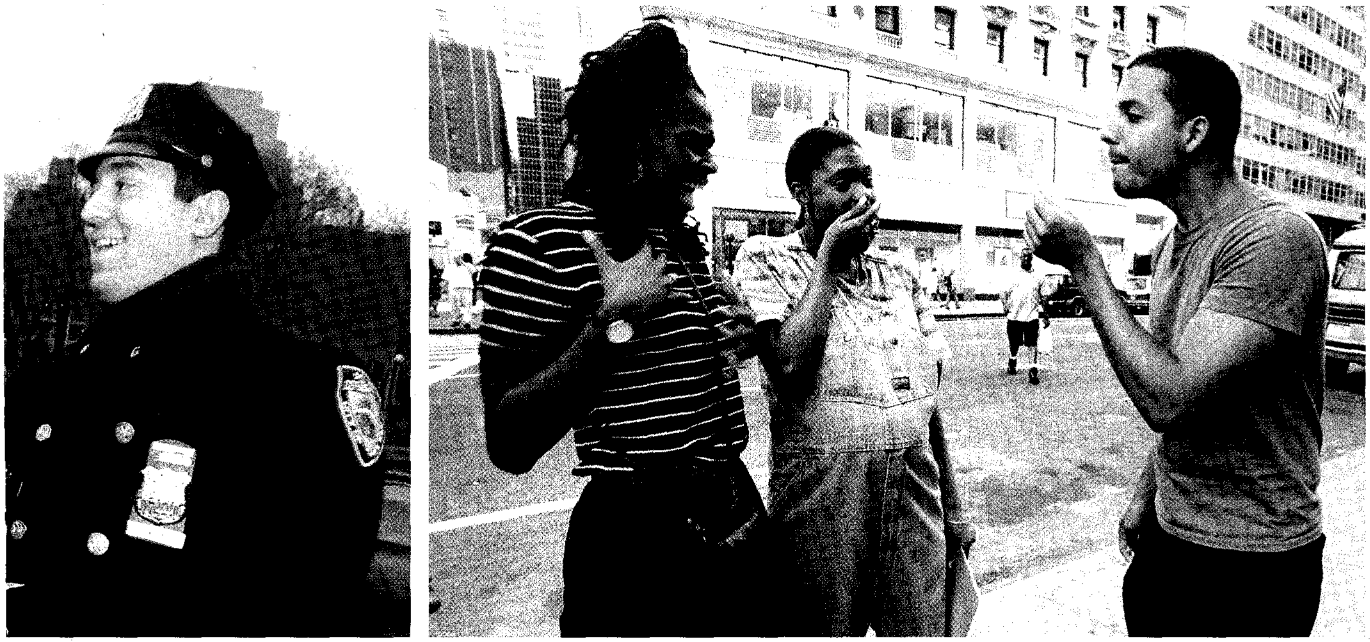
“Who *are* you?” the Frenchwoman demands.

But Blaine just smiles and walks away.

He gives me a nudge. “Did you hear her *scream*?”

“IT’S ALL IN THE MIND,” SAYS BLAINE.

He’s propped up on pillows, stretched out on the bare wood floor of his new one-bedroom apartment on Gramercy Park. Some 30 packs of Bicycles are strewn around. Flickering gargoyle candles make a musky smell. Peter Gabriel’s mystical soundtrack to *The Last Temptation of Christ* is playing.



Magic in the streets: Wowing the public in Washington Square Park and near Times Square.

“Jesus was a magician.” Blaine stares luminously through the smoke of his Marlboro Light. “Magic is a way to reveal all mysteries.”

We’ve just eaten a large dinner of sushi ourselves, and Blaine is even slower and more mysterious in a state of digesting. He loves sushi; he ordered things not on the menu, as movie stars do. He knew the chef at the restaurant because he used to do magic there. He says he used to stay alive by accepting tips and meals.

“You can tell what card someone’s going to take just by looking at his face, the same way you can tell everything about his life from his face.” Blaine’s lying on his back now, staring up at the ceiling.

Staring off the wall is a signed photograph of a brooding young Orson Welles, one of Blaine’s heroes. I ask him where he got it. But he’s already starting to sound like De Niro: “Let’s not get into specifics.” The magician yawns and rolls over like an overfed panther. “I like keeping a mystique.”

BLAINE’S MYSTIQUE IS NOWHERE MORE POWerful than in the celebrity world, where he is already a celebrity.

“People talk about him in hushed tones,” says Dick Cavett, who began his own career as a magician at 16. “ ‘You’ve seen David Blaine—wow.’ It’s like having met Garbo.”

Blaine, however, is hardly a recluse. His rise began about two and a half years ago, when he started showing up at places like Bowery Bar, Cafe Tabac, Spy, Tunnel—anywhere the stars were out constellating. He says he knew that if he wanted to “take the magic everywhere—to affect the most people,” then first he had to show it to the right people.

He’d go up to them and ask, “Wanna see something cool?”

He meant himself, perhaps, as much as his magic. But celebrities—Uma Thurman, Quentin Tarantino, George Clooney, and on and on—were blown away by his magic, by the way the magician seemed to look straight through their careful façades and pick cards right out of their brains. Blaine bit quarters in half and blew them back into place—*whoosh!* Christopher Walken actually got enthusiastic. Oliver Stone fell off his chair. Blaine sent cigarettes sizzling through quarters. Tupac Shakur lay on the floor, laughing uncontrollably. Molly Ringwald said, “Ohmigod!”

Then the New York *Observer*’s Candace Bushnell trumpeted Blaine as a “Gen-X Houdini” and “white-hot” “society happening.” *Daily News* gossip columnist A. J. Benza started putting the magician in the paper with almost the regularity he accords his own alleged mob ties: “Mind-blowing magician David Blaine,” “squiring around supermodels Bridget Hall and Kat Gould . . .”

By now, Blaine had a ponytailed ICM agent, Jon Podell, and a power publicist, Dan Klores.

But better than management, or even supermodels, he had a myth—or, at least, what Hollywood likes to call “high concept.”

He *was* magic.

“He jumps beyond the limits of magic into the realm of ESP,” says Matthew Modine.

“Sometimes, I think of him as not human,” Leonardo DiCaprio says.

DiCaprio tells it like this: The first time he ever saw Blaine, the magician was levitating. “I was in the other room talking to this girl, and suddenly I heard all these screams. I ran in and saw David in the air. I didn’t know what to believe.”

DiCaprio allows, “I sort of hated him at first. I thought he was some weirdo cheeseball, like these dorky people who think they’re all mystical—a poser. But then I sat and watched him for like an hour, and he did some of the illest tricks I ever saw, and that pissed me off.”

Now they’re best friends.

Blaine seems to have this way of turning up, magically, when famous folks least expect it and turning them into believers. Natalie Portman—the 15-year-old star of *Beautiful Girls*—tells it like this: Just over a year ago, she met the magician “by chance” on a flight out of Los Angeles. He pulled out a deck of Bicycles and asked her to pick a card, which she never named out loud. Then, Portman says, Blaine told her to pull up the shade of her window, where her card was stuck *between* two panes of glass.

"It was floating in there. I was screaming, it was so scary. I was freaking out!" Portman says breathlessly. "David made me believe in magic again."

Now they're friends.

And Spike Lee tells it like this: He "happened" to run into Blaine for the first time just as Lee was coming out of the RHIGA Royal Hotel. Blaine popped the question: "Wanna see some magic?"

"I was dumbfounded," says Lee.

So when Blaine later sent him a tape of footage from his TV special and asked Lee to direct the commercials, he was eager to do it. (They'll show Blaine performing, over several weeks slowly revealing his identity. Sort of like a magic trick.) "I know talent when I see it," Lee says, adding, "It's refreshing to see a magician who's not wearing sequins."

"MAGIC TODAY," SAYS BLAINE, PUTTING ON his trademark blue sunglasses, "is all about the wrong stuff. It's about makeup, studios, props, big stages, fancy colors. But the ultimate magic is when there's just a moment—there's no props; it's just you.

"That's what my special's going to be about."

Blaine's special is, in fact, a lot of fun to watch. It's "just him" doing what he has always done—wander through the streets making people laugh, cry, wonder, scream. "Are you from earth?" a white woman on the Boardwalk in Atlantic City demands. "He's not natural," an African-American woman in Times Square flatly tells the camera. Just as Blaine advertises, the show is about "the people"—people of all races and classes and the awe they feel when confronted with the impossible, suspended moments created by Blaine.

But in this sense, the show really is about Blaine.

On a shadowy Gramercy street corner one evening, the magician can't resist performing one last trick before he says good night.

"You got a dollar?" he asks languidly. "Oh, I have one."

He crumples up the bill. Then it's floating above his outstretched palm, as eye-rubbingly real as Blaine himself standing there being dazzling.

"How'd you do that?" I ask. Blaine hears the question many times a day.

He just chuckles and walks off into the dark.

"THE FLOATING BILL? YEAH, WE HAVE THAT."

John Blake, the vice-president of Tannen's magic store on West 25th Street, flips through a purple hardcover catalog. The trick costs $10.

For $9, you can buy the Cigarette-Thru-Quarter, and for $25 the Bent, Torn, and Twisted quarter trick, both standards of Blaine's repertoire. Ten dollars, again, will get you the Invisible Deck, the I've-already-turned-your-card-over trick that Blaine performed for the redheaded Frenchwoman.

"That's a great trick," says Blake. "One of the best." It was a favorite, in fact, of Orson Welles, who bought it here 40 years ago.

With over 7,000 items and a woodworking-and-metal shop for special orders, Tannen's is the magician's mall. A vast warehouse behind holds such things as the Rabbit Bag, the Deluxe Finger Chopper, and the Bongo Bender, a device for bending keys. Out front, escape jackets, ventriloquists' dummies, colored silks, and old-timey posters of Houdini give the store a backstage, vaudeville feel.

"Jesus was a magician," says Blaine, staring luminously through the smoke. "Magic is a way to reveal all mysteries."

"You get a lot of celebrity magicians," says Tony Spina, Tannen's owner. "Donald Sutherland, Muhammad Ali, Doogie Howser. Woody Allen's a juggler, primarily. He's decent."

Blake saw Blaine come in just last year. "Blue glasses. Nice kid."

"You wanna see a trick?" asks Blake. Benny Goodman music plays. The heavy-lidded, once-dashing former magician stands in the middle of Tannen's, doing the Chinese Linking Rings.

"I DON'T NEED TO BUY MY TRICKS AT STORES. I can do things no magician in the world can do," Blaine says on the phone.

The truth is that all magicians pass through Tannen's—from hobbyists to heavy hitters like Copperfield and Siegfried and Roy. And none of them loves talking about his visits to the place that shelves books like *I'll Read Your Mind.*

But the question of originality—or of what makes a magician exceptional—seems enough for some magicians to start waxing skeptical about David Blaine.

Blaine is "a real dilemma for all of us," says Stan Allen, publisher of *Magic* magazine. "When we read about him in the papers, reading between the lines, what he's really doing is never on the same level as the reports say."

One veteran magician becomes nearly apoplectic at the name *David Blaine.*

"He hangs out in the whaddyacallit bar and does the same damn tricks over and over," barks the performer, who refuses to be named. "These celebrities don't know anything about magic—they're so susceptible to suggestion. They walk away saying 'I never told him the card!' Well, in the kingdom of the blind, the one-eyed man is king. It's just like Uri Geller—'Look, the key bent in his hands!' It never bent in his hands!"

This magician calls Natalie Portman's story about the card in the plane window apocryphal. "There's no way it was stuck between the windows. Even *Valujet* wouldn't let him stick it inside the goddamn window."

"People," he adds, "are very manipulatable, especially by an expert."

So does that mean David Blaine is some kind of an expert?

PERHAPS, CHARLES REYNOLDS SAYS.

Reynolds has never met Blaine or even seen him work—as few name magicians have—but Reynolds knows magic. He has been a magic consultant for people like Doug Henning and Harry Anderson. He taught Harry Blackstone Jr. how to make elephants disappear.

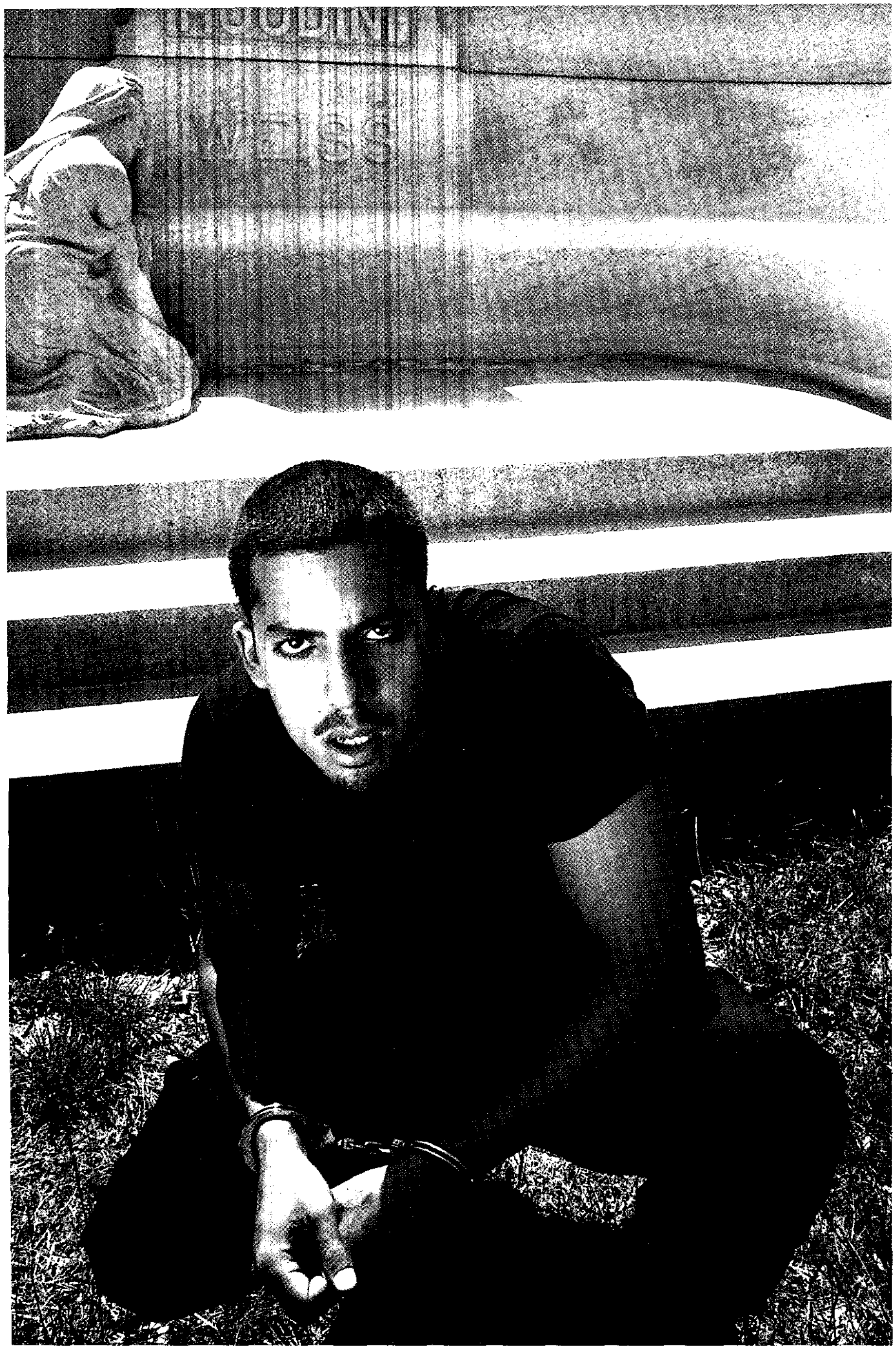
With his long white hair and a full white beard, Reynolds looks like a cartoon wizard in khakis. His hidden-away house on Grove Street is stuffed with magic books and a collection of original posters of such master magicians as Chung Ling Soo, who keeled over on stage in 1918 when he failed to catch the Flying Bullets.

"What makes a good magician is a combination of things," Reynolds says. "It has to do with personality and showmanship as much as technical skill. You've got to have a spark where the audience relates to you."

Reynolds wanders off to his study and brings back a classic: *Conjuring and Magic* by Robert-Houdin, the granddaddy of modern magic. "A magician is an actor playing the part of a magician," Houdin said in 1868.

"You know," Reynolds says, "it's not easy to make an old trick like the floating bill *believable.*"

"I HATE MAGICIANS," SAYS BLAINE IMPATIENTLY. "I hate talking about magic."



Paying homage: Blaine at Houdini's grave in Machpelah Cemetery, Queens.

We're in Central Park today. "Check out this guy," says Blaine.

A Jamaican man with dreadlocks stuffed up in a multicolored Jiffy Pop hat is sunning himself on a bench.

The man opens his eyes to Blaine standing in front of him.

"Wanna see some magic?"

The man smiles broadly: *Get a load of this kid.* "Yeah, okay."

Blaine does a trick I've seen him do before; called the Ambitious Card, it's another classic bit of close-up magic, wherein the card the subject chooses seems to refuse to stay put in the deck, continually "traveling" back to the top of the deck. A "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star" of magic.

Blaine never fails to get the strongest reactions from the simplest sort of tricks.

The Jamaican man watches Blaine run the trick and suddenly jumps up like the bench he's sitting on has caught fire. He paces up and down on long, stilty legs.

"Noooo," he says, bending over, laughing. "*Noooo.*"

He pulls up and looks at Blaine.

"You is *God,* man!"

Blaine smiles. "See ya later."

"Where can I reach you at?"

Blaine turns to go. "You'll see me."

"ONCE YOU START SAYING, 'OH, I CAN'T DO this because somebody else is doing it,' it's all about your ego," Blaine tells me.

But he has also said he can do things that are in no magic book, and he wants me to see them, to impress me with his powers. As if I am not already impressed.

He stops in front of a fruit stand in the shadow of the Flatiron Building. "I need an orange," he says, asking me to pick one out.

"Peel it," he commands.

The skin of the orange appears unbroken. Rolled up inside the natural hollow of the fruit is a card—the eight of diamonds. I chose this card from the magician's deck before we came outside.

A corner of the card is missing. It exactly matches the torn-off corner I hold in my pocket, which Blaine told me to keep after I ripped up my card, on his instruction.

"It's a miracle of miracles!" Blaine says, wide-eyed at his own triumph. "None of the other magicians will know how I did it!"

CHARLES REYNOLDS PADS INTO HIS LIBRARY again. "This now-classic magician's effect," sleight-of-hand master Ricky Jay wrote in his *Learned Pigs and Fireproof Women,* "was worked out by [Max] Malini." Malini, a turn-of-the-century conjurer, used to do the trick with ten-dollar bills. "When he was broke and busking in the Bowery," Jay continues, "he theorized that if the borrowed bill was soggy with [orange] juice he would be asked to keep it as a tip."

"Malini," says Reynolds with an affectionate smile, "was the most celebrated mountebank of his time." A heavily accented Polish-Jewish immigrant, Malini became the pampered pet of international high society. Kings and queens, Teddy Roosevelt, John Jacob Astor, Al Capone—they couldn't get enough of him. Malini's rough manner seemed to thrill them as much as his skill as a magician, which was considerable. His response to a woman wanting to know about his show: "Madam, I *am* the show."

Malini was always able to wangle himself fancy accommodations through magic; for a time he lived gratis at San Francisco's St. Francis Hotel. Two years ago, Blaine spent a while living in the Sherry-Netherland. He won't say who paid for the room.

Strangely enough, in a 1995 interview in the *Manhattan Neighborhood Gazette,* Blaine said that "some of my inspiration comes from the [life] of Max Malini." He didn't explain who this was.

"That twist with the corner of the card missing was very good," Reynolds says of Blaine's Malini-like trick. "He's thinking."

"MAGICIANS ARE SOCIAL MISFITS," SAYS JAMY Ian Swiss. He wears a ponytail under his black hat and has an Hercule Poirot mustache. He says, "Magic's full of creepy little subcultures."

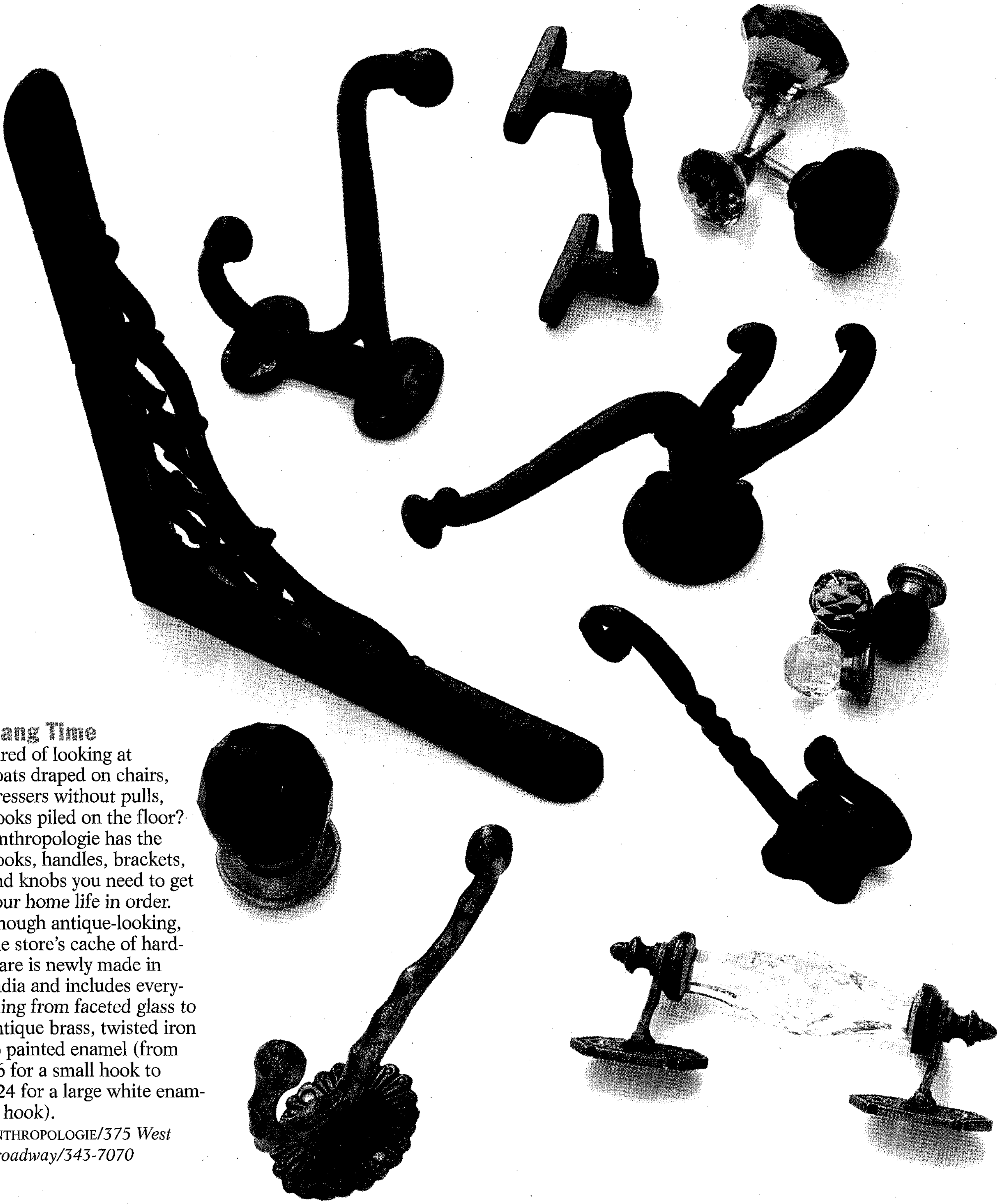
Reuben's restaurant on East 38th Street is the

(continued on page 87)

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN



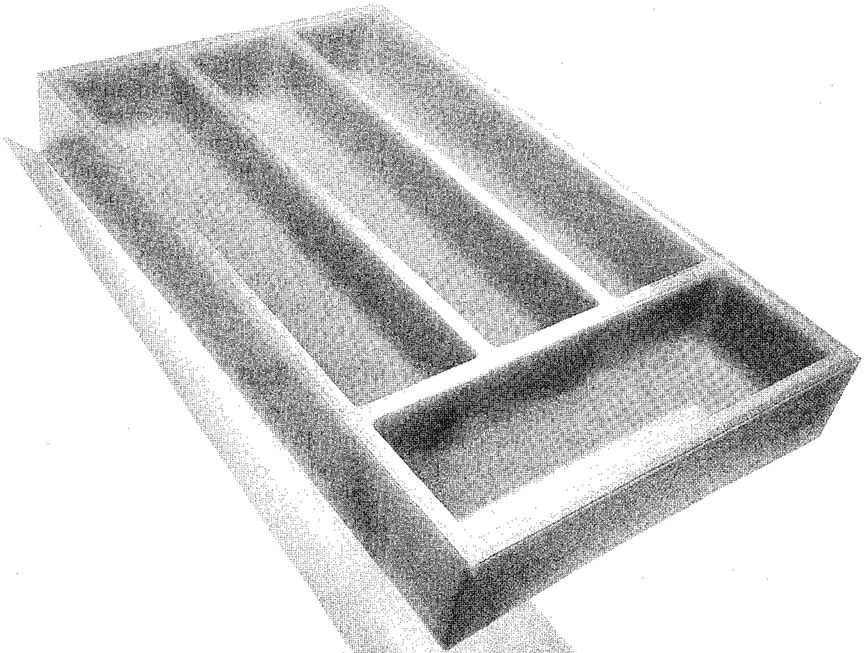
Hang Time
Tired of looking at coats draped on chairs, dressers without pulls, books piled on the floor? Anthropologie has the hooks, handles, brackets, and knobs you need to get your home life in order. Though antique-looking, the store's cache of hardware is newly made in India and includes everything from faceted glass to antique brass, twisted iron to painted enamel (from $6 for a small hook to $24 for a large white enamel hook).

ANTHROPOLOGIE/*375 West Broadway/343-7070*

Up Close and Personal

Dennis O'Brien's photographs of kids are minimalist, in-your-face close-ups. He focuses his lens on the features (and the personality) moms and dads see when they hold their children really close. By dispensing with color, settings, props, and poses, O'Brien cuts through the cuteness that plagues the genre. Though originally a fashion photographer, O'Brien took lots of pictures of his many nieces and nephews growing up; when a client saw the snaps and pointed out the possibilities ("You could make money doing these"), O'Brien launched his new career ($300 for a two-hour session; price includes contact sheet and one eleven-by-fourteen print; children should be at least 9 months old).

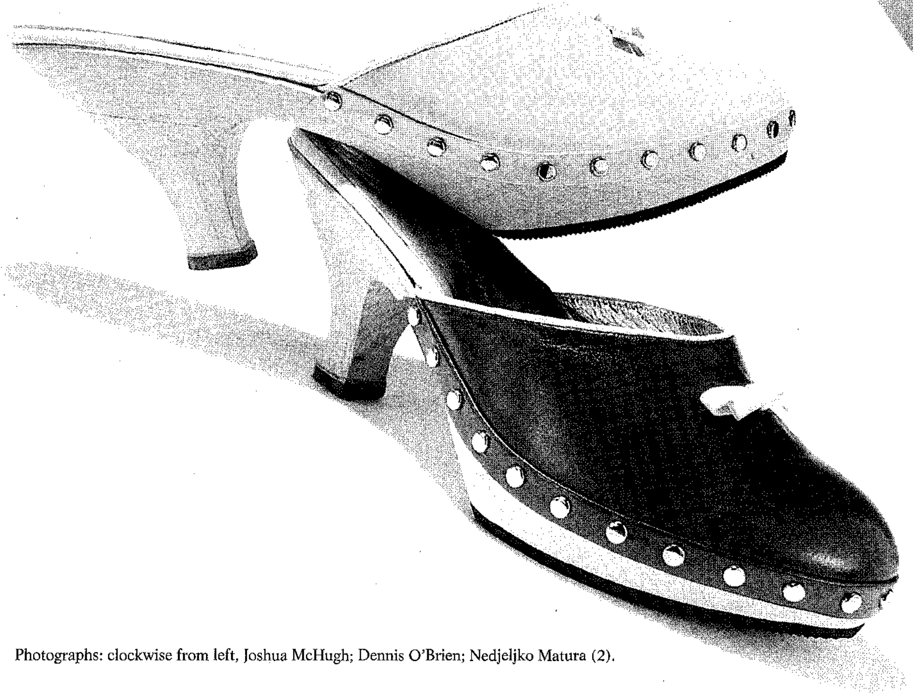
O'BRIEN PICTURES/*135 West 20th Street/366-1828/*
By appointment only



Clognoscente

Isaac Mizrahi brings sophistication and pizzazz to that flower-child prerequisite the wooden clog. Mizrahi makes his uppers of cheery leathers, gives a nod to the classic Belgian loafer by adding white leather piping and a bow, and affixes metal grommets and a tiny heel. Voilà!—the mule of the moment ($300; in these colors plus navy and royal blue).

BERGDORF GOODMAN/*Second floor*



Orange Aid

In recent years, kitchen essentials have become boringly predictable: black, white, wood, or steel. But in the sixties, vivid plastics dominated the cooking scene. Authentics, the award-winning German company, reintroduces color—more specifically, that earlier era's favorites, orange and yellow—in frosted-polypropylene drawer flatware organizers ($7.95).

AMALGAMATED HOME/
9 Christopher Street/255-4160

Photographs: clockwise from left, Joshua McHugh; Dennis O'Brien; Nedjeljko Matura (2).

SALES & BARGAINS **DANY LEVY**

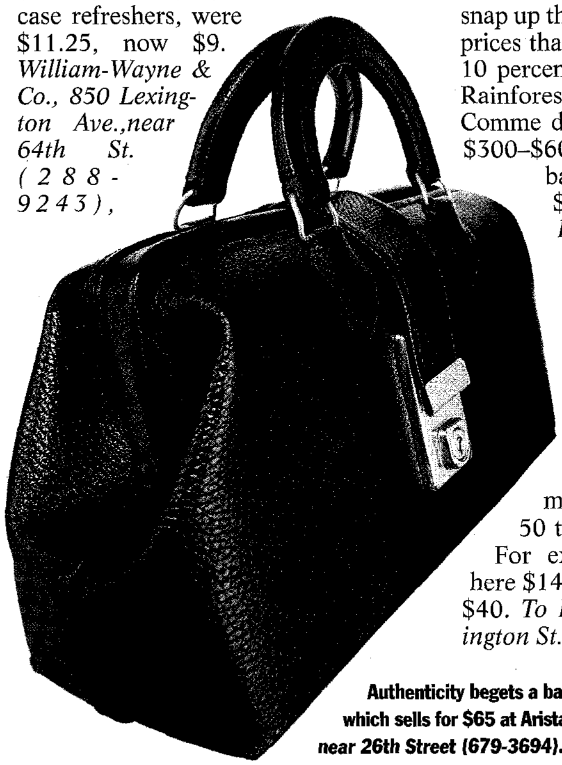
The Low Down

*Tried-and-***true bargain prices dip even lower** *when discount mecca Moe Ginsburg adds an outlet floor and Transfer's resale showroom trims prices on* **designer trappings.**

SHOPPER'S SYNDROME—THE FRAZZLED hair and achy feet that result from those strenuous spending sprees along Madison Avenue—is easily remedied at Gil Ferrer. The posh salon is offering a discount on this mini spa package: Catalan scalp-and-hair treatment, 45 minutes of reflexology, and blow-dry, regularly $140, now $70. In addition, first-time clients will receive, at the time of treatment, a 50 percent–off coupon toward a haircut and/or highlights, which is valid for 30 days. *Gil Ferrer, 21 East 74th St., by appointment (535-3543); 1/20–3/15.*

Strait Up

THEY MAY SERVE THE SAME PURPOSE, BUT Moth Chasers are a far cry from the mothballs we grew up with. The lavender-scented sachets are now on sale at William-Wayne & Company, as is the entire line of Harvey & Strait products, which includes shoe refreshers, gentlemen's drawer sachets, and travel laundry bags. For example: Moth Chasers, were $12.50, now $10; suitcase refreshers, were $11.25, now $9. *William-Wayne & Co., 850 Lexington Ave., near 64th St. (288-9243), Mon.–Sat. 10:30–6:30; and 40 University Place, at 9th St. (533-4711), Mon.–Sat., 11–7, Sun. 1–6; all major credit cards accepted; 1/20–1/28.*



Authenticity begets a bargain when you buy a *real* doctor's bag, which sells for $65 at Arista Surgical Supply, 67 Lexington Avenue, *near 26th Street* (679-3694).

Moe Better Blues

MOE GINSBURG, THE PERENNIAL DISCOUNT agora for menswear, has just opened a 10,000-square-foot outlet floor. It's the "the final resting ground for the residuals . . . priced at down-and-dirty deep discount," says store president Paul Ginsburg. Men's suits are priced $58–$148, sport coats and blazers, $38–$98, and ties are under $5. *Moe Ginsburg, 162 Fifth Ave., at 21st St. (242-3482); all major credit cards and checks; Mon.–Fri. 9:30–7, Thurs. till 8, Sat.–Sun. 9:30–6.*

Manhattan Transfer

ALL SORTS OF TERRIBLY FABULOUS TYPES—from Mick Jagger to Amber Valletta—sell and donate their Chanel, Gucci, and agnès b. castoffs to Transfer, a downtown showroom. This week, you can snap up the goods at 50 to 75 percent off prices that were low to begin with. And 10 percent of the proceeds goes to the Rainforest Foundation. For example, Comme des Garçons men's suits, were $300–$600, now $150; Chanel handbags, were $150–$1,200, now $75–$600. *Transfer, 594 Broadway, near Prince St., suite 1002 (941-5472); A.E. and checks accepted; Tues.–Sun. 1–7; 1/20–1/26.*

Give Him the Boot

THE SEMI-ANNUAL WAREHOUSE sale at To Boot New York has the store's upscale men's shoes and accessories at 50 to 70 percent off retail prices. For example, loafer, retail $450, here $149; belts, were $90–$125, now $40. *To Boot Warehouse, 603 Washington St. (bet. Morton and Leroy Sts.); Wed.–Fri. 8:30–6:30, Sat. 9–6, Sun. 11–5; 1/22–1/26.*

Playing Favorites

JUVENILE DIVERSION IS THE THEME AT MY Favorite Place—a West Side spot with a generously stocked retail shop as well as a playroom and art classes. The storewide sale includes these discounts: Crayola Jumping Colors marker set, was $5.29, now $3.44; Lincoln Logs castle, was $20, now $15; Playmobil Dragon's Temple, was $130, now $97.50. *My Favorite Place, 265 W. 87th St. (362-5320); cash only; Tues.–Fri. 9:30–6:30; 1/21–1/24.*

Check, Please

LONG BEFORE IT BECAME THE THING FOR retail shops to open cafés, a handful of cafés in town had retail shops. Like Serendipity 3—the midtown hangout famous for its frozen hot chocolate—whose retail shop, open till the wee hours, is having a big sale on its tchotchkes. For example: Lepine pen, was $95, now $47.50; tortoise goblet, was $15, now $7.50; eight chocolate cigars in wood crate, was $29, now $14.50. *Serendipity 3, 225 E. 60th St. (838-3531); all major credit cards accepted; Sun.–Thurs. 11:30 a.m.–midnight, Fri. till 1 a.m., Sat. till 2 a.m.; 1/20–2/9.*

The Style Council

PAT KURS, STYLIST TO THE LIKES OF SUSAN Lucci and Rene Russo, fancies herself gifted with a special sense of chic. This week, she invites us in to browse through her finds—a stash of beaded scarves and accessories as well as designer clothing by Donna Karan, Pamela Dennis, Mary McFadden, and others. Prices, wholesale and below, range from $25 to $750. *Pat Kurs, by appointment (758-4523); 1/20–1/26.* ■

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Photograph by Steve Wisbauer

MOVIES DAVID DENBY

Nobody's Tool

A funny, original take on an explosive subject, Alexander Payne's 'Citizen Ruth' invokes the biting social comedies of Preston Sturges and James Thurber.

Startlingly vivid: Laura Dern (with Kelly Preston) sniffing out a great role.

Citizen Ruth IS ONE OF THE most truthful, and therefore one of the funniest, American movies in years. This wonderful, original satire—a debut film by 35-year-old Alexander Payne—seems to have gotten buried in the Christmas avalanche (at this point, no more than its legs are sticking out of the snow). I suppose I should add that *Citizen Ruth* would have been a tough sell at any time. The picture, filmed in the Omaha area, satirizes both sides of the abortion debate, which is serious trouble right there. Americans of many persuasions can see nothing funny about that particular subject, thank you very much. The movie takes broad aim at the fanatical mind—the rabid moral intolerance posing as moral enlightenment, the lack of proportion and sense, the indifference on both sides to what makes a given woman walk and breathe. Despite its critical intentions, however, *Citizen Ruth* is an entertainment—an extremely well-written, brilliantly acted movie touched by the spirit of both James Thurber and Preston Sturges, and its apparent commercial failure, whatever the reason, is a depressing indictment of the current American mood.

As in a Sturges movie, the maddened people run around with steam coming out of their ears. And Payne and his screenwriting collaborator, Jim Taylor, have created a descendent of the reluctant hero that Eddie Bracken played with such embarrassed charm in the Sturges classics *Hail the Conquering Hero* and *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek*. Bracken's hero was an ordinary guy at the center of the American tornado. Now, in *Citizen Ruth*, we make the acquaintance of a woman who might have been Bracken's bastard granddaughter, Ruth Stoops (Laura Dern), a white-trash no-good from Anywheresville, USA, a woman who lives to sniff glue in back alleys. As the movie opens, Ruth is pregnant with her fifth child (the other four have been given away), and she's facing a jail sentence for endangering the life of her fetus. The judge, who should know better, tells her he will get the charges dropped if she agrees to have an abortion.

Wailing and rolling around on the floor, Ruth is discovered in jail by four freshly arrested pro-lifers (they've been harassing the local abortion clinic). They link arms around her chaotic spirit and arrange for her bail. She then enters the Christian home of Norm and Gail Stoney (Kurtwood Smith and Mary Kay Place), who feed her, clothe her, and preach to her, subjecting her to pro-life porno-propaganda—pictures of bloody fetuses and the like. At times, they seem to care less about her than the incomparable fetus that they want her to bring to term. The Stoneys are both benevolent and full of hate, and it's part of the triumph of this movie that the Mary Kay Place who puts her arm around Ruth and sympathizes with her troubles is credibly the same person whose face clenches in rage outside a clinic when another troubled young woman enters to do the deed.

The Stoneys, with their instant hymns, their demagogic-prayer-book manner, their hypocrisies and blindness, are nevertheless not intended to be moral failures. Payne and Taylor make them preternaturally guarded against self-knowledge, but I suspect the filmmakers rather admire these indomitable warriors. In all, Payne's control is very impressive; he plays a lot of the scenes straight, but just turned up a notch or two; the satire is broad but neither gross nor opportunistic.

Now here's the joke: Ruth refuses to shape up. She doesn't rise to the grandeur of her public redemption. She's not interested in redemption at all but only in survival—that is, the next tube of glue. She doesn't see the big picture—or any picture, for that matter. She has the passionate, unrelenting selfishness of the truly downtrodden: She lives only for the next moment, and the next after that. What's in it for me? It is the true American voice.

Laura Dern's performance is startlingly vivid and detailed. Her mouth is a twisted scar, her hair a mess, her makeup a lewd disaster. At times, sitting zonked in an

Photograph by Kimberly Wright/Miramax.

alley, her nose and mouth purple from the glue she's inhaled, she seems to relish squalor, and I feared an invasion of the kind of Jennifer Jason Leigh masochism that wrecks one's enjoyment of a movie. But Dern blasts her way out of masochism: Ruth is often baffled, dissatisfied, even wretched, but Dern's performance is sheer exuberant comedy. She has the gift of transparency: Her Ruth never censors her feelings at all. Reacting to everything in terms of her own pleasure, she's as avid and as easily disgusted as a child; and she has an animal alertness, too, flinching when she senses danger, backing away in horror from anyone who would try to use her. The movie is about "choice" in the truest sense: the comedy of inviolate selfhood. Ruth can spot, without skipping a beat, a bottle of airplane glue in the bedroom of a messy little boy. She's as stupid as a beer can and as cunning as a wolf. No one can argue her into anything.

Ruth is rescued from the pro-life people by Diane (Swoosie Kurtz) and Rachel (Kelly Preston), a determined pro-choice lesbian couple, yet she remains as untamable as ever. Payne is a little kinder to these ladies, though he teases their arrogance, their little snobberies, their habit of masking calculation with principle. On the other side of town, the Stoneys are shrouded in lower-middle-class dreariness: When they pray at dinner in their backyard, an airplane passing overhead wipes out the words (a mean joke, but funny). Diane and Rachel, by contrast, are well educated and successful, and they know how to put on the face of Intelligent Concern—they are very savvy about the media, and they've got a tough Vietnam vet, a hipster named Harlan (M. C. Gainey), running security for them at the local abortion clinic. But they're not much interested in who Ruth Stoops is; they press-gang her into service in the endless war for abortion rights. They don't want her to have "choice"; they want her to have an abortion.

And they pay just as heavily as the Stoneys for their naïveté about Ruth, who swigs Courvoisier in the lovely upstairs bedroom they give her and leaps for joy when the pro-life people announce on television that they will pay her $15,000 to have her baby. Citizen Ruth! She's a snarly, female version of the punk antihero in Thurber's satirical story "The Greatest Man in the World"—a great flier in the Lindbergh mode who is so appalling a person that the president of the United States agrees to have him thrown out of a window. Payne, however, is gentler to his heroine. The conclusion of *Citizen Ruth* recalls the ending of Chaplin's Tramp comedies, in which a free spirit disappears into the distance, ready for the next adventure. ■

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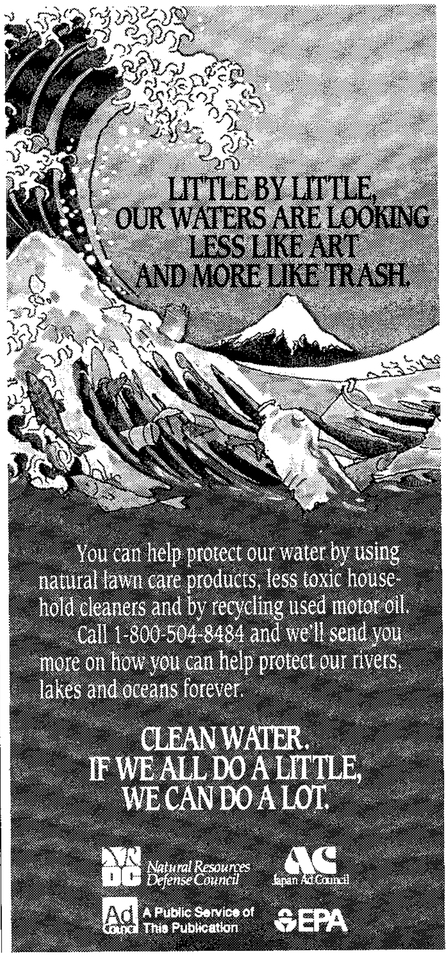

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BOOKS **WALTER KIRN**

The Brothers A

Donald Antrim's 'The Hundred Brothers' is certainly a tour de force—but where's the brotherly love? The result is clever farce without feeling.

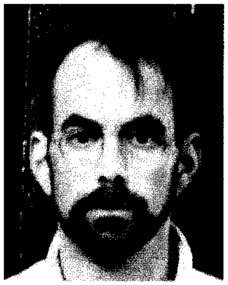
The Hundred Brothers

BY DONALD ANTRIM
Crown; 206 pages; $21

DONALD ANTRIM'S *THE HUNDRED BROTHERS* IS A self-contained circus of mytho-Freudian monkey business—a High Undergraduate intellectual farce that plays itself out in slapstick clockwork. Ostentatiously clever and consciously ingenious, like a wristwatch that tracks the phases of the moon or a word puzzle in the back of *The Atlantic Monthly,* it's the sort of novel that blurbists always describe as a tour de force. As an inside amusement for literary sophisticates, the book is impossible not to admire, though its witty conceptualism, verbal precision, and liberal artsy airs don't touch the soul or penetrate further than the cerebellum. The book strives hard to reach archetypal depths, to stir up a larger, tragicomic undertow, but the trick's just too coy and postmodern to come off.

The setting is decrepit, overstuffed: the crumbling library of a family mansion. The time and surrounding geography aren't specified, meaning that we're in allegory country, where every small detail yields a large design. Outside the room, in the dark, Godot-like wilderness, all that's visible are the flickering fires of the hungry homeless. Apparently, there's been some kind of breakdown of the modern social order—not as the result of nuclear war but as the fallout of economic catastrophe. A vaguely medieval atmosphere prevails. The rich have gotten permanently rich, the poor irremediably poor, and the walls between them are thick and built of stone. The long, Darwinian twilight is upon us.

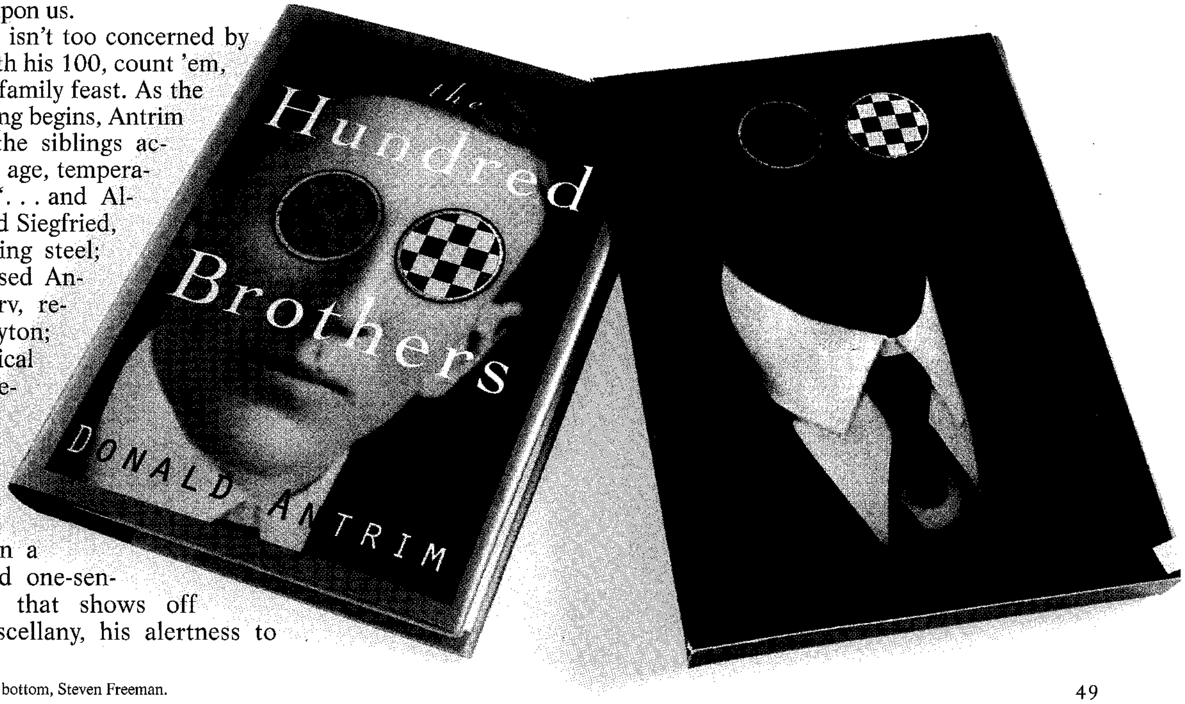
Doug, the narrator, isn't too concerned by this. He's gathered with his 100, count 'em, brothers for a formal family feast. As the book's extended evening begins, Antrim sorts and classifies the siblings according to profession, age, temperament, and malady: ". . . and Albert, who is blind; and Siegfried, the sculptor in burning steel; and clinically depressed Anton, schizophrenic Irv, recovering addict Clayton; and Maxwell, the tropical botanist, who, since returning from the rain forest, has seemed a little screwed up somehow. . . ." This list is the novel's high point, in a way. It's an extended one-sentence panning shot that shows off Antrim's eye for miscellany, his alertness to quirks of circumstance and character. Distinguishing 100 individuals one from another, even superficially, is a neat comic feat in itself.



Antrim's post-apocalyptic mansion is all library. Outside its stone walls, the hungry homeless light fires.

Setting this surreally crowded stage takes up half the novel, at least. Locations are plotted according to the books on the library's shelves: "I could not see the bar—Archaeology and Anthropology of the Near Middle East obstructed the view to it." (This Dewey-decimalizing of space is a running joke that runs on a bit too long, and it's typical of the humor of *The Hundred Brothers,* which mixes the erudite and the earthy according to a fairly standard formula.) Other landmarks that keep us oriented in the human swarm include a fireplace, a mammoth table, and the frosty windows that Doug keeps glancing out of for glimpses of the hostile outer world. Mostly, though, Doug is focused on the bar, which stands at a vast, unattainable remove like a distant oasis or holy altar. Doug's overriding ambition throughout the story, the goal that moves him from place to place, person to person, and thought to thought, is simply to get himself a good stiff drink.

His progress keeps getting interrupted by little accidents. Brothers slip and fall and suffer strange seizures; they bump into each other and trip over the furniture. Arguments erupt over trifles. A Doberman pinscher gets loose and causes chaos. The hubbub is meant to be funny-mysterious, as in a Beckett play—an existential vision



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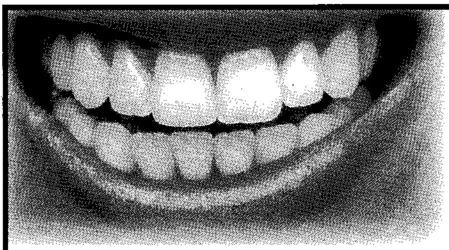

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of sibling rivalry. Every pratfall is gigantically dilated and lengthily observed, as if slow motion and telephoto focus were a surefire recipe for meaning.

As the minor mishaps multiply, occasioning meditations from Doug on everything from the subjective nature of time to the inherent violence of family life, the reader gets an unmistakable prompt: Nothing is going to happen in this story, and that Nothing is going to stand for Everything. In other words: Put on your thinking cap and get out your comp.-lit. decoder ring immediately. That bar at the end of the room that everyone's struggling toward is more than just a bar.

Momentum, improvisation, zippy intellect, and cryptic iconography can only get a book so far: to the end of the runway but not into the air. Antrim's book is all runway—lovely runway—but when the time comes for takeoff, there's a belly flop. We see it coming fairly early on. Doug, an amateur genealogist who traces his family back to a mad king and takes pleasure in academic ruminations on myth and anthropology, announces that the evening will culminate in a ritual dance. He'll put on the mask of "the Corn King," a fertility god, and invite his brothers to chase him through the room. The lurking tensions of the evening will resolve themselves in bloody tumult. All the oblique angles of the story will finally be made straight.

We need this promise of a payoff to get us through the welter of spilled drinks, impromptu spats, and neurotic hullabaloo that constitute the body of the story, but unfortunately the catastrophe, when it comes, seems less like a natural release of pressure than a tacked-on set piece, a facetious philosophical exercise. Clued-in readers of *Totem and Taboo* and *The Golden Bough*—the kind of readers Antrim seems to want—will know the score. In case they don't, Doug drops offhand comments about the history of religious sacrifice: "I explained to him that modern men had lost touch with the ancient rhythms of death and regeneration. . . . Ultimately, the Corn King must die. In this way the family of man can prosper and thrive."

This ending is all very madcap and mordant, an erudite stunt for the grad-school cognoscenti, but it fails to satisfy. It's a poor imitation of things we've seen before by Beckett and Buñuel and Pinter and Albee. The long day's journey through trivial annoyances and mounting miscommunications into ritual midnight mayhem was the Absurdists' one-trick pony for 40 years. The creature deserves a rest. When Doug is chased down by his hundred brothers in the decaying, allegorical library surrounded by the distant fires of the emblematic poor, it doesn't feel real, or even like a dream. It feels like a literature textbook done over as fiction. ▬

THEATER JOHN SIMON

Dog Has Its Day

'The Two Gentlemen of Verona' was never one of Shakespeare's best, but in its current production the most accomplished performer has two legs up on the rest.

THERE IS LITTLE DOUBT THAT **The Two Gentlemen of Verona** is prentice work, the first faltering steps on Shakespeare's way to becoming a master of comedy and romance. So clumsy is the piece in some ways that scholars have to exercise all their ingenuity to palliate its unpalatableness; directors must cook up an haute cuisine of gimmicks to make it hold the stage.Thus there have been musical-comedy versions in both England and the United States.

London's newly reconstructed Globe Theatre, not quite finished in 1996, featured a "prologue" production of *Two Gentlemen* that our Theatre for a New Audience has brought to the New Victory Theater, whose stage for the occasion has been made to conform to what we know of Shakespeare's Globe. Under Mark Rylance's artistic direction, the International Shakespeare Globe Centre aims for a multinational cast, which, in this instance, means several Brits, a couple of Americans, and one indeterminate.

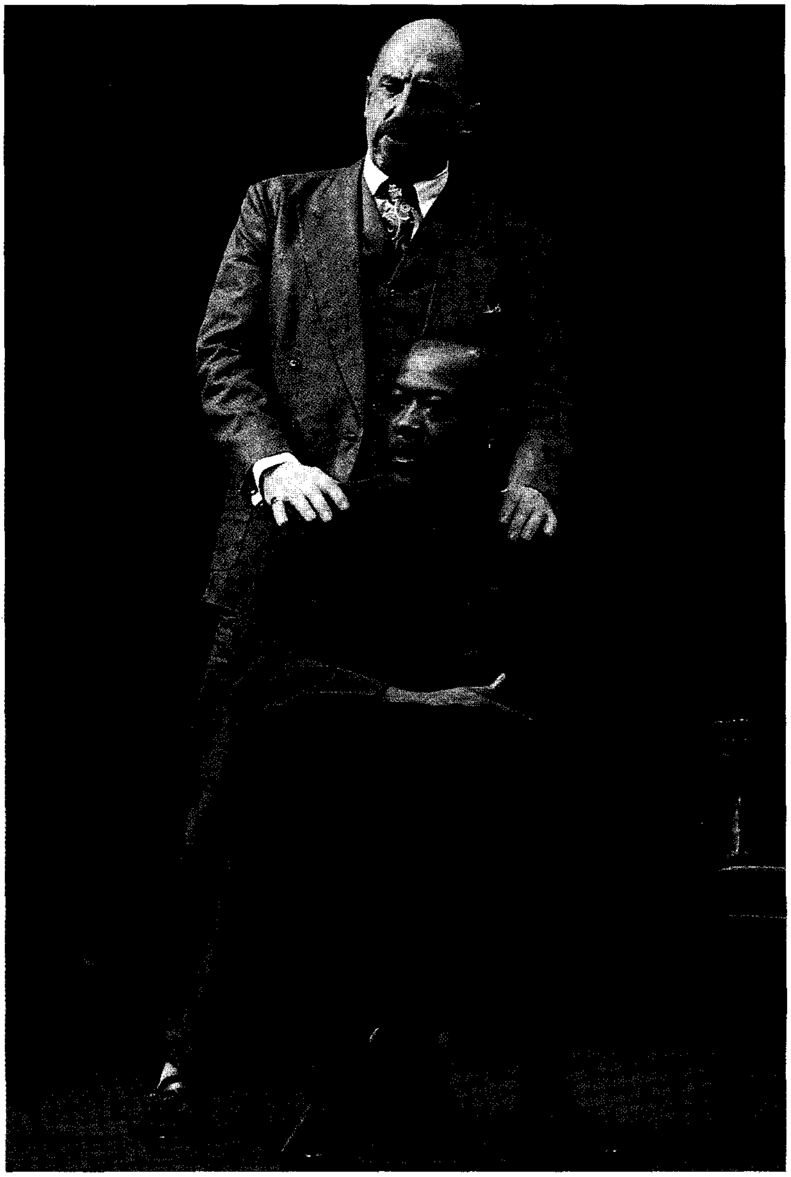
After all that, I regret to have to say that this updated *Two Gentlemen* is a dud. Directed by Jack Shepherd, an English actor-director-dramatist, it mistakes trickery for invention: Its two contributions are an outdoor café and a putative swimming pool in the orchestra pit, neither of them put to much use. Small matter, if only the production looked good and were well acted; but it doesn't, and isn't. At least, the two pairs of lovers ought to be outstanding rather than mere stand-ins, though it's hard to tell how much of it is poor direction.

Valentine and Proteus are close friends; when the former takes off for Milan and its culture, the latter, in love with Julia, refuses to accompany him. When his father bids Proteus to do likewise, he reluctantly follows, only to find Valentine in love with Silvia, the Duke's daughter, and promptly falls for her himself. The rest is a comic tug-of-war between loyalty and love, further complicated when Julia, disguised as a boy, becomes the unrecognized page of Proteus, and must, with breaking heart, woo Silvia for him. But Silvia wants only Valentine, now exiled for trying to elope with her. The plan is foiled by Proteus, betraying his friend to the Duke so as to win Silvia for himself.

The theme—friendship vs. love—though hardly new even in Shakespeare's day, is a good one. But it proved too much for the fledgling playwright in his ambitious attempt to blend commedia dell'arte and romance. It is also too much for the cast. Can Proteus be the dolt that the artistic director of the International Shakespeare Globe Centre turns him into? Here Rylance is a baby-faced yuppie, in a state of chronic dazedness, as dimwitted as he is mean-spirited. Conversely, Lennie James makes Valentine a street-smart black, with a gentrified East End accent, leaving one to wonder how they got to be so tight, especially when Proteus, to put down Julia, calls her "a swarthy Aethiop."

And what of the more lovable women? As Julia, Stephanie Roth, an American from Robert Brustein's stable, fidgets obnoxiously, staggers and lurches, croaks and whinnies, and when she runs out of aggressive dithers, lists into listless befuddlement. Silvia—whom "all our swains commend"—is Anastasia Hille, an English leading lady of pinched,

(continued on page 54)



Gentlemen's disagreement: Matthew Scurfield (standing) and Lennie James.

Photograph by Gerry Goodstein.

ART MARK STEVENS

A Method in Madness

Viewed next to art by some of the leading lights of Expressionism, these new works by Austrian mental patients show just how sane the Expressionists really were.

***Woman Ski Jumper,* by Johann Fisher, one of the institutionalized artists from "That Way Madness Lies."**

MADNESS IS ONE OF THE GREAT MIRRORS OF modernity. It has been held up—again and again—to reveal what's missing, lost, or deranged in our culture. "Lucidity came to me," said the French poet Louis Aragon, "when I at last succumbed to the vertigo of the modern." In contrast to a corrupt world, it is thought, the disturbed artist is driven only by his genius; he is pure, authentic, sui generis. Critics often grant him high moral stature, as a visionary or holy fool who can see the insanity that passes for normal in bourgeois society. A painter like Van Gogh even attains saintly status—the artist who dies, ignored, for our sins.

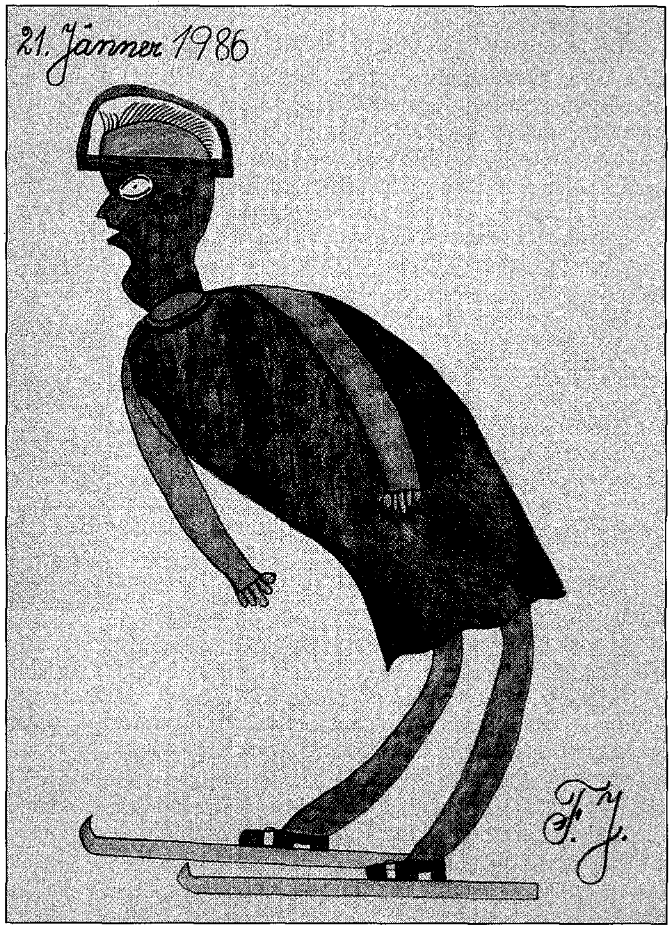
Madness continues to have a powerful allure for contemporary culture. The annual outsider-art fair is opening soon at the Puck Building (January 24–26). And one of the most disturbing figures in American outsider art, Henry Darger, will be the subject of an important show at the Museum of American Folk Art (to be reviewed next week). Yet even powerful ideas diminish over time, much as a good metaphor smudges into cliché with too much use—and that's true of "madness." The contemporary interest of artists and intellectuals in the subject often seems overfamiliar, stale, and, strangely, too safe. There is no bourgeois culture left that resembles that of the nineteenth and the first half of the twentieth century; the bizarre is often a routine visual conceit; many artists consider outlandish behavior a privilege of the profession. Someone should have saved Van Gogh's ear: It would now fetch a goodly sum at Sotheby's.

An exhibition now at the Galerie St. Etienne implicitly raises the critical question: What should be made—today—of madness in art? The show, **That Way Madness Lies: Expressionism and the Art of Gugging,** juxtaposes Expressionist and psychotic art. On the one hand, the organizer, Jane Kallir, has gathered together works by classical Expressionist artists. (Among them is one of the most celebrated images of the mad artist, a witchy self-portrait by Egon Schiele.) Some of these schooled artists were themselves seriously disturbed and not, of course, using madness as a "metaphor." The show includes two self-portraits by Richard Gerstl, one completed shortly before he committed suicide.

On the other hand, Kallir is displaying some recently completed works by ten artists who live in a mental hospital in Austria. At this hospital in Gugging (a wonderfully suggestive place name), the patients are encouraged to draw. If none has the power of the greatest schizophrenic artists—such as Adolf Wölfli, the patron saint of the mad scribblers, who died in 1930—their work does have the disorienting spirit, at once literal and otherworldly, trapped and liberating, characteristic of the art of the insane. Johann Fischer's *Woman Ski Jumper* seems to sail across the paper like a broken angel, awkward and unfledged.

Not surprisingly, the mad artists steal the show—as children or animals do when they come onstage—since their work is unexpected, fresh, and exotic. In both style and substance, however, there is much intermingling between the two groups: No absolute line may be drawn between them. Again and again, the Gugging art recalls famous modernist styles, and not only Expressionist ones. (Heinrich Reisenbauer's drawings of fences, mugs, and trucks, in which the forms are repeated hypnotically, could pass as small masterpieces of minimalism.) Kallir argues that the relation between the two groups—and the place of insanity in art—is a "continuum."

No doubt. Now more than a century old, the worldview that first took an interest in the art of mental pa-



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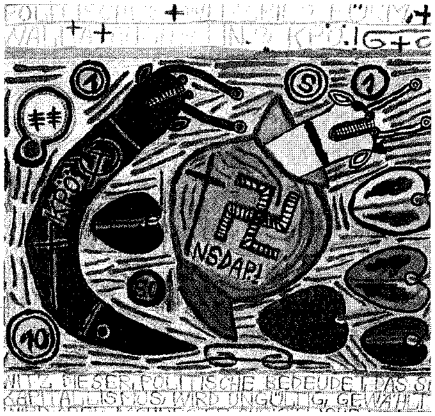

Committed to art: August Walla's *Political Cartoon.*

tients also gave rise to symbolist thinking, psychoanalysis, and the farther shores of Surrealist and Expressionist art. The doctors at Gugging—well aware of the history of artists in mental hospitals—are engaged in a fairly conventional endeavor. And yet, since madness is now such a distinctive, even traditional province of modern culture, I found myself far more interested in what separates these artists than in what unites them. What intrigued me was the relative sanity of the Expressionist artists.

ART

Today, it is the marks of sanity, not madness, that seem little valued in art. Consider the role played by tradition. The insanity of the Gugging artists largely shelters them from the conventions of high art, giving them a disturbing innocence beyond the reach of the Expressionist artists. They seem almost timeless. By contrast, the Expressionists are forever battling the inheritance of Cubism, good drawing, the academic use of color, and so on. Paradoxically, this struggle imbues their art with the memory of authority. It binds them in time. It gives them a texture, a depth, a painful family feeling. They are lost sons, yet still family.

Or consider the conscious eye—often the servant of tradition. The greater part of successful art is unconscious; everyone now knows that. Less understood is how important the conscious powers remain as an artist questions, challenges, judges, and revises. The passionate back-and-forth between the highly conscious and the unconscious makes Expressionist art all the more powerful, for the craziness seems chosen. Even as he nears suicide, Gerstl appears to study his own pen, thinking about how to improve his hand.

The most solitary, inward-looking Expressionists are never entirely personal. Never just hermetic. The private world of a Schiele or Gerstl or Van Gogh never quite spins free of the larger world, as it may in the work of an insane artist—never becomes as irresponsible as dreams might wish. As a result, Expressionist art has a genuine moral dimension, arousing serious sensations about community and its loss. Our own art could use some of that. ■

Simon *continued from page 51*

anemic visage, whose words dribble into her chin. If she "excels each mortal thing," it must be at looking and acting bloodless.

As the Duke, Matthew Scurfield could easily win any slow-speaking contest, and skirts feeblemindedness. Steven Alvey's Thurio, as obtuse as he is obese, is no one a ducal father would wish upon his daughter; Aicha Kossoko's Lucetta is more Jessye Norman than sprightly confidante; and Graham Brown (who with the Negro Ensemble Company always substituted an overripe Caribbean accent for acting) cannot even convey that he is playing two parts. The clowns, Speed and Launce, come off best, as enacted by Ben Walden and Jim Bywater. Even better is Launce's dog, Crab ("surely the greatest nonspeaking role in the canon," to quote the distinguished Shakespearean scholar Stanley Wells), as played by an ugly but canny canine—*primus inter canes*—who, on top of keen acting, displays the good sense to yawn and try to wander off the stage. And this magisterial mutt doesn't even get program billing!

THEATER

There is good music by Claire van Kampen, but the end-of-show jig—a rap number by Cindy Oswin, delivered by Lennie James—is the final indignity heaped on Shakespeare's honored bones. Warning: Intransigent feminists may want to leave before the play's porcinely sexist ending, which upset even George Eliot.

DAVID IVES, WHO SPECIALIZES IN SHORT, FUNny plays, has come up with a long, serious one, **The Red Address.** In a sense, it is really three serious plays squeezed together: one about the ruthlessness of American capitalism, one about cross-dressing, one about rape and murder. Ives has cunningly couched it all in a seemingly comic shell, which makes the developments that much more unsettling. There is no denying something slightly contrived about this, especially as the effects, however understated, cannot escape the feel of melodrama.

But expertise in short plays has taught the author to characterize with quick, efficient strokes, and it is remarkable how swiftly Ives gets us involved with his personages, outlandish though they may be. A tough young businessman—in the milk business yet!—who must don drag to have good sex with his wife, and the wife who abets his transvestism do not emerge especially appealing, but Ives makes them utterly real, which is something even better.

Under Pamela Berlin's shrewd direction, in a sleekly designed production, Kevin Anderson, Jon DeVries, Ned Eisenberg, Josh Hopkins, Cady McClain, and Welker White give model performances. *The Red Address* may leave you queasy, but I defy you not to admire its power to disturb. ■

C e
A We nter New

Auteur, Auteur

Prolific, confrontational, and inspired, the late Rainer Werner Fassbinder (pictured with Hanna Schygulla) personified the German New Wave. The Museum of Modern Art honors him with an exhaustive retrospective. (page 58)

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movies

Fierce Creatures...David Lynch at AMMI

New Films

Albino Alligator—Three small-time hoods, on the run from the law, take refuge in a local Prohibition-era bar—only to realize that there's just one way out. Directed by Kevin Spacey. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Baronet/Coronet; Lincoln Square.*

Angel Baby—Two troubled souls (John Lynch and Jacqueline McKenzie) fall passionately in love after meeting in group therapy. Written and directed by Michael Rymer. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Quad; Carnegie Hall Cinemas.*

Angel Dust—A criminal psychologist tracks a serial killer who is stalking women on the subways of Japan. With English subtitles. (1 hr. 56 mins.; NR). *Cinema Village.*

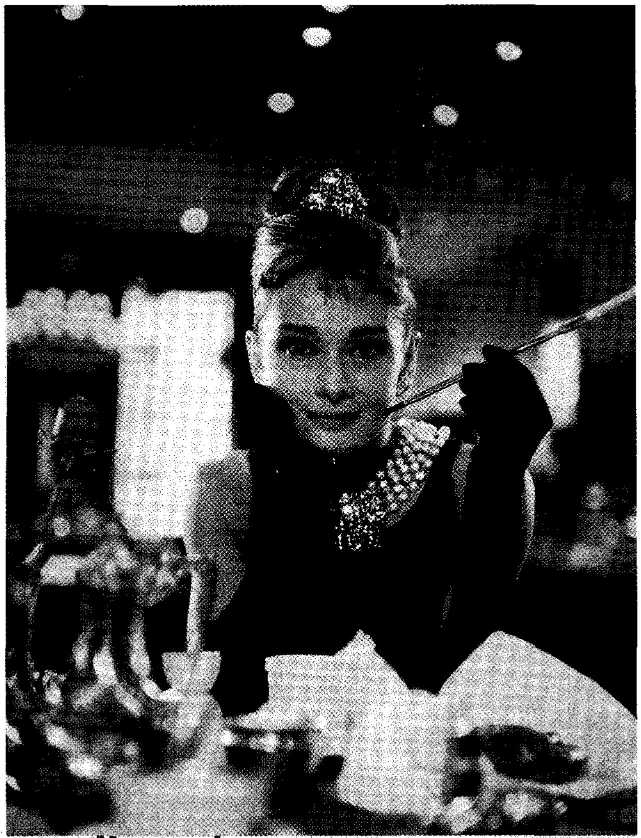
Beavis and Butt-head Do America—MTV's most famous losers embark on an ill-considered trek across the country. Directed by Mike Judge. (1 hr. 20 mins.; PG-13) *Manhattan Twin.*

Beverly Hills Ninja—Chris Farley stars as a would-be martial-arts master who attempts to save the life of a mysterious woman. Directed by Denis Dugan. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Olympia Cinemas; Plaza.*

★**Big Night**—Sometime in the late fifties, on the Jersey Shore, two brothers, Italian immigrants, desperately try to keep a gourmet restaurant afloat. The older brother, Primo (Tony Shaloub), is a superb chef, a solemn worshiper of Bolognese and Roman kitchens. But his kid brother, Secondo (Stanley Tucci), knows that the local customers are not ready for risotto. Down the road, an older Italian immigrant, the vulgarian Pascal (Ian Holm), runs a successful red-sauce joint. Pascal is at home in the America of huge, finned Cadillacs and get-rich-quick schemes, and Secondo wants to imitate him. Pascal offers the men one last chance: He invites his friend the band leader Louis Prima to come to the brothers' restaurant, and the men throw everything into a great banquet. Directed by Stanley Tucci and Campbell Scott. (Denby; 10/28/96) (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Cinema 3; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Breaking the Waves—Lars von Triers's bizarre love story about a sheltered Calvinist girl who believes she can make her paralyzed husband walk again by taking other lovers. Starring Emily Watson and Stellan Skarsgard. (2 hrs. 36 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse.*

★**La Cérémonie**—Claude Chabrol, 66, a star of the New Wave as early as 1958, has made many malicious thrillers in his long career, but he's never worked before with this kind of devastating malevolence. In the opening scene, Catherine (Jacqueline Bisset), a very well turned-out upper-bourgeois lady, meets Sophie (Sandrine Bonnaire), a prospective housekeeper, and persuades her to come work in her big house in Brittany, where she lives with her husband and two children. Sophie moves in with the family, and after a while, everything begins to go haywire. Sophie attracts a woman friend—a local postal clerk, Jeanne (Isabelle Huppert), who is as chatty and assertive as Sophie is morose and reserved. Their friendship, we find out, is held together by each of their having gotten away, in the past, with a serious crime. Their playful friendship, piqued by anger—most of it unjustified—at the wealthy householders, becomes incomparably sinister. In the end, the movie is only nominally about class warfare. It is really about the tiny cracks running through a perfectly formed bowl, the cloud passing across the sun on a perfect day—the moments of slippage and incomprehension, the faults of life itself. (Denby; 1/20/97) (1 hr. 51 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*



Happening
Breakfast Club

Beginning this Sunday, the Screening Room—the swell, one-stop restaurant/movie theater down on Canal Street—revives that paean to old-school New York glamour, *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, at, yes, brunchtime. Pay homage by polishing off your meal the way Holly would—cocktail and a cigarette, darling, capped with a nap. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.)

The Crucible—Appearing as it did at the height of the McCarthy period, Arthur Miller's play about the Salem Witch Trials must have made a powerful impression. Coming out now, the material requires some historical interpretation, and that's what it doesn't get. In the beginning, Salem's teenage girls rush from their beds at dawn and dance around a fire in the woods, and director Nicholas Hytner keeps his distance. The dance is meant to be an explosion of repressed sexuality (dancing is forbidden) but he doesn't let it explode. Discovered, and terrified of punishment, the girls accuse their elders of casting spells on them, and the Satan-haunted religious community of Salem instantly falls apart. The principal engine of the plot is Abigail (Winona Ryder), a young woman in love with John Proctor (Daniel Day-Lewis), a married farmer. Frustrated and sure she can get Proctor back, Abigail becomes a vengeful hypocrite; she accuses Proctor's wife of witchcraft and destroys anyone else who gets in her way. This is strong stuff, but Hytner is more efficient than expressive. (Denby; 12/2/96) (2 hrs. 3 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Square.*

Dine on Dine—Three short films about the life and work of painter-sculptor-draftsman Jim Dine. (1 hr. 27 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**The English Patient**—In Italy, in October 1944, the French-Canadian nurse Hana (Juliette Binoche) tends, in his final days, a mysterious "English patient" whose body was horribly burned when he was shot out of the sky by the Germans. The patient (Ralph Fiennes) is actually a Hungarian count. Before the war, he had led a party of European explorers and mapmakers in the Sahara—a highly fashionable and educated group, including the crisply articulate married beauty Katherine Clifton (Kristin Scott Thomas). As Almasy lies dying in Italy, he recounts to Hana the story of his passionate affair with Katharine, which brought ruin on everyone. After an embarrassingly masochistic performance in *Strange Days*, Fiennes has recovered his spirits; his count is a formal and demanding fellow, witty but not good-humored. As Katherine, Kristin Scott Thomas has a bladelike finesse and strength. She provokes Fiennes, teases his rigid formality, and is provoked herself. After a very tense and even wounding dance of flirtation, these two make love, and we can see that the freedom of the screen—so much derided recently—actually means something. Directed by Anthony Minghella. (Denby; 11/25/96) (2 hrs. 39 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 2–4; New York Twin; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Everyone Says I Love You—In Woody Allen's new musical, the gesture toward song or dance is meant to be enough, a sign of the irrepressible lyric impulse that exists in everyone. So Allen uses actors with no training as singers—Julia Roberts, Tim Roth, Alan Alda, and many others—and they warble in their thin little voices. The movie is a comedy

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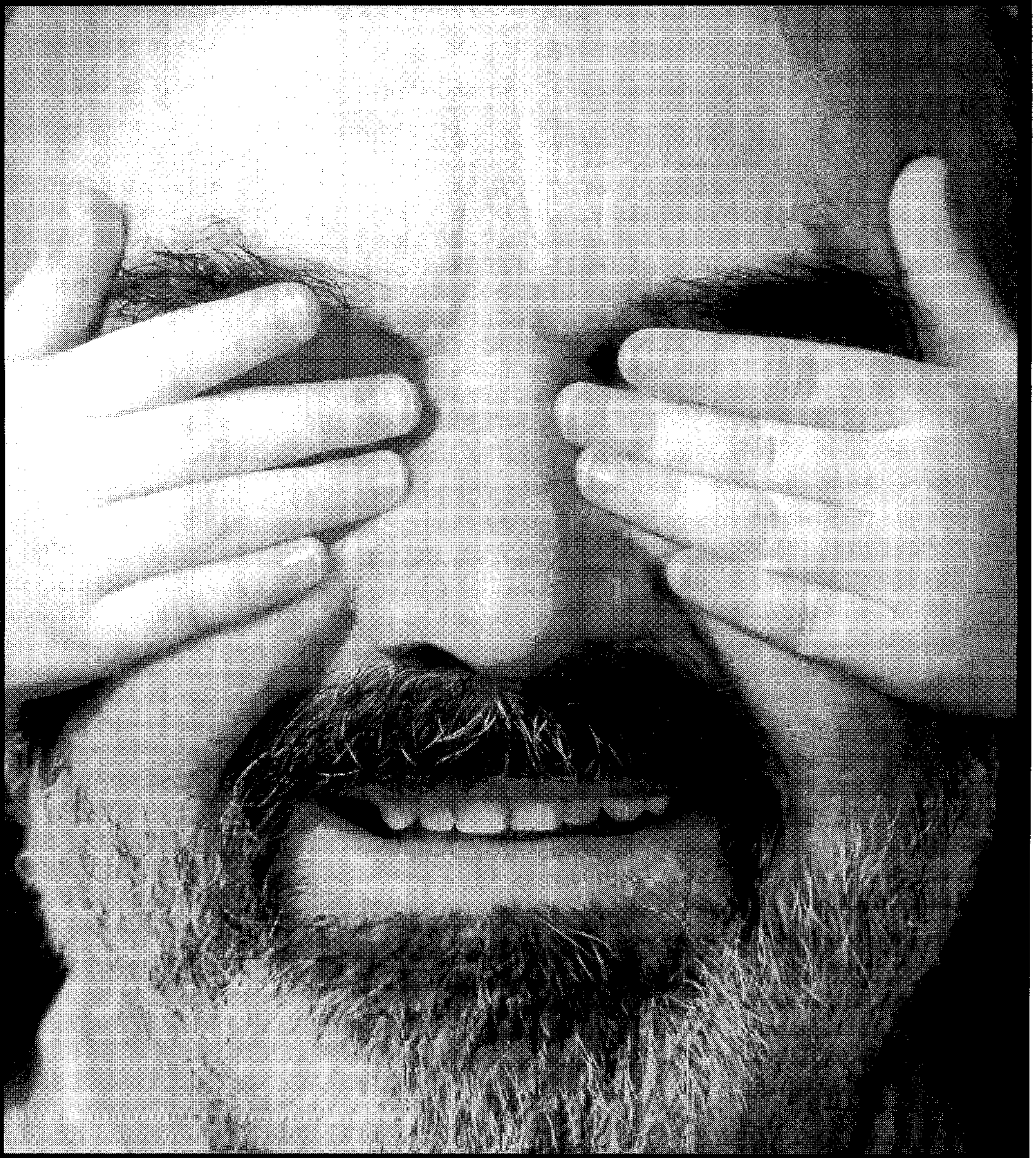

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EDITOR ALOIS FISAREK A.F.S. PRODUCTION DESIGNER MILOS J. KOHOUT SOUND DESIGNER ZBYNEK MIKULIK CO-PRODUCER ERNST GOLDSCHMIDT PRODUCED BY ERIC ABRAHAM AND JAN SVERAK DIRECTED BY JAN SVERAK

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with the participation of The French Ministry of Culture (Centre Nationale de la Cinematographie) and the support of the State Fund of the Czech Republic for the support and development of Czech cinematography.

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DOLBY

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about a large, rich, mixed-up New York family, with first marriages, second marriages, stepchildren, and friends, all of them falling in and out of love, usually at the drop of a hat. The characters wander around beautiful places, and sing, always in the same tepid, colorless style. The dancers are pros, however, and Allen, working with choreographer Graciela Daniele, shows some talent for satirical dance routines. He should do another musical and risk the danger of real emotion. (Denby; 12/9/96) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Village East; 34th Street East; Chelsea; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Evita—Eva Perón (Madonna), escapes from illegitimacy and poverty to Buenos Aires; she becomes a dance-hall girl, a mediocre radio and film actress; she sleeps with colonels, drifts upward, and winds up as the wife of Juan Perón (Jonathan Pryce), who is elected president of Argentina. Under his protection, she becomes a benefactress of the poor, a savior, a saint, yet she's blind to the police power and torture that keeps her husband in power. She dies of cancer at 33 and is embalmed, and offers redemption to the people. The life of the actual Eva Perón can sanely be approached only with an exuberant appreciation of the grotesque. *Evita* is grotesque, all right, but it lacks even a tinge of self-awareness. Dialogue might have humanized Eva, but writer-director Alan Parker sticks to the strategy that worked in the theater: Andrew Lloyd Webber's music is sung and played throughout. This is a weird, terribly distant piece of moviemaking. Holding pictures of Evita, crowds appear at political rallies; gather outside the palace as she is dying; attend her funeral; engage in vague insurrectionary activities. *Evita* is a kind of fascists' pseudo-opera: After a while, we realize that we're being pressed into that crowd of awestruck worshipers. (Denby; 1/6/97) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea West; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Retrospective

Das Wunderkind

Memorably described by actor Gottfried John as a "rotund, pimply guy," the great German auteur Rainer Werner Fassbinder (who is the subject of a massive retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art, January 23–March 20) was madly obsessive by nature. He gorged himself on drugs, alcohol, and sex, and returned over and over to the same themes in his work: duplicity, freedom (both literal and philosophical), the nature of identity, victimization, and—most especially—power. An authoritarian who reveled in subjugating his stable of actors and technicians, Fassbinder nevertheless engendered fierce loyalty in those who were willing to play along ("He instantly sensed people's weakness, and that was his great strength," said ex-wife Ingrid Caven). Startlingly prolific (he made 44 films in sixteen years), Fassbinder would unwind after a full day's shooting by writing radio plays, scripts for other directors, and essays, sleeping only four hours a night. His earliest efforts (*Love Is Colder Than Death, Gods of the Plague*) were attempts to rework the Hollywood gangster films of the thirties; director Wim Wenders, then a critic, derided Fassbinder's emotional coldness—but others responded to his technical proficiency. Fassbinder also became enthralled with bourgeois melancholy: In 1969's *Why Does Herr R. Run Amok?*, a mild-mannered office worker, crippled by the monotony of his daily existence, kills his family and hangs himself. Unsurprisingly, these films didn't immediately attain the level of critical and commercial success for which Fassbinder hoped. But when he began to explore Germany's recent, largely untouched history (as in 1980's *Lili Marleen*, with Hanna Schygulla, above, and *Berlin Alexanderplatz*, his fifteen-hour magnum opus), Fassbinder secured his place in German lore. In 1982, the filmmaker—who often predicted his own premature demise—was found dead in his apartment. He was 37. "People used to say, 'This guy turns out movies like other people roll cigarettes,' " said Peter Märthesheimer, who produced Fassbinder's *Eight Hours Don't Make a Day.* "He was extremely belligerent, and he loved to argue, but whenever possible—and somehow he always made it possible—he answered the world with an artistic production." MAUREEN CALLAHAN

Farmer & Chase—A petty thief (Todd Field) with something to prove to his dad (Ben Gazzara)—a hardened criminal—endangers the tenuous father-son relationship when he takes up with a bored suburban girl (Lara Flynn Boyle). Written and directed by Michael Seitzman. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Area theaters.*

Fierce Creatures—The follow-up to 1988's *A Fish Called Wanda,* in which John Cleese, Kevin Kline, Jamie Lee Curtis, and Michael Palin cheerfully mismanage a failing zoo. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG-13). *Area theaters.*

First Strike—Jackie Chan stars as a Hong Kong–based cop who must retrieve a missing nuclear warhead. Directed by Stanley Tong. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; Crown Gotham; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova.*

★**The Garden of the Finzi-Continis**—In Ferrara, in the late years of the Fascist period, the Finzi-Continis live in an immense house set amid gardens and tennis courts, and seem barely aware of the horror gathering outside. The head of the family is some sort of scholar; his two grown children, Micol (Dominique Sanda) and Alberto (Hemut Berger), hothouse beauties, lie about the house in elegant tennis whites and silk gowns. The anti-Semitic laws give the Jews of Ferrara no place to play, so the Finzi-Continis open their gates: A number of handsome young people from Ferrara enter, including Giorgio (Lino Capolicchio), a middle-class boy who has loved Micol since childhood. Micol has no sexual interest in the fair-haired, smooth, and gentle Giorgio; she's vague about everything but her determination to keep Giorgio out of her bed, and Giorgio's pursuit ends in one of cinema's great images of erotic exclusion as a naked Micol stares defiantly at her anguished admirer. The movie is so powerful because it looks back at a particular moment densely packed with anger, desire, perversity—a moment of preoccupation, poised just before annihilation. Directed by Vittorio De Sica. (Denby; 11/18/96) (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

Ghosts of Mississippi—The film chronicles the efforts of Myrlie Evers (Whoopi Goldberg), widow of slain civil-rights leader Medgar Evers, to bring justice to Byron De La Beckwith (James Woods), who was tried twice for the murder of her husband in the sixties, both trials ending in a hung jury. Myrlie finds a young prosecutor, Bobby DeLaughter (Alec Baldwin), who fights to reopen the case. *Ghosts* is exceptionally well-meaning, but it's the kind of film that no one who is not actually a violent racist could argue with. Baldwin soberly explains the necessity of justice over and over, to his wife, to his boss, to his children, and after a while we begin to feel like children ourselves. (Denby; 1/13/97) (2 hrs. 3 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Ziegfeld.*

★**Hamlet**—Kenneth Branagh is an extroverted prince, a man who dominates every conversation and enjoys putting people on. Branagh updates the setting from medieval times and a shadowed, cavelike palace to the nineteenth century and a full-dress court that is brilliantly lit. As the principals plot and scheme and manipulate one another, we are never allowed to forget that the future of the state is at issue. Claudius has not just killed Hamlet's father; he has denied Hamlet the throne. The play, of course, is exhaustingly long, and the lack of intimacy in Branagh's conception places added stress on our endurance—yet there are many brilliant moments. (Denby; 1/6/97) (4 hrs.; PG-13) *Paris Theater.*

I'm Not Rappaport—Walter Matthau and Ossie Davis play two grave-dodgers who meet each day in Central Park and philosophize. Written and directed by Herb Gardner. (2 hrs. 16 mins.; PG-13) *First & 62nd St. Cinema; Regency.*

★**Jerry Maguire**—The huge amounts of money the sports agents in this movie can snag for their clients in multiyear contracts and endorsements drives everyone crazy—and none more so than Jerry Maguire (Tom Cruise), who keeps his high clear and pure in a steady stream of winning, adulation,

Photograph courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art.

and sex. Jerry, as it turns out, is miserable. He writes a soul-searching memo and distributes it to the entire company, asking that they handle fewer clients and give them more attention. Jerry is thrown out within a week. Everyone drops him except for a single client, Rod Tidwell (Cuba Gooding, Jr.), who is a promising pro player but not quite a star. And Dorothy (Renee Zellweger), an accountant from the office, stays with Jerry and falls in love with him. Written and directed by Cameron Crowe, *Jerry Maguire* captures the American whirlwind of success better than anything in recent movies. At the same time, he captures the discontent beneath the mania, and he shows a striking gift for intimacy. (Denby; 12/16/96) (2 hrs. 20 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Koyla—Set in Prague on the eve of the 1989 Velvet revolution, a middle-aged bachelor—debt-ridden and despondent—enters into an arranged marriage, only to be deserted by his bride and left to care for her six-year-old son. Directed by Jan Sverak. (*Koyla* is this year's Czech entry for the Academy Award for best foreign language film.) (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13). *Area theaters.*

In Love and War—The true story of the wartime romance between a young, injured Ernest Hemingway (Chris O'Donnell) and his nurse (Sandra Bullock). Directed by Richard Attenborough. (1 hr. 55 mins.; PG-13). *Area theaters.*

Mars Attacks!—Tim Burton's satirical mash note to the sci-fi fever of the fifties, starring Jack Nicholson as both the president of the United States *and* a shady real-estate developer. Also starring Glenn Close and Annette Bening. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Olympia Cinemas.*

Marvin's Room—Diane Keaton and Meryl Streep star as estranged sisters who struggle to reconcile when one is faced with a terminal illness. With Leonardo Di Caprio. (1 hr. 38 mins.;) *Village East; Lincoln Square.*

Message To Love—Murray Lerner's documentary on 1970's Isle of Wight Festival, featuring performances by Jimi Hendrix, Miles Davis, The Who, and Leonard Cohen—plus a few stellar rock-star tantrums. (2 hrs. 8 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Metro—Eddie Murphy stars as a wise-cracking cop who must get serious when faced with a serial killer. Directed by Thomas Carter. (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Embassy 1; Embassy 2–4; Sutton; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza Twin; Plaza*

Michael—Writer-director Nora Ephron's comedy about a seriously flawed angel (John Travolta) living in a small town. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Beekman; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

Mother—Albert Brooks (who also wrote and directed) plays a mediocre novelist, twice divorced, who moves back in with his mother (Debbie Reynolds) to thrash out his Oedipal kinks. (1 hr. 44 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Tower East; UA East; Brooklyn Heights.*

One Fine Day—Michelle Pfeiffer and George Clooney play two single, harried, working parents who meet cute, fight cute, and fall in love. Directed by Michael Hoffman. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG) *Village East; Chelsea; Baronet/Coronet; National Twin; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

101 Dalmatians—Disney's live-action remake of the animated feature, with Glenn Close as Cruella DeVil. Directed by Stephen Herek. (1 hr. 43 mins.; G) *Embassy 2–4; 86th Street East; Metro Cinema.*

★The People vs. Larry Flynt—In the fifties, Larry Flynt and his brother, Jimmy, suffer through a dirt-poor, sub-Huck Finn boyhood in rural Kentucky. Twen-

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

JOHN CLEESE JAMIE LEE CURTIS KEVIN KLINE MICHAEL PALIN

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ty years later, Larry and Jimmy are running topless clubs in Ohio, satisfying customers and hurting no one. (That, at least, is the way the movie tells it.) Larry (Woody Harrelson) is a free man, unburdened by refinement or civility. He's willing to try anything. Even in his early Czech movies, Milos Forman demonstrated his pleasure in raffishness, and this time he's raised rotgut courage to the status of truth. Larry and his tarnished inamorata, the dancer Althea Leasure (Courtney Love), deliver pornography without apology or disguise. But the filmmakers make the mistake of turning Larry Flynt into a moral hero and martyr; the movie suggests no way of criticizing Larry Flynt that isn't hypocritical, and liberal sanctimoniousness begins to overwhelm this screenplay. (Denby; 12/23/96) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea West; Murray Hill Cinemas; Gemini Twin; Lincoln Square.*

Portrait of a Lady—It is unfair to compare a movie to the classic book it is based on, but reading the book can sometimes help one understand what has gone wrong in the movie. This adaptation, directed by Jane Campion, sticks to Henry James's plot, yet it is essentially a solemn art exercise. The newly wealthy American, Isabel Archer (Nicole Kidman), exercising her freedom in defiance of all common sense, makes a disastrous marriage to a dilettante and a poseur—Gilbert Osmond (John Malkovich), an American expatriate living in Italy with no ambition. In short order, Osmond drains Isabel's pocket, and her spirit. We are puzzled. How did Isabel get stuck with such a monster in the first place? What is she thinking? Why does she stay with him? She seems a mere victim, and readers of the book will miss the intellectual fire of James's heroine as well as the flowing commentary that makes Isabel's situation so moving. (Denby; 1/13/97) (2 hrs. 24 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Brooklyn Heights; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Prefontaine—Jared Leto stars as Steve Prefontaine, the highly charismatic track star who helped change the future of the sport. Directed by Steve James. (1 hr. 46 mins.; PG-13) *Area theaters.*

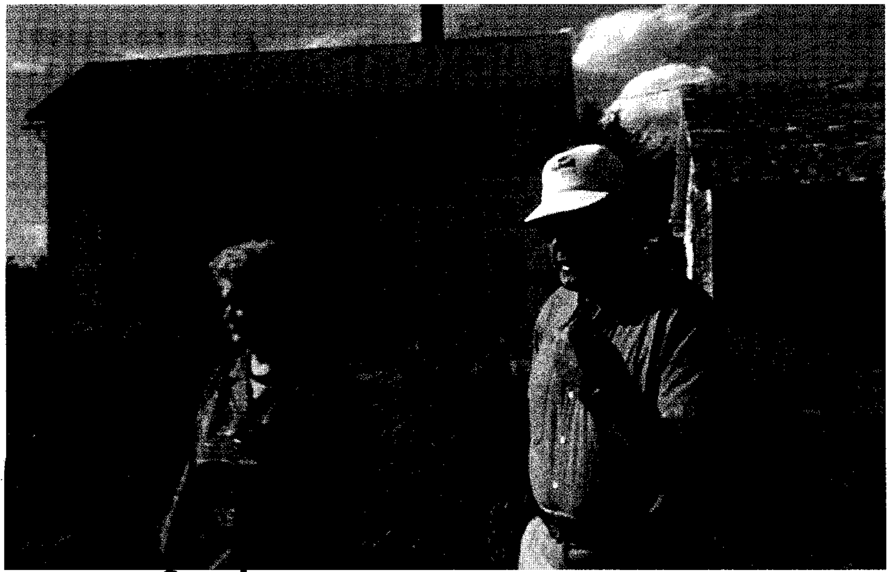
The Relic—A thriller about a biologist (Penelope Ann Miller) investigating a series of bizarre deaths at the Chicago museum where she works. Directed by Peter Hyams. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Waverly; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Manhattan Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Pavilion/Windsor.*

★**Ridicule**—As screenwriter Rémi Waterhouse and director Patrice Leconte tell it, wit rules the court of Louis XVI so thoroughly that a man who says something brilliant at a dinner party or recovers quickly from another man's insult finds himself rewarded with the king's favor. On the other hand, if the same man falls down on the dance floor, or begins an insult that peters out, he receives derision so acute and persistent that he might be required to absent himself from France altogether. Wit, as conceived here, reveals nothing of character; its very point might be to conceal it. But the director finds these people out. (Denby; 12/9/96) (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Scream—Director Wes Craven's self-referential, postmodern take on scary movies. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Waverly; Chelsea; Astor Plaza; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 62nd and Broadway; New Coliseum; Plaza Twin.*

Screwed—A documentary about the life and times of pornographer Al Goldstein. Directed by Alexander Crawford. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

★**Secrets & Lies**—At the center of Mike Leigh's great new comedy is Cynthia (Brenda Blethyn), a desperately sweet white woman who gave away her first daughter, conceived when Cynthia was 15, without looking at her, and has lived in a prison of suspicion with the other, Roxanne. The other wing of Cynthia's family is dominated by her heroically amiable brother, Maurice (Timothy Spall), a large and prosperous man who is one of those rare human beings genuinely pained by egotism in other people. Into this noisy glen of magpies steps Cynthia's other daughter, an elegant, accomplished black woman named Hortense (Marianne Jean-Baptiste). Her adoptive parents have died, and she feels lost. Hortense presents herself to Cynthia, and the discomfort and confusion and anguish that follow are a comic harvest without rival in recent movies. (Denby; 9/30/96) (2 hrs. 22 mins.; R) *Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*



Opening

Buying the Farm

'Troublesome Creek: A Midwestern' chronicles a tumultuous year in the life of farmers Mary Jane and Russel Jordan (above), who struggle to hold on to their land when their friendly neighborhood bank is taken over by a conglomerate. The documentary—which was directed by the Jordans' daughter, Jeanne, and son-in-law, Steve—won the Grand Jury Prize at last year's Sundance Film Festival, and opens Friday.

Shine—This much-hyped movie is pretty bad, but you should see it anyway for Geoffrey Rush, the Australian theater actor who plays the real-life pianist David Helfgott. As screenwriter Jan Sardi tells it, Helfgott suffered through a cramped, driven childhood in the house of Polish refugees who had lost their relatives in the Holocaust. The father (Armin Mueller-Stahl) bullies his talented son into winning competitions, then crushes the boy with guilt when he tries to leave home to continue his career. Bent over from fear, all glasses and big hands, the teenage boy is so spooked that he collapses on the piano as he completes a performance of Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 3. After shock treatment, he makes a long climb back. *Shine* is meant to chronicle the triumph of the human spirit, but it's mostly a crock. (Denby; 12/2/96) (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Sling Blade—A mildly retarded young man—who, as a child, slew his mother with a sling blade when he caught her having sex—is released, against his will, from an insane asylum. With Billy Bob Thornton, who wrote and directed. (2 hrs. 14 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Some Mother's Son—Historical fiction about two women who are drawn into Ireland's political turmoil when their jailed sons go on a hunger strike. Directed by Terry George, who co-wrote with Jim Sheridan. (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Square.*

Swingers—A comedy about a tight-knit group of would-be hipsters who immerse themselves in Los Angeles's "cocktail nation" scene. Directed by Doug Liman. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Screening Room; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Troublesome Creek: A Midwestern—An award-winning documentary about one family's struggle to save their farm and livelihhod in the midst of local political and economic upheaval. Directed by Jeanne Jordan and Steve Ascher. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR). *Angelika.*

Turbulence—A captured criminal (Ray Liotta) hijacks the plane transporting him to prison. (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Criterion Center; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Cinemas; Plaza .*

The Whole Wide World—The true story of the unlikely romance between a young schoolteacher (Renee Zellweger) and the hermetic writer who created "Conan the Barbarian" (Vincent D'Onofrio). Directed by Dan Ireland. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG) *Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Les Voleurs—A detective investigating his brother's death becomes ensnared in a web of familial sexual intrigue. Starring Catherine Deneuve. Directed by Andre Téchiné. (1 hr. 57 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Zeus & Roxanne—A marine biologist (Kathleen Quinlan) and a musician (Steve Guttenburg) fall in love with the help of their pets—a dog and a dolphin. Directed by George Miller. (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG). *Area theaters.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Albino Alligator; Breaking the Waves; Shine; Sling Blade; Some Mother's Son; The Crucible.* Beginning 1/24: *Troublesome Creek: A Midwestern.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Beverly Hills Ninja; Turbulence.*

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Screwed; Vertigo.* Opening 1/24: *Angel Dust.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Message To Love; The Jew.* Opening 1/22: *Dine on Dine.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Caught; La Cérémonie; Les Voleurs; The Garden of the Finzi-Continis.* Beginning 1/24: *Angel Baby.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Swingers.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Everyone Says I Love You; First Strike; Jerry Maguire; Marvin's Room; Metro; One Fine Day; Secrets & Lies; The English Patient.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Evita; Ghosts of Mississippi; Michael; Mother; Portrait of a Lady; The People vs. Larry Flynt.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Scream; The Relic.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Beverly Hills Ninja; First Strike; Jerry Maguire; Michael; Turbulence.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *Everyone Says I Love You.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Portrait of a Lady; The Relic; Turbulence.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Everyone Says I Love You; Metro; Mother; One Fine Day; Scream; Shine; The English Patient; The Relic.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Evita; The People vs. Larry Flynt.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Evita; Michael; Microcosmos; The English Patient; The People vs. Larry Flynt.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Looking for Richard.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Beautiful Girls; Emma; Flirting With Disaster; Substance of Fire; Trainspotting; Unhook the Stars.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Scream.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Albino Alligator; One Fine Day.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Swingers; The Whole Wide World.* Beginning 1/24: *Angel Baby.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *Big Night.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Shine; Evita.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Beverly Hills Ninja; Jerry Maguire; Michael; Set It Off; Space Jam; Star Trek: First Contact; Turbulence.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *First Strike.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Breaking the Waves.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Metro.*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *101 Dalmatians; Metro; The English Patient; The Preacher's Wife.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Evita.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *Beavis and Butt-head Do America; The Relic.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Daylight; One Fine Day.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Hamlet.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Beavis and Butt-head Do America; First Strike; Mars Attacks!; The Relic.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Metro.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *First Wives Club; Jingle All the Way; Looking for Richard; Sleepers; The Long Kiss Goodnight.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Ghosts of Mississippi.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Marvin's Room.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Scream; Turbulence.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *101 Dalmatians; Evita.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Michael.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *I'm Not Rappaport; One Fine Day; Portrait of a Lady; Scream; Turbulence.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Beverly Hills Ninja; Jerry Maguire; The People vs. Larry Flynt.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *The English Patient; Everyone Says I Love You.*

Retrospective

Head Case

David Lynch's legendarily creepy *Eraserhead* (which starred the otherwise obscure actor Jack Nance, above, who was found dead in his apartment just two weeks ago) will be screened—along with more esoteric stuff—during a monthlong tribute to Lynch at the American Museum of the Moving Image, beginning January 25. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.)

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Beverly Hills Ninja; Everyone Says I Love You; First Strike; Jerry Maguire; Metro; Michael; The Relic.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Mother.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Mother.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Scream.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Beverly Hills Ninja; First Strike; Metro; Michael; The Relic; Turbulence.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Big Night; La Cérémonie; Les Voleurs; Ridicule; Secrets & Lies; The English Patient.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Albino Alligator; Everyone Says I Love You; Evita; Jerry Maguire; Marvin's Room; One Fine Day; Portrait of a Lady; Shine; Some Mother's Son; The Crucible; The People vs. Larry Flynt.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *101 Dalmatians; The Relic.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Beverly Hills Ninja; First Strike; Metro; Scream; The Relic; Turbulence.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *First Strike; Metro; The Relic; Turbulence.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Beverly Hills Ninja; Mars Attacks!; Turbulence.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *I'm Not Rappaport.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *101 Dalmatians; Beverly Hills Ninja; First Strike; Ghosts of Mississippi; Jerry Maguire; Metro; Michael; Scream; The People vs. Larry Flynt; The Preacher's Wife; The Relic; Turbulence.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *101 Dalmatians; Beverly Hills Ninja; Evita; First Strike; Metro; Scream; Space Jam; The Preacher's Wife; The Relic; Turbulence.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Jerry Maguire; The English Patient.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *101 Dalmatians; Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Beverly Hills Ninja; First Strike; Ghosts of Mississippi; Jerry Maguire; Metro; Scream; The People vs. Larry Flynt; The Preacher's Wife; The Relic; Turbulence.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Everyone Says I Love You; Evita; Jerry Maguire; Portrait of a Lady; The People vs. Larry Flynt; The Relic; Turbulence.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Portrait of a Lady; Mother.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Beverly Hills Ninja; First Strike; Ghosts of Mississippi; Metro; The Relic.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Breaking the Waves; Everyone Says I Love You; Jerry Maguire; Space Jam; The English Patient; The People vs. Larry Flynt.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Beverly Hills Ninja; First Strike; Metro; Michael; Scream.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *First Wives Club; Metro; Scream; The Relic.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Beverly Hills Ninja; First Strike; Metro; Michael; Scream; Turbulence.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *101 Dalmatians; First Strike; Metro; Scream; The Preacher's Wife; The Relic.*

Photograph courtesy of the American Museum of the Moving Image.

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Beverly Hills Ninja; Everyone Says I Love You; Ghosts of Mississippi; Michael; Turbulence.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Jerry Maguire; Michael; Scream; The Relic.*

Pavilion/Windsor—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Everyone Says I Love You; Evita; Portrait of a Lady; Shine; The Relic.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Metro; Scream.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Beverly Hills Ninja; First Strike; Ghosts of Mississippi; Metro; Scream; The Relic; Turbulence.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *101 Dalmatians; Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Beverly Hills Ninja; First Strike; Jerry Maguire; Metro; One Fine Day; The People vs. Larry Flynt; Turbulence.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *First Strike; Jerry Maguire; Metro; Scream; The Relic; Turbulence.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *101 Dalmatians; Everyone Says I Love You; Evita; Ghosts of Mississippi; Metro; Mother; Portrait of a Lady.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Beverly Hills Ninja; First Strike; Metro; Scream; Turbulence.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *101 Dalmatians; Mother.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Beverly Hills Ninja; Shine; The People vs. Larry Flynt.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *First Strike; Metro; Scream.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *101 Dalmatians; Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Beverly Hills Ninja; Jerry Maguire; Michael; The Preacher's Wife; The Relic; Turbulence.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *First Strike; Metro; Michael; The Relic.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Portrait of a Lady; Everyone Says I Love You.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Everyone Says I Love You; Evita; First Strike; Ghosts of Mississippi; Jerry Maguire; Mother; One Fine Day; Portrait of a Lady; The People vs. Larry Flynt.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Daylight; First Strike; Metro; The Relic; Turbulence.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Ghosts of Mississippi; Jerry Maguire; One Fine Day; Scream; Turbulence.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *101 Dalmatians; Beverly Hills Ninja; Jerry Maguire; Metro; Michael; One Fine Day; The Relic; Turbulence.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *The English Patient.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Beverly Hills Ninja; Metro; Turbulence.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Beverly Hills Ninja; First Strike; Scream; The Relic.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Jerry Maguire; Michael; One Fine Day; The People vs. Larry Flynt.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Evita.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Beverly Hills Ninja; Jerry Maguire; Metro; Michael; The Relic; Turbulence.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Beverly Hills Ninja; Jerry Maguire; Metro; Michael; The Relic.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *101 Dalmatians; Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Beverly Hills Ninja; Everyone Says I Love You; Evita; First Strike; Jerry Maguire; Metro; Michael; Mother; One Fine Day; Scream; The People vs. Larry Flynt; The Relic; Turbulence.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—1/20: *Get on the Bus* (1996). "The Complete David Lynch." 1/25 and 1/26: *Eraserhead* (1976), *The Alphabet* (1968), *The Grandmother* (1970), *The Amputee* (1973). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.); (718-784-0077); $7.

Anthology Film Archives—1/20-1/26: *Ulysses' Gaze* (1995). 1/20: *Gold* (1972). 1/21: *A Man Escaped* (1956). 1/22: *Walden* (1964-69). 1/23: *Diary of a Shinjuku Thief* (1969) and *Diary of a Yunbogi Boy* (1972). 1/24: *Wings of Desire* (1988) and *End of St. Petersburg* (1927). 1/25: "George Landow" and *St. Petersburg II.* 1/25 and 1/26: *2 x 50 Years of French Cinema* (1995). 1/26: *The Kiss of Death* (1977). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

Cinema Village 12th St—1/23-1/25: "Hong Kong Sexploitation." *Liu Jai: Home for the Intimate Ghosts* (1990). 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363); $8.

A Different Light—1/26: *American Gigolo* (1980). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—1/22: *Monsieur Beaucaire* (1924). 1/23: *Vintage Hitchcock* (1978), and *I'm a Stranger Here Myself* (1975). 1/25: *Bauhaus in America* (1994). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—"Chandler, Hammett, Woolrich & Cain." 1/20 and 1/21: *The Maltese Falcon* (1931) and *City Streets* (1931). 1/22: *Phantom Lady* (1944) and *The Leopard Man* (1943). 1/23: *Time to Kill* (1942), *Satan Met a Lady* 91936), and *Mr. Dynamite* (1936). 1/24 and 1/25: *Double Indemnity* (1944) and *Strangers on a Train* (1951). 1/26 and 1/27: *The Maltese Falcon* (1941) and *The Thin Man* (1934). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"The Sixth Annual New York Jewish Film/Video Festival." 1/20: *The Abraham File* (1996). 1/20 and 1/21: *A Life Apart: Hasidim in America* (1996), *Avoda* (1930s), and *Never, Again, Forever: The Jewish Defense League* (1996). 1/21: *Shticks in American Flicks* (1903-1940). 1/22: *Arguing the World* (1996). 1/22, 1/23, 1/25, and 1/26: *A Tickle in the Heart* (1996). "Golden Silents." 1/24, 1/25, and 1/26: *The Unknown* (1927), accompanied by the Alloy Orchestra. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); $8.

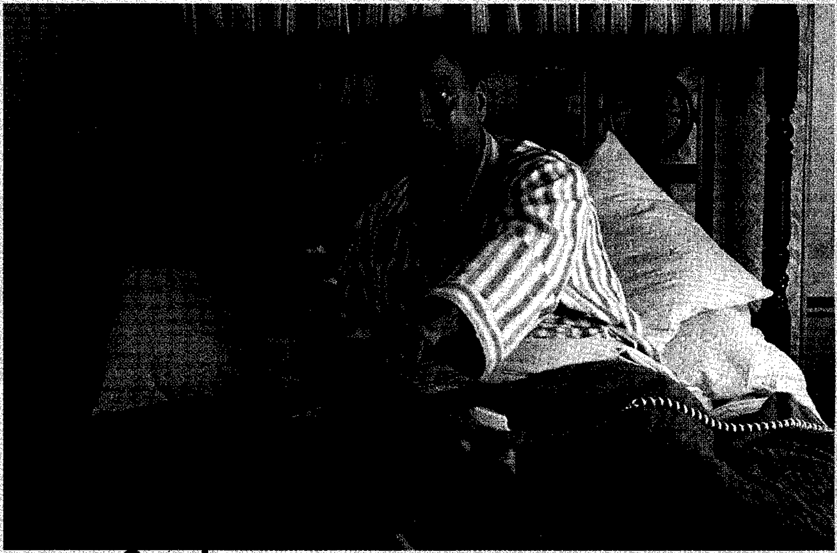
French Institute—1/21: *Les Visiteurs* (1993). 1/28: *Les Gauloises Bleues* (1968). "Jules Verne on Film." 1/24: *Michel Strogoff* (1926). 1/25: *Jules Verne* (1994), *On the Comet* (1979), *An Invention for Destruction* (1958), *The Mysterious Island* (1961), and *Around the World in 80 Days* (1956). 1/26: *Le Voyage Dans La Lune (A Trip to the Moon)* (1902), *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* (1916), *In Search of the Castaways* (1962), *Journey to the Center of the Earth* (1959). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, seniors, $5.50.

Museum of Modern Art—"A Celebration of Rainer Werner Fassbinder." Performances and appearances by several of the artists and crew from the late director's films, followed by the world premiere of *Rainer Werner Fassbinder* (1977). 1/24: *Merchant of Four Seasons* (1971) and *The Marriage of Maria Braun* (1978). 1/25: *The City Tramp* (1966), *The Little Chaos* (1967), *The Bridegroom, the Comedienne, and the Pimp* (1968), *Love is Colder Than Death* (1969), and *Katzelmacher* (1969). 1/26: *Gods of the Plague* (1969) and *Why Does Herr R. Run Amok?* (1969). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Screening Room—Sundays, beginning 1/26: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal (334-2100) $8 ($5 for brunch patrons).

Symphony Space—"Godard & Co." 1/21: *Breathless* (1983) and *They Live By Night* (1948). 1/28: *My Life to Live and Diary of a Lost Girl.* 2537 Broadway (864-5400); $8.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Charles Atlas: The Hanged One." 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (717-0723); $8.



Opening

Strange Bedfellows

In *Fierce Creatures*, the much-anticipated follow-up to 1988's *A Fish Called Wanda*, John Cleese (above), Jamie Lee Curtis, and Kevin Kline get embroiled in yet another harebrained scheme. This time, they take over the management of a failing zoo and—to attract the family crowd—stock it with vicious, man-eating animals. (Michael Palin, who stuttered his way through *Wanda*, returns as a frighteningly verbose zookeeper.) Opens January 24.

Photograph by David Appleby/Universal City Studios.

theater

Opening

Crash and Burn

Pure Orange Productions, which had a hit with its inaugural show, 'The Principality of Sorrows,' last season, now premieres Patrick Breen's 'Marking,' a contemporary play about the disastrous effects of infidelity—never mind plane crashes and time travel—on two happy couples.

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus—Mega-selling author John Gray turns his relationship manual into a one-man show. $20–$55. 1/27–2/1 at 7:30, 1/29 and 2/1 at 2. *Gershwin Theatre, 51st St. and Broadway (307-4100).*

Three Sisters—Scott Elliott's all-star production of Chekov's classic tale of yearning. With Billy Crudup, Amy Irving, Eric Stoltz, David Strathairn, Lili Taylor, and Jeanne Tripplehorn. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Previews start 1/22 for a 2/13 opening. *Roundabout Theatre's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Two Gentlemen of Verona—Shakespeare's early comedy about infidelity and friendly deception, in a production direct from Shakespeare's Globe, London. Starring Mark Rylance, Anastasia Hille, Jim Bywater, and Lennie James. Directed by Jack Shepard. $10–$25. 1/21, 1/22, and 1/24 at 7, 1/25 at 2 and 7, 1/26 at 1. *New Victory Theatre, 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Ann Reinking is suavely slinky with a demureness that oozes sex; Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness. And James Naughton doles out dearly bought legal strategy like alms to an importunate beggar. Minimalism prevails. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Joel Grey. (Simon: 12/2/96) $47.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Nathan Lane as that sly guy Pseudolus. $60–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Tracy Nelson as Rizzo 1/20–2/2, and Jasmine Guy thereafter. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 2/23. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

An Ideal Husband—His contemporary George Bernard Shaw excoriated the hypocrisies of Victorian England with bitingly logical wit, but the similarly minded Oscar Wilde occasionally found emotional empathy a more apt tool. Sir Peter Hall's acclaimed West End revival of this 1895 play, which uses a conventional plot of unmasked adultery to condemn soul-stifling British intolerance and self-deception, now has an American cast, which includes Stephanie Beacham, Kim Hunter, James Warwick, and Nicky Henson. $30–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the recent Broadway production of *State Fair*, the Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam*, featuring contemporary heartthrob Lou Diamond Phillips (un-bald) in the role created by Yul Brynner. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its tenth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the

Photograph by Marc Janeczko.

subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Patti LuPone (*Evita*) as the great *monstre sacrée* herself. $32.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. No performances 1/6–1/12. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Once Upon a Mattress—Sarah Jessica Parker plays the oversensitive royal in this musical version of Hans Christian Andersen's *The Princess and the Pea*. For insomniac luxury-lovers of all ages. $40–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 12/18/96. *Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Present Laughter—A clever fellow, this Scott Elliott, but now he has gone too far. The director has taken Noel Coward's sleek, sophisticated comedy and staged it as the crassest farce. Garry Essendine, the fey, egocentric, matinee-idol hero, is doubtless modeled on the author himself, but Coward never fully emerged from the closet. It is not for Elliott to out one of his plays. Here the women are made shriller, sillier, or more predatory than called for, the men more effete, narcissistic, overtly homosexual. Frank Langella does ample justice to Elliott's Essendine: One wonders what he could have done with Coward's. (Simon: 12/2/96) $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/18/96. *Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67. 50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $35–$70. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—Andrew Lloyd Webber's (mega-) musical adaptation of the Billy Wilder film masterpiece about a deranged Hollywood dinosaur and her reluctant boy toy. London's Elaine Paige (*Evita, Cats*) recently took over from Betty Buckley as Norma Desmond. $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Victor/Victoria—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and *Camelot*—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. "One way or another, *Victor/Victoria* will make history. Like a karaoke record, it's got everything minus one: a true star, a solid cast and ensemble, savvy staging and choreography, lush scenery and costumes and lighting, a funny (or at least doggedly farcical) book—everything but one really good song. This will be the test: Can a Broadway musical make it without a score? Julie Andrews has a look, voice, and personality that live in perfect harmony with one another, whether she is singing, dancing, acting, or just being. But there is—or rather, isn't—the unrelievedly second-rate music of the late Henry Mancini, augmented by three songs from Frank Wildhorn, which blend in seamlessly, alas. All the lyrics are by the once capable Leslie Bricusse, now given to such stuff as 'Paris is so sexy/ Riding in a taxi [texi?]/ Gives you apoplexy.' Still, *Victor/Victoria* may be the best unmusical musical you are ever going to see." (Simon; 11/6/95.) Liza Minnelli stars from 1/7 to 2/2/97. With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (382-0100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Boychik—Starring Richard Kline, an exploration of emotions after a father's death. $40–$42.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Concert Pianist—A one-man show starring Barry Neikburg chronicling a pianist's search for the ideal teacher. $35. Tues.–Thurs., Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Opened: 1/19/97. *Jewish Repertory Theatre's Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

Do Lord Remember Me—Esther Rolle stars in the New Federal Theatre's production of James de Jongh's oral history of slavery. $20. Opened: 1/15/97. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448).*

Dreamstuff—A new musical version of the Aladdin's-lamp fairytale, in a nineties setting. $37.50. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 2/17 opening. *Samuel Beckett Theater, 420 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Minutes From the Blue Route—A family dismantles their house, packing up memories and mementos, over the course of a four-day, action-packed weekend. By Tom Donaghy. $32. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 1/30 opening. *Atlantic Theatre Company, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Mother Courage—The Eric Bentley/Darius Milhaud adaptation of Bertolt Brecht's *Mother Courage and Her Children*, presented in rotating repertory through March 28. $24. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 1/19/97. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. (677-0060).*

My Astonishing Self—Donal Donnelly channels George Bernard Shaw in this one-man show, adapted by Michael Vosey from Shaw's reminiscences, love letters, and diaries. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 1/23 opening. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Steward of Christendom—Donal McCann stars in Sebastian Barry's harrowing tale of his great-grandfather's choice between the Catholic Church and the crown in prerevolutionary Ireland. $20–$55. 1/21, 1/23–1/25, 1/28–1/31. 2/1, 2/4–2/8, 2/11–2/15, 2/18–2/22 at 8, 1/26, 2/2, 2/9, 2/16, 2/23 at 3. *BAM Majestic Theater, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn (718-636-4100).*

Now Playing

Americana—$20. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 9, Sun. at 7. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Beat: A Subway Cop's Comedy—Comic reminiscence of ten years on the beat, by John DiResta, who remains a New York City Transit cop. $20–$25. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri, and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Born to Sing!—It's dueling-divas time, ambitious-newcomer division, when a singing superstar has to choose between her own daughter and (gasp) a brash interloper to ac-

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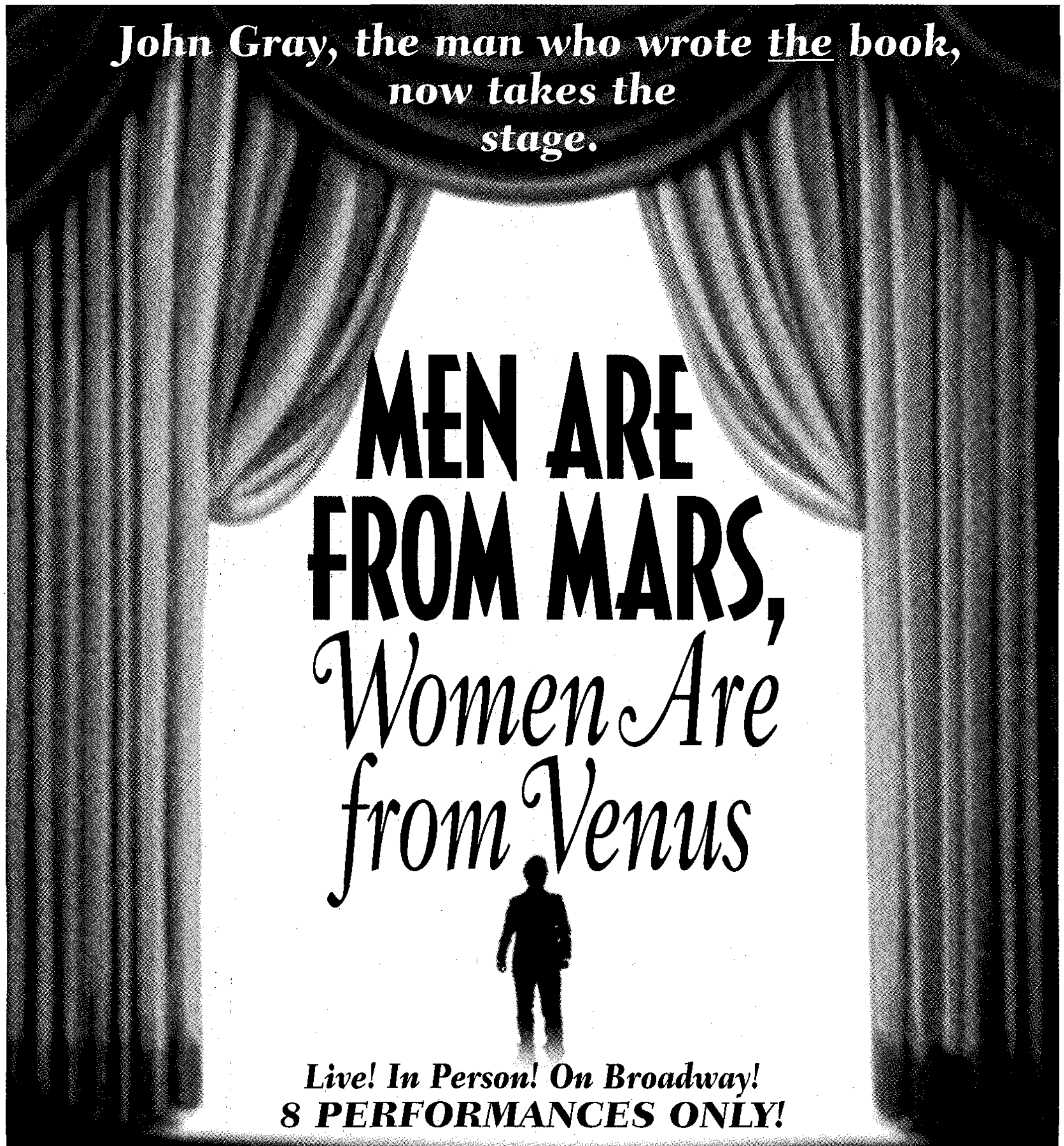

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company her on the road in this new high-octane musical about backstage passions from the creators of 1983's pop-and-gospel-inflected *Mama, I Want to Sing*. $15–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun at 7. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).*

A Brief History of White Music—A new musical looking at white pop music from swing to the seventies. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:15, Sun. at 3:15 and 7:15. *The Village Gate, 240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

Evolution—A multidisciplinary rock-music extravaganza. $30; $10 student rush tickets available one hour before curtain for all performances. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. *Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. (346-8510).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Family Values—A he said/she said comedy about a middle-aged Manhattan couple's midlife breakup. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (358-5174).*

Flipping My Wig—Charles Busch's latest. $28. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. $35–$40. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7:30, Sat. at 10, Sun. at 3; food and drink available/optional. *Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Full Gallop—This is the monodrama—I mean monofarce—about Diana Vreeland, the fearsome fashion arbiter, who for decades wielded style-making power from behind her desks at *Harper's Bazaar* and then *Vogue*. A whirlwind bearing aloft talented models, designers, and photographers, she was a scintillating wit and fabulous character in her own right and wrong. We are granted an hour and three quarters with a fabled *monstre sacrée* in her demonic digs as we listen to her recollect a chicly checkered past; pass canny judgment on people and fashions and life; conduct uproarious dialogues with her skeptical French secretary, Yvonne, over the intercom; and hobnob telephonically with the luminaries of international society. As sublimely performed by Mary Louise Wilson—whose makeup, utterance, and demeanor fit Vreeland to a tee—this is the highest hilarity, the Everest of camp. Hear Miss Wilson say, "You can't destroy Europe; you can't even nick it," or "We allowed a splash of bad taste—no taste is what I am against," and you will feel transported into Thalia's lap. (Simon: 10/14/96.) $37.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Godspell—The first all-black production of Stephen Schwartz's 1971 rock opera. $25. Thurs. and Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opens 2/6. *Victoria Theatre, 235 W. 125th St. (769-8183).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $37.50–$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. and Thurs. at 2, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—One of this year's more melancholy theater trends is the posthumous musical. Like *Rent* composer Jonathan Larsen, costumer and musical "conceiver" Howard Crabtree passed away in June, days after completing work on his latest backstage-comedy revue. But the show, as developed by Mr. Crabtree with Dick Gallagher and Mark Waldrop, goes on. $40. Mon.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosex-

Opening
Mise-en-scène

The American Jewish Theatre's latest production, 'Vilna's Got a Golem,' is meta-play, featuring actors playing actors too frightened to perform. Onstage, it's 1899 in eastern Europe, and the government censor is sitting in the audience, waiting to pounce on political incorrectness. Offstage, the real audience may wonder how much has really changed.

ual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Late Night Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $25–$32.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

The Lucky Chance—Jean Cocteau Rep performs Aphra Behn's Restoration comedy, twisting marriage and commerce into a seemingly hopeless tangle. $24. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/9. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery at Bond St. (677-0060).*

Magic on Broadway—Like it says, performed by illusionist and prestidigitator Joseph Gabriel. $30–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (997-1780).*

Making Porn—A play about the gay porn industry starring real-life porn stars Blue Blake and Ryan Idol. $30–$35. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South (239-6200).*

Neat—Charlayne Woodard's portrait of coming of age in the civil-rights era. $32. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

No Way to Treat a Lady—The York Theatre Company presents Douglas J. Cohen's sixties musical thriller about a publicity-crazed actor and the cat-and-mouse game he plays with the law and the ladies. $30–$35. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Sun. at 2:30. Through 2/2. *Theatre at St. Peter's Church, 54th St. and Lexington Ave. (935-5820).*

Old Wicked Songs—Jon Marans's Pulitzer Prize–nominated play about an emotionally frozen young pianist and the old master who thaws him out. $42.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (580-1313).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of

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murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

The Red Address—David Ives's new play, mysterious but not magical, about the disjunction between an American businessman's public front and private romance. $32.50–$37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 1/13/97. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Scapin—Bill Irwin's fresh adaptation of Molière's classic tale of a servant who is pulling all the strings. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Laura Pels at the Roundabout, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Second-Hand Smoke—A new play by Obie winner Mac Wellman, set in an apocalyptic landscape near the riverside town of Gradual. $33–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3. Opened: 1/16/97. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29.50–$42.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(279-4200).*

Vilna's Got a Golem—A new play by Ernest Joselovitz about a turn-of-the-century eastern European theater group determined to flout convention. With musical accompaniment by the Klezmer Conservatory Band. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Through 2/2. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-9797).*

Off-Off Broadway

Advice From a Caterpillar—Douglas Carter Beanes's comedy about postmodern professions. $12. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Through 2/15. *Miranda Theatre, 259 W. 30th St. (330-9360).*

Apnea—Performance-art work inspired by immersion as a metaphor for modern life. $12. 1/23–1/25 at 7, 1/26 at 2:30. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

Artaud for Awhile—Jim Morrison (yes, of the Doors) confronts the creator of the Theater of Cruelty. $12. 1/21, 1/22, 1/28, and 1/29 at 8. *Wings Theatre, 154 Christopher St. (627-2961).*

The Balcony—Jean Genet's vision of the revolution, set in a brothel. $15. Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/9. *The Riant Theatre, 161 Hudson St., fourth floor (925-8353).*

Bound to Rise—A Gilded Age musical about the difference between rich and poor. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 1/26. *Medicine Show, 552 W. 53rd St. (262-4216).*

Cravings/My Heinous Life—Two new gay musicals. $15, or $25 for the Sunday double-feature. Call for schedule info. *Kraine Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. (332-9909).*

Emerging Playwrights—New work by Robert Kornfeld and Ira L. Jeffries. $10. Thurs.–Sun at 7. Through 2/9. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. (254-1109).*

Igloo Tales—Myths and folk stories from the Eskimo and Inuit people. $15. Thurs.–Sun. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/9. *NADA, 167 Ludlow St. (388-7265).*

June Moon—Drama Dept.'s revival of a little-known George S. Kaufman/Ring Lardner musical of 1929, pitting a country youth against an urban dame. $12. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 1/26. *Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. (629-4656).*

The Last Manhattan—A tale about a frustrated novelist's encounters with hucksters of various stripes, by Doug Dunlop. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5. Through 2/2. *Theatre Row Theatre (921-9341).*

Marking—Pure Orange's second production, a new play by Patrick Breen about two couples and an infidelity. $12. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. at 3. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Two Rooms—Lee Blessing's tale of a hostage ordeal. $10. 1/28–2/1 at 8, 2/1 at 3, 2/2 at 7. *Center Stage NY, 48 W. 21st St., fourth floor (929-0519).*

Message to Michael—A quest for love through the pick-up scenes of modern gay culture, by Tim Pinckney. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Place (627-2556).*

Mock Trial—Theater for the New City presents Romulus Linney's people's court play, directed by the author. $12. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. (254-1109).*

A Not So Quiet Nocturne—The Onyx Theatre Company, devoted to deaf artists in professional theater, performs Jaye Austin-Williams's 1989 play. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 10, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *The Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. (353-3874 or 633-9618).*

Permanent Brain Damage: (Risk It! Risk It!)—Richard Foreman's new comedy. $10–$15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Ontological Theater, 131 E. 10th St. (533-4650).*

Race Is the Reason—Extremist thinking in America. $10. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. Through 2/8. *Como Coco Cafe, 105 Suffolk St., bet. Rivington and Delancey Sts. (330-6844).*

Sleeping With Mom & Dad—An antidote to *Singles, Friends,* and other tales of rampant sexual self-analysis. $10. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 2/2. *78th St. Theatre Lab, 236 W. 78th St. (946-5017).*

South—Julian Green's 1955 pre–Civil War drama. $12–$15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. *HERE, 145 Ave. of the Americas (647-0202).*

Spin—A political comedy by Christopher Pichler. $10. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 1/26. *Harold Clurman Theater, 412 W. 42nd St. (252-4118).*

Telethon—Alternative comedians David Ilku and Ken Bullock. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 10. *The Club at La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

Three Sisters—A time-traveling production of Chekov's classic. $12. 1/22–1/26, 1/29–1/31, 2/1 at 7, 2/2 at 3:30. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

Virtual Souls—Myths and music of the Buryat Mongolians. $12. Thurs.–Sun. at 7:30, Sun. at 3. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

Volpone—Ben Jonson's classic greedy comedy. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/2. *Westside Repertory Theatre, 252 W. 81st St. (874-7290).*

A Waltz With Tennessee—An evening of Tennessee Williams's early plays, including *This Property Is Condemned* and *Talk to Me Like the Rain.* $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Miranda Theatre, 259 W. 30th St. (544-1745).*

Whiplash—Shelly Mars's "Tale of a Tomboy." $15. Wed., Thurs., and Sun. at 8:30, Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30. *Grove St. Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (631-1000).*

You Say What I Mean but What You Mean Is Not What I Said—A new Hot Mouth show, performed a cappella, mixing folk songs, new music, and minstrel show style. $13–$18. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30, Sun. at 7. *Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (777-1441).*

Previews

Grant in Aid

In Tony Kushner's 1993 *Angels in America,* actor David Marshall Grant had the thankless part. He played Joe Pitt, the right-wing Mormon who doesn't understand his pill-popping wife and struggles with his sexual identity. Unlike the play's other characters, Joe was neither funny nor flamboyant, just tortured. Yet in Grant's nuanced performance, that confusion became both scary and heart-breaking. "As an actor, you can't think of him as a bad guy; you have to love your character," says the boyish, 41-year-old Grant, who trained at the Yale School of Drama. "With Joe, I learned how to love a Republican."

Although Grant has extensive film and television credits, he is best known as a New York theater habitué. Articulate and unaffected offstage, he consistently provides shaded, intelligent readings of difficult characters. Audiences still recall his Broadway debut in 1979, playing Richard Gere's boyfriend in *Bent,* Martin Sherman's play about the Nazi persecution of homosexuals. For the Roundabout Theater's revival of *The Three Sisters,* Grant returns to Broadway for the first time since *Angels,* once again taking on a character out of touch with the world around him. He is Kulygin, the kind but foolish schoolteacher and husband of Masha.

In the hopes of "creating theater that younger people will want to see," Scott Elliott is directing an updated translation (by Lanford Wilson) of Anton Chekhov's 1901 play with a Hollywood-centric cast including Lili Taylor, Jeanne Tripplehorn, Amy Irving, Billy Crudup, Eric Stoltz, and Jerry Stiller. Grant is likely the least recognizable name in the bunch. Although his part is puny, Grant doesn't mind. "I don't want to sound like every other actor," says Grant sounding like every other actor, "but *Three Sisters* is my favorite play—ever. I would have played any part." William Harris

Photograph by Scott Jones.

art

Henry Darger...SVA Posters...Yevgeny Khaldei

Openings

This year's **Outsider Art Fair** runs January 24–26 at the Puck Building, on the southeast corner of Houston and Lafayette Streets. Hours are Fri. 12–8, Sat. 11–7, and Sun. 11–6; admission is $10.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Gary Brotmeyer—Altered found photographs and collages; through 3/1. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (794-4444).

Earl Cunningham—Vividly colored paintings of interior and coastal scenes of Florida and Maine by this self-taught artist (1893–1977) who lived in St. Augustine, Florida; through 3/1. Beacon Hill, 980 Madison Ave. (734-3636).

Ute Juerss—Recent video installations by a German artist; through 2/8. Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave. (439-8700).

David Mann—Abstract paintings whose shapes are derived from the physical gesture of the paint stroke; through 2/15. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).

Bill Traylor—A selection of the self-taught artist's paintings on paper made between 1939 and 1942 that were collected by his friend and patron Charles Shannon; through 3/8. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

57th Street Area

Magdalena Abakanowicz—Two series of animal sculptures whose individual figures are constructed from burlap and glue over a metal armature; through 2/11. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Chester Arnold/Diane Edison—Large-scale landscape paintings whose imagery suggests something gone wrong; through 1/31/Paintings of the artist's friends and self-portraits on small wood panels; through 2/15. Adams, 41 W. 57th St. (644-5666).

Wilfrid-Gabriel De Glehn—Landscapes, portraits, and figure studies by this British Impressionist who was a close friend of the American expatriate artist John Singer Sargent; through 3/1. Spanierman, 45 E. 58th St. (832-0208).

Mark Francis—Monochromatic paintings whose fields of repeating organic forms are based on microphotographs of cells and chromosomes; through 2/22. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929).

Christian Haub/Sandy Scolnik—Geometric abstract paintings on Plexiglas, wood, or mirror/Small-scale black-and-white paintings of group portraits. Through 2/22. Littlejohn Contemporary, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

Jasper Johns—A retrospective of the artist's prints; through 1/25. Sheehan, 20 W. 57th St. (888-4220).

Joe Lasker—Landscapes, still lifes, and a self-portrait; through 2/8. Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-5730).

Alfred Leslie—A retrospective of prints whose imagery consists of nudes, portraits, and landscapes; 1/24–3/1. Pace Prints, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3237).

Louis Lozowick/Yvonne Jacquette—Prints of New York City in the twenties and thirties by the former and of the contemporary city by the latter; through 2/8. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

Photography
Russian Roulette

Some would say Yevgeny Khaldei was born to his field, having survived, as an infant, the bullet that passed through his mother as she held him in her arms (she was killed instantly; he was seriously wounded). Khaldei, now 80, went on to become Soviet Russia's most intrepid combat photographer, documenting such pivotal World War II events as the 1941 German invasion of the Soviet Union and the allied capture of Berlin in 1945. An exhibit of his stark, beautifully composed photographs at the Jewish Museum also features his Leica camera, notebooks, and photo albums. 1109 Fifth Avenue; through April 13.

Agnes Martin—New paintings that depict the artist's signature horizontal bands of pale color outlined in graphite; through 2/15. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Tim Prentice—Kinetic sculptures; through 2/22. Davidson, 41 E. 57th St. (759-7555).

Susan Sharp/Nancy Friedlander—Gestural abstract paintings/Mixed-media works on wood panels. Through 2/25. Reece, 24 W. 57th St. (333-5830).

Stuart Shills/Rudy Burckhardt—Recent landscape paintings/Photographs of New York. Through 2/8. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050).

Leon Polk Smith—Paintings from the nineties that continue the artist's exploration of line and color; through 1/31. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Patti Smith—A selection of the musician's drawings from the past three decades, many of them made during her relationship with the photographer Robert Mapplethorpe; through 2/8. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Anthony Springer—Paintings of architectural scenes in lower Manhattan; 1/24–3/8. David Findlay, Jr., 41 E. 57th St. (486-7660).

Niele Toroni—Paintings by this Swiss artist that continue a method he developed in 1966, in which imprints of a no. 50 paintbrush are applied to a canvas at regular intervals of 30 centimeters; through 2/15. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Ursula von Rydingsvard—Recent sculptures, including a large environmental installation of graphite-rubbed carved cedar whose forms are based on letters written on the ground and then built up until the actual word is completely obscured; through 3/1. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

George Wexler/Ana Maria Nicholson—Realist paintings of landscapes in and around the artist's home in New Paltz, New York/Holographic portraits of Philip Johnson, Philippe de Montebello, Keith Haring, and others. Through 2/1. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

Jimmy Wright/Jack Bush—Expressionistic paintings and pastel drawings of flowers from the past eight years/The Canadian artist's abstract paintings from the fifties and early sixties. Through 2/1. D C Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Marina Abramovic—A video installation titled *Boat Emptying Stream Entering* that is related to a performance work from 1988 made in collaboration with the artist Ulay, in which the artists walked the entire length of the Great Wall of China; through 2/15. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405).

Peter Acheson—Small-scale paintings of images that suggest a Jungian symbolism; through 2/8. Harris, 524 Broadway (941-9895).

Stephen Antonson/Cannon Hudson—Drawings and a site-specific ceiling piece/Large-scale paintings of workstations. Through 2/15. Wittels, 48 Greene St. (219-2211).

Ilan Averbuch—Monumental sculptures in wood, lead, stone, cast iron, and glass; through 2/25. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Barry X Ball—A monumental wall relief and recent sculptures suspended floor-to-ceiling with stainless-steel cables; through 2/8. Luhring Augus-

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Photograph courtesy of the Jewish Museum.

tine, 130 Prince St. (219-9600).

John Beerman/Stephen Greene—Landscape paintings that draw on the nineteenth-century Romantic landscape tradition and his own surroundings in the Hudson River valley/Abstract paintings inspired by Gustave Moreau's French Symbolist imagery. Through 2/15. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Alan Belcher—Soft sculptures made from acrylic plush stuffed with polyester fiberfill; through 2/8. Shainman, 560 Broadway (966-3866).

Jens Birkemose—Paintings and drawings that depict chaotic patterns built up of fragmented codes and pictorial connections; through 2/22. DCA, 420 W. Broadway (334-3331).

Nicole Carstens—An installation in which plastic candle fixtures are arranged in a circle on the floor beneath a rotating, motor-operated mirror; through 2/1. Bronwyn Keenan, 494 Broadway (431-5083).

Nancy Chunn—A work that comprises 365 New York *Times* front pages with the artist's additions, comments, and eradications; through 2/15. Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (226-3232).

Gregory Corn/John Wigmore—New sculpture by both that evolves from such natural elements as light, paper, gravity, and stone; through 2/22. Woodward, 476 Broome St. (966-3411).

Patricia Cronin—Paintings of horses; through 2/15. Wooster Gardens, 558 Broadway (941-6210).

Spencer Finch/Susan Silas—Encaustic paintings based on studies done by the artist while flying in a small airplane over the Icarian Sea in Greece and drawings dealing with perception, memory, and history made at various sites, among them Rouen, Las Vegas, and the Grand Canyon/A backlit photo-installation depicting a former concentration-camp site. Through 2/8. Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (941-5711).

Mike Glier—Paintings that depict different views of the same courtyard garden, shown with benches by the sculptor Jenny Holzer; through 2/8. P.P.O.W., 532 Broadway (941-8642).

Nico Jenkins—Three installations that explore the impotence of revolution, one of which transforms a room into a space that is reminiscent of a Socialist gathering hall or an old train-station waiting room; through 2/8. Chamber, 85 W. Broadway (465-3418).

Michael Joo—New sculptures that address the fleeting nature of existence by incorporating such ephemeral materials as mist and smoke; through 2/28. Kern, 558 Broadway (965-1706).

Sherry Kerlin/Judith Linhares—Ink-on-paper drawings of children in menacing or confrontational situations with adults, figures symbolizing death, or animals/Narrative paintings that depict fantastical scenes of birds, frogs, flowers, trees, animals, and people; 1/25–3/1. Thorp, 130 Prince St. (431-6880).

Pavel Kraus—Sculptures of lead and organic beeswax; through 2/22. Goldstein, 39 Wooster St. (431-0314).

Raeford Liles—Collages inspired by erotic images of ancient Chinese warriors; through 2/8. Donahue/Sosinski, 560 Broadway (226-1111).

Eva Lundsager—New large-scale abstract paintings that evoke landscape, at Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775), and small-scale paintings, at Wittels, 48 Greene St. (219-2211); through 2/8.

Gina Manola—Works in which photographs of children's toy blocks are manipulated in color, scale, and surface and transferred to plastic on stretchers; through 2/22. Martz, 580 Broadway (334-3348).

Justin McCarthy—New paintings by the self-taught artist that draw on Hollywood, fashion, nature, pornography, and other sources; through 2/8. Cavin-Morris, 560 Broadway (226-3768).

Michael Merchant/Steven Brower—A twenty-foot helium blimp floating in the gallery against a "skyline" of photographs of postcards of popular tourist destinations/A scale model of a 3,000-foot-long fictitious building set in a desert landscape; 1/24–2/22. TZ'Art, 28 Wooster St. (966-9059).

Annette Messager—Recent sculpture; through 2/22. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828).

Nabil Nahas—New abstract paintings; through 2/15. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

Paul Henry Ramirez—Abstract paintings whose forms swirl, drip, and collide to create a polymorphous sense of space and time; through 2/8. Golden, 39 Wooster St. (274-0080).

Sarah Rossiter—Early black-and-white portraits, sculptures, and drawing studies; through 2/15. Erben, 476 Broome St. (966-5283).

Sidney Simon/Immi Storrs—Carved wood sculptures by one of the founders of the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture/Bronze animal sculptures. Through 2/6. Dillon, 431 W. Broadway (966-2977).

Robert Smithson/Massimo Antonaci—Drawings and photographs dealing with entropy/Recent Polaroids. Through 2/8. Weber, 142 Greene St. (966-6115).

Kazumi Tanaka—Sculptures that draw on the artist's childhood memories of Osaka, Japan, and her recent residency with the Shaker community in Maine; through 2/15. Kent, 67 Prince St. (966-4500).

Robert Thiele—Monochromatic abstract paintings on shaped canvases that suggest ancient stone tablets; through 2/1. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

Robert Whitman—A new installation titled *Great Lakes* that consists of three theatrical tableaux incorporating mirrors, found objects, a scrim, and video; through 2/8. PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (421-3292).

Frank Wimberley—Recent abstract paintings; through 2/5. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Betty Woodman/Thomas Nozkowski—Recent ceramic balustrade reliefs that refer to Picasso, Matisse, and Japanese textiles/Nonrepresentational drawings of biomorphic forms inspired by a trip to Los Angeles; through 2/8. Protetch, 560 Broadway (966-5454).

Other

Heide Fasnacht—Large-scale wall sculptures made of colored latex and metal springs, or with torn felt blankets, whose abstract imagery is derived from charts and maps; through 2/23. Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. (741-3318).

Christian Garnett—New abstract paintings; through 2/28. Auchincloss, 601 W. 26th St (966-7753).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Knoedler—19 E. 70th St. (794-0550). An exhibition celebrating the gallery's 150th anniversary with works by Frankenthaler, Graves, Heizer, Stella, Sultan, Walker, others; through 2/8.

57th Street Area

Danese—41 E. 57th St. (223-2227). Fluorescent-light sculptures by Dan Flavin from his series " 'monuments' for V. Tatlin," and early twentieth-century drawings by Kazimir Malevich; through 2/8.

Haime—41 E. 57th St. (888-3550). Works on paper by Bastidas, Waid, others; through 2/8.

Paine Webber—1285 Ave. of the Americas (713-2885). "The Gardens of Ellen Biddle Shipman, 1869–1950," an exhibition of drawings, photographs, and plans chronicling the career of this renowned American gardener; 1/23–4/4.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). Expressionist works by Beckmann, Klee, others, and by Gugging artists Hauser, Walla, others; through 3/15.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (226-3970). Postgraduate art from Los Angeles; through 3/15.

Boesky & Callery—51 Greene St. (941-9888). Video works by Barr, Hackenberg, and Walsh; through 2/8.

Feature Inc—76 Greene St. (941-7077). Paintings and sculpture by David Moreno; watercolors and photographs by Dike Blair and David Robbins; drawings by Jerry Phillips; through 2/23.

Foster—62 Crosby St. (966-9024). Wood sculpture by Ahrens, paintings on Mylar by Lanzetta, and works dealing with nature by Ripps; through 2/8.

Fotouhi Cramer—560 Broadway (431-1304). Works by Benglis, Drake, Sonnier, Sultan, Sumner, and Torreano contemplating the "Edge of Chaos"; through 2/15.

Ingbar—568 Broadway (224-1100). Paintings, drawings, and sculpture of New York City subways by 25 artists; through 3/29.

Kaplan—48 Greene St. (226-6131). Works by Ackerman, Gaskell, others; through 2/8.

Kreps—580 Broadway (965-1911). Works by Phaelan, Terry, and Whitmarsh; through 2/8.

Lennon, Weinberg—560 Broadway (941-0012). Paintings from the fifties by the minimalist sculptor Ronald Bladen and Abstract Expressionist paintings from the fifties and sixties by Edward Dugmore; video and photo works from the late sixties and early seventies by Mary Lucier; through 2/8.

Margolis—560 Broadway (343-9523). Early works by Arneson, Earl, Warashina; through 2/22.

Printed Matter—77 Wooster St. (925-0325). "A Living Testament to the Blood Fairies, Part II," including text-based artwork by artists living with or having died from HIV/AIDS; through 3/1.

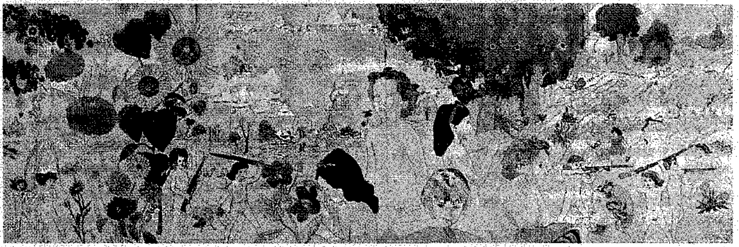
Rosenberg + Kaufman—115 Wooster St. (431-4383). Paintings by Kuszek, Mulhern, Seidl, Tanger; through 2/8.

Ross—568 Broadway (343-2161). Paintings and mixed-media works by three self-taught Icelandic artists; through 3/1.

Senior—375 West Broadway (941-0960). Works on paper by Deutsch, Fischl, Shaefer, others; through 2/15.

Shapolsky—99 Spring St. (334-9755). Abstract expressionist works by Evelyn, Hecker, Kirk, others; through 2/22.

Solomon—172 Mercer St. (941-5777). Paintings that use photography, with works by Paik, Warhol, oth-



On View **It wasn't until after his death, in 1973, that Henry Darger's strange pastime was revealed. That's when Darger's Chicago landlord began cleaning out his reclusive tenant's apartment and discovered hundreds of exquisitely executed mural-sized watercolors and smaller pencil drawings depicting a world of Darger's imagination in which little girls—some portrayed as hermaphrodites—are enslaved by an evil military regime. And that's only the beginning. At the Museum of American Folk Art, 2 Lincoln Square; through April 27.**

Photograph courtesy of the Museum of American Folk Art.

ers, plus Barbara Pollack's photographic portraits; through 2/8.

Other

D'Amelio Terras—525 W. 22nd St. (352-9464). "Spaces Between," with works by Gonzalez-Torres, Judd, others; through 2/9.

Gladstone—515 W. 24th St. (206-9300). Installations by Acconci, Turrell, and Zorio; through 2/15.

White Columns—154 Christopher St. (924-4212). Sculpture that turns an object's function on its head, from wooden washing machines to ceramic shoes, including works by Chu, Lancaster, Zieger, others; through 2/28.

Photography

Ernst Brunner—Photographs documenting peasant life in Switzerland after the Second World War; through 2/8. Swiss Institute, 495 Broadway (925-2035).

Konrad Cramer—Photographs, drawings, and paintings from the twenties through the fifties by this Woodstock, N.Y., artist; through 3/2. Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave. (242-7767).

Bruce Davidson—A retrospective, including his sixties' civil-rights series, and new photographs of Central Park; through 2/22. Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave. (628-5300).

Adolf Fassbender—Vintage photographs by this American pictorialist; 1/24–2/22. Gallery 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Robert Flynt/Michael von Graffenried—Recent photography; through 2/15. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Robert Frank/Joel Sternfeld—Portraits from the eighties by Sternfeld, and of Paris's flower district in the fifties by Frank; through 2/22. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Victoria Goldman/Tina West—Recent photographs by both; through 2/28. Rice, 325 W. 11th St. (366-6660).

John Gruen—Photographs of contemporary artists; through 2/8. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Tues. 11–8 (6–8 voluntary contribution), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4; $2.50 seniors and students. "David Levinthal 1975–1996." A retrospective of photographs that pit reality against artifice, including images of toy soldiers re-enacting World War II and black memorabilia; through 3/21.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave. (768-4682). Liverpool photographed by Tom Wood, and road trips chronicled by Linda McCartney; photographs by Adams, Michals, Siskind, others, celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Light Gallery; through 2/9.

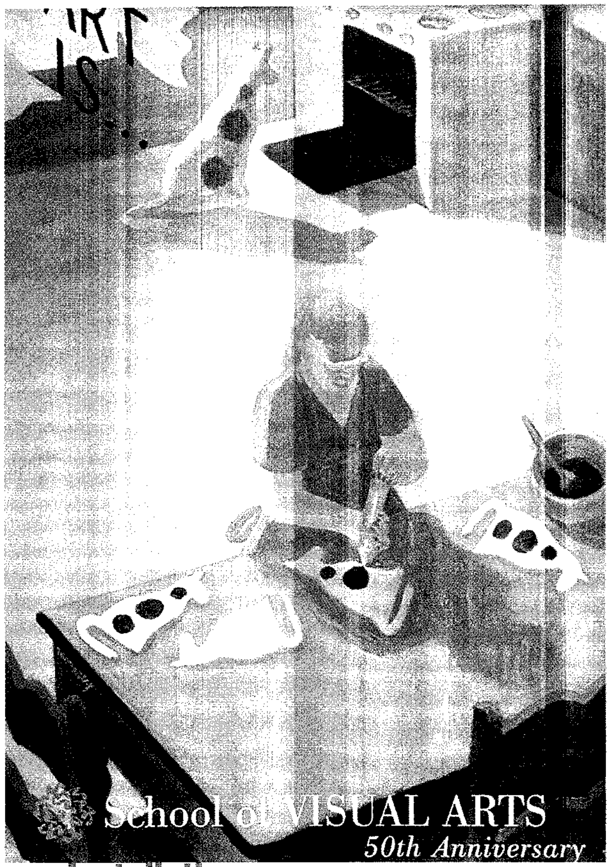
Kenro Izu—Photographs of ancient temples at Angkor in Cambodia; 1/24–2/22. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Uta Juerss—Video installation and recent photography of German expatriates living in New York; through 2/8. CRG, 93 Grand St. (966-4360).

David Levinthal—"Blackface," photographs of black memorabilia; 1/23–2/28. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Peter Lindbergh—Photographs from the past ten years by this German fashion photographer; through 3/1. Danziger, 130 Prince St. (226-0056).

Maxwell Mackenzie/David Stephenson—New photographs, including Italian church domes and cupolas taken by Stephenson, and ancient European stone structures shot by Mackenzie; through 2/15. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).



Installation

Poster Graduates

"Art is . . ." The School of Visual Arts, celebrating its fiftieth anniversary, interprets this conveniently malleable slogan with ten engaging posters hung in the most public of galleries: our town's subway stations. Like SVA's earlier placards, some of which have become classics, they're both advertisements for the school and a public service, giving jaded riders a small art fix and planting a message about the importance and power of art. Silas Rhodes, founder and now gray eminence of SVA, who directed the project—he calls it a campaign—hopes the folks running our city as if art were a luxury will take heed.

The new posters, which are also appearing on bus shelters, have been commissioned from designers whose striking images are even more familiar to the public than their names, among them Paul Davis (who put the New York Shakespeare Festival on our retinal map) and Milton Glaser (co-founder of *New York* Magazine). Perhaps the most gripping of the entries is illustrator Jerry Moriarty's. In the foreground of the boldly drawn, lushly colored picture, a grandmotherly figure puts the final decorative touches on a batch of dog-shaped cookies; behind her sits her canine model, gazing into the depths of the open oven. It's easy enough to understand Grandma baker as an artist, but why is Fido contemplating the hot furnace as if his personal fate lay there?

Though in the past, low-budget art lovers have wrenched SVA billboards off the station walls, individual ART IS . . . posters are for sale through the school. All you need is 35 bucks and 29-by-45 inches of wall space; $500 gets you the full ten, signed.

TOBI TOBIAS

Joel Meyerowitz—Twenty years of photographs taken by the sea; 1/23–3/15. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Miller—138 Spring St. (226-1220). Photography by Siskind, Callahan, and Ishimoto; through 2/22.

Miller—41 E. 57th St. (980-54545). "Photography: From the Beginning," with works by Mapplethorpe, Steichen, others; through 2/8.

Andrew Moore—Photographs of 42nd Street movie interiors; through 2/15. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

Morris-Healy/Hearn—530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753). These galleries co-host "Zeitgeist Becomes Form: German Fashion Photography 1945 through 1995," with works by Reland, Rohrbach, others; through 2/23.

Newseum/New York—580 Madison Ave. (317-7596); Mon.–Fri. 8:30–5:30 and Sat. 10–5; free. "60 Years of *Life*: Photographs That Changed the World," with works by 62 photographers; through 2/15.

Mark Peterson—Black-and-white photographs of chronic alcoholics at a Minnesota nursing home; 1/23–3/3. Camera Club, 853 Broadway (260-7077).

Barbara Pollack—New photographs; through 2/8. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Cosimo Di Leo Ricatto—A series of photographs made over a fifteen-year period that investigates the ways in which ideas are born and how ideas become art; through 2/8. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

Herb Ritts—A mid-career retrospective of portraits, nudes, and fashion studies; through 2/22. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223).

Walter Rosenblum—A retrospective, including photographs of city neighborhoods; through 3/1. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Martha Rosler—Color photographs from her "Transitions" and "Digressions" series—the former consisting of panoramas shot from the dashboard of her car; the latter of shop windows and street scenes in New York, Moscow, London, and Vienna; through 2/22. Gorney, 100 Greene St. (966-4480).

Bruce Sargeant/Mark Beard—Photography by Beard, and turn-of-the-century paintings by Sargeant, Beard's great-uncle; 2/1–3/9. Wessel + O'Connor, 242 W. 26th St. (242-8811).

Bianca Sforni—Monumentally scaled black-and-white photographs that portray a single organic object against a contrasting background; 1/23– 2/22. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

Boyd Webb—Photographs from the eighties; through 2/15. Bonakdar, 130 Prince St. (925-8035).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Michael Lucero: Sculpture 1976–1995." A survey of the artist's whimsical sculptures, many of which combine ceramic elements with found objects; through 2/16. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $2.50 seniors and students.

American Museum of Natural History—"Purposeful Traveler: Titian Ramsay Peale (1799–1885)." Paintings, illustrations, photographs, and memorabilia by and about the nineteenth-century artist-naturalist Titian Ramsay Peale, who was the youngest son of the Philadelphia painter Charles Willson Peale; through 2/28. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs.

10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $7 suggested contribution, $5 students and seniors, $4 children.

Asia Society—"Contemporary Art in Asia: Traditions/Tensions"; through 2/2. . . . "The Grand Tour: Photographs by Guy Weill"; through 1/26. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400), Tues., Wed., Fri., and Sat. 11–8, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors, free Thurs. 6–8.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"The Brilliance of Swedish Glass, 1918–1939: An Alliance of Art and Industry." A survey focusing on the leading artists of the period between the world wars and the aesthetic and technical innovations that established the Swedish glass industry; through 2/2. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Artist in the Marketplace: Sixteenth Annual Exhibition." Works by 36 emerging artists living in the New York metropolitan area; through 2/16. . . . "Petrona Morrison and Veronica Ryan: Sculptural Works"; through 2/16. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; suggested donation $3, $2 students, $1 seniors.

Brooklyn Museum—"The Evidence of Things Not Seen: Drawings by Glenn Ligon"; through 2/9. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10-5; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum—"Mixing Messages: Graphic Design in Contemporary Culture." Works by various graphic designers, among them Fabien Baron, Art Chantry, April Greiman, Chip Kidd, and Paula Scher; through 2/16. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868), Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"Jean-Léon Gérome and the Classical Imagination"; through 2/15. . . . "Nineteenth-Century Photographs of Greece and Rome From the Collection of the Berkshire Museum"; through 2/15. 601 Fifth Ave. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Juan Muñoz: *A Place Called Abroad*." An installation of a streetlike environment occupied by groups of figures; through 6/29. . . . "Hanne Darboven: Kulturgeschicte 1880–1983"; through 6/29. . . . "Fred Sandback: Sculpture"; through 6/29. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $3 suggested contribution.

El Museo del Barrio—"Contemporanea: An Installation by Maria Elena Gonzalez." A site-specific installation by the Cuban-born artist that uses curved, backlit wooden panels covered with black rubber to transform the gallery into a quiet, dimly lit arena intended for the contemplation of the loss of loved ones to AIDS; through 4/13. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—"Severo and the Sea-Monsters." A survey of the Frick's collection of works by the Northern Italian Renaissance master Severo da Ravenna, celebrating its recent gift of Severo's bronze *Sea-Monster;* through 3/9. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery & Study Center—"The First Steps: Emerging Artists From Japan." Paintings, sculpture, drawings, video, and mixed-media installations by ten Japanese artists; through 2/21. New York University, 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8:30, Sat. 11–5; $2.50 suggested donation.

Guggenheim Museum—"Rrose is a Rrose is a Rrose: Gender Performance in Photography." An exhibition that explores the various ways in which identity has been theatrically constructed in photography, from Man Ray's 1921 portrait of Marcel Duchamp as his feminine alter-ego Rrose Sélavy to the self-portraiture and computer-generated images of contemporary artists; through 4/27. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $10, $5 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Hugo Boss Prize." Works by Matthew Barney, the winner of this year's prize, and by Laurie Anderson, Janine Antoni, Stan Douglas, Yasumasa Morimura, and Cai Guo Qiang; through 2/15. . . . "Bill Viola: Fire, Water, Breath." Two new video installations; through 3/23. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8, Sun. 11–6; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"A Witness to History: Yevgeny Khaldei, Soviet Photojournalist." Images documenting major events during WWII by one of Russia's most important combat photographers; through 4/13. . . . "Morris Louis: The Charred Journal Series, 1951." The artist's black-and-white abstract paintings from his *Charred Journal* series that memorialize the loss of books burned by the Nazis during the Holocaust; through 4/13. . . . "Rico Lebrun: The Holocaust Paintings." Paintings and drawings executed between 1955 and 1959 that were based on photographs the artist found in the 1946 edition of *U.S. Camera Annual*, published shortly after the liberation of the concentration camps; through 4/13. . . . "Holidays! Jewish Seasons and Celebrations"; through 4/19. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Lower East Side Tenement Museum—"The Chamber Pot Show," with works by Amanda Church, Steve DeFrank, Thomas Lannigan-Schmidt, others; through 4/6. 66 Allen St. (431-4223), Tues.–Fri. 12–5.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Giambattista Tiepolo." America's first major retrospective of the eighteenth-century Italian master's paintings and etchings; 1/25–4/27. . . . "Christian Dior." A retrospective of the designer's works drawn mainly from the collection of the museum's Costume Institute; through 3/23. . . . "Charles Rennie Mackintosh." A survey featuring approximately 250 works by the celebrated Scottish architect and designer (1868–1928); through 2/16. . . . "City and Country: Four New York Quilts"; through 2/23. . . . "Images of Women: Nineteenth-Century American Drawings and Watercolors"; through 2/2. . . . "Queen Nefertiti and the Royal Women: Images of Beauty from Ancient Egypt"; through 2/2. . . . "Enduring Rhythms: African Musical Instruments and the Americas"; through 3/30. . . . "The Art of the Renaissance Woodworker: The Gubbio Studiolo Restored." An exhibition that complements the museum's recent installation of a room of inlaid trompe-l'oeil panels that was once the *studiolo* of Duke Federico da Montefeltro; through 4/97. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September).

Museum of American Folk Art—"The Alternative World of Henry Darger." A retrospective of paintings by the self-taught Chicago artist (1892–1973) best known for his eccentric watercolor narratives in which little girls struggle to escape enslavement by ruthless male warriors; through 4/27. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Willem de Kooning: The Late Paintings, the 1980s." The artist, who ceased painting in 1990, painted the 40 canvases in this exhibition between 1981 and 1987; 1/26–4/29. . . . "Projects: Bul Lee/Chie Matsui"; 1/23–3/25. . . . "The Maximal Sixties: Pop, Op, Figuration." Pop, Op, and Kinetic artworks from the museum's collection; through 4/29. . . . "New Photography 12: Richard Billingham, Thomas Demand, Osamu Kanemura, Sophie Ristelhueber, Georgina Starr, Wolfgang Tillmans"; through 2/4. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed.; $8, $5 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish).

Museum of the City of New York—"New York Toy Stories." A selection of toys from the museum's collection, ranging in date from the eighteenth century to the present; through 4/27. . . . "Back in the Days: East Harlem Old and Young"; through 3/23. . . . "The Art of Politics: Cartoons by Cassel, Kirby, & Arlt"; through 4/6. . . . "A Museum For a New Century: The Museum of the City of New York in the 21st Century"; through 6/29. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"A Community of Creativity: A Century of MacDowell Colony Artists." A survey of paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by artists chosen to reside at the colony since the turn of the century; through 3/23. . . . "Theodore Clement Steele: An American Master of Light." Landscape and figurative paintings by the American Impressionist (1847–1926) from Indiana; through 3/9. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Carolee Schneeman: Up To and Including Her Limits." The first museum exhibit in the United States devoted to the work of this artist, a key figure since the sixties in the development of performance and body-based art; through 1/26. . . . "Enclosures: New Site-Specific Installations by Nedko Solakov, Teresita Fernandez, and Hale Tenger; through 1/26. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed., Thurs., Fri., and Sun. 12–6, Sat. 12–8 (6–8 free); $4, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New York Public Library—"Artful Interiors: Rooms With a View." A survey of architectural and design publications covering the period 1750 to 1950; through 3/29. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Scaasi: The Joy of Dressing Up." A 40-year retrospective of the designer's work; through 2/9. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Tiepolo and His Circle: Drawings in American Collections." Drawings by the eighteenth-century Venetian master Giambattista Tiepolo, as well as works by his sons, Domenico and Lorenzo, and his pupils, on loan from public and private American collections; through 4/13. . . . "Around Tiepolo: Eighteenth-Century Venetian Drawings in the Pierpont Morgan Library"; through 4/13. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Growing Forward: Prints, Drawings, Sculpture, and Public Art by Richard Hunt, 1986–1996." An exhibition that interprets the influences of African-American history and culture, biology, and the urban industrial environment on the artist's work; through 6/29/97. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5; Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Making Mischief: Dada Invades New York." A survey of works by Marcel Duchamp, Francis Picabia, Man Ray, and other artists associated with New York Dada; through 2/23. . . . "Collection in Context: Raphael Montañez Ortiz: Early Destruction, 1957–67." Works by a central member of the Destructivism movement; through 3/9. . . . "A Passion for Pictures: Selections From the Charles Carpenter, Jr. Collection and Selections From the Charles Simon Collection"; through 3/9. . . . "Charles Atlas: The Hanged One." A video installation in which Atlas collaborated with the late British performer and designer Leigh Bowery; through 3/9. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Romare Bearden in Black-and-White: Photomontage Projections 1964." Photomontages by the African-American artist (1914–1988) that mark his move from the pure abstraction of the fifties to the medium of collage; through 3/20. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. to 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 1/24 at 10 and 2: "English Furniture." On view from 1/18.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 1/29 at 10: "Important English and Continental Furniture and Decorations." On view from 1/25.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 1/22 at 10:15 and 2 and 1/23 at 10:15: "Arcade Furniture and Decorations." On view from 10:15. 1/25 at 2: "English Furniture." On view from 1/19.

restaurants

Seen Stealer...Cold-Weather Cook...Eros

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). Also, 1565 Second Ave., nr. 81st St. (288-4810). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

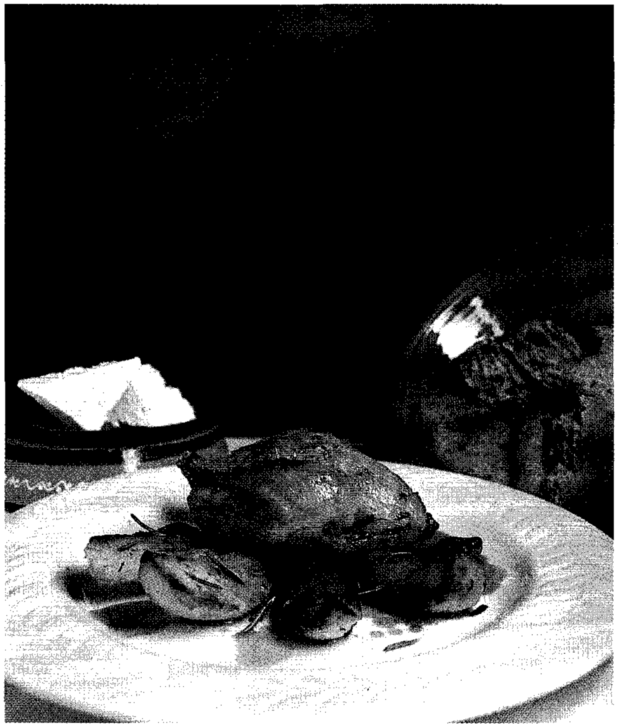
The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

Diva—Another hip spot on the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very charming narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

F.illi Ponte Ristorante—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. *39 Desbrosses St. (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Greatest Bar on Earth—This, the most casual component of the newly reopened Windows on the World complex, has become a popular meeting spot for downtown office workers and tourists. The view, obviously, can't be beat, and the snacky menu includes global bites like baby fried calamari, sushi and sashimi, and vodka pizza. Live music Thursday through Saturday. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*



Opening
Meze-Master

The recent face-lift at Eros has more to do with the menu—made more traditionally and specifically Greek by cookbook author Diane Kochilas—than with the loungy, surrealistic décor. Peloponnesian renditions of roasted chicken and potatoes, home-baked olive bread with ouzo and orange, plus a dozen savory meze, elevate this Sutton Place hangout to a gourmet destination. (1076 First Avenue, near 59th Street.)

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River valley farmers and their produce. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Pescadou—This innovative Provençal bistro serves fresh seafood enhanced by a variety of infused oils. Oyster fans will find a wide variety of fresh ones. *18 King St., at Sixth Ave. (924-3434). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—It's tough to compete with the stunning views from this lower-Manhattan perch, but the eclectic American menu makes a valiant effort. A stellar wine program and dishes like baby pheasant in Savoy cabbage and lobster with clam risotto give diners good reason to glance at the table from time to time. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

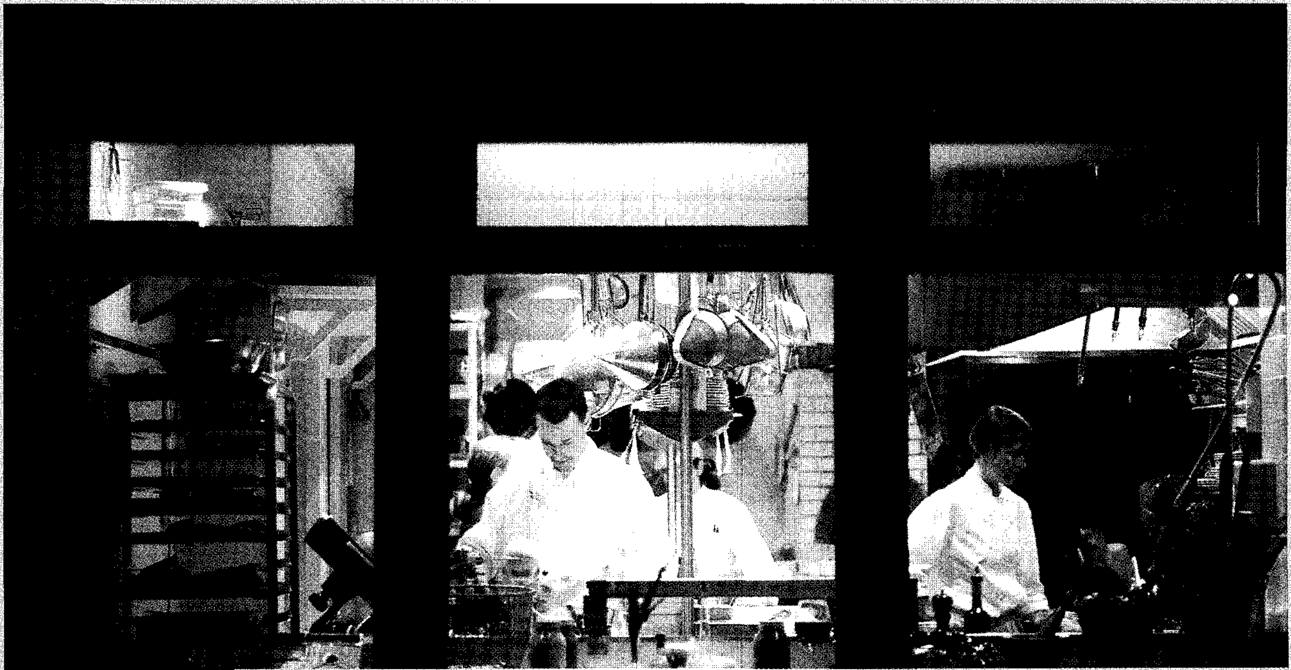
Zeppole at the TriBakery—TriBakery, the downtown bakery that morphs into a cozy Italian restaurant for lunch and dinner, has already won a loyal following with its fresh, tasty antipasti, deli-

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Photograph by Robert Wright.



ASK GAEL

Is the peanut-in-the-shell the new chic canapé?

If Eli Zabar serves them at his new Across the Street, they must be. We rushed over as soon as we learned that Seen Lippert, late of Chez Panisse, was at the range. Wow. First course: peanuts and Mom's old standby, celery and carrot sticks—excuse me, *crudité,* the menu says—with a blue-cheese dip. And the Southern fried chicken nested on rich mashed potatoes was sensational; ditto the biscuits. It's just a small countrylike café behind a news shop on 91st Street and York Avenue, but entrées can run as high as $28. That Eli. He never sleeps.

cious breads, and delectable pastas. Zeppoles, served in a paper bag, are a house specialty. *186 Franklin St. (431-1114). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Béla—A former kitchen-supplies store has been converted into this new eclectic American bistro with dark wood paneling, lofty ceilings, and a bustling bar. Smokers have a lounge all to themselves, and the menu, with such disparate selections as keema pizza and chicken tortillas with pumpkin-seed pesto, has a decidedly global bent. *316 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (475-0550). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post,* and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Grove Street—This casual Italian restaurant combines the charm of the West Village—180-year-old brick walls—with up-to-the-minute conveniences like a separate cigar lounge. Entrées include grilled lobster with jumbo prawns and grilled tuna with asparagus and shiitake mushrooms. *53 Grove St. (924-8299). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées, with live music on Friday nights. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tsunami—This contemporary Japanese restaurant frequented by neighboring NYU students and sushiphiles boasts the city's only revolving "water canal" sushi bar, with sushi boats that float by diners like a luggage carousel. The assortment of rolls includes spicy tuna, spider, and tropical, and the environment, thanks to the water theme, is soothing and serene. *70 W. 3rd St (475-7770). (I) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Bobby O's City Bites—Patrick Swayze's second restaurant (with partner Bobby Ochs) specializes in casual American fare like steak, sandwiches, pizzas, and soup. The laid-back atmosphere and affordable food draw a young neighborhood crowd that mingles and eats surrounded by enormous photos of celebrities taking—you guessed it—big bites. *560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like baby clams in green onion broth as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . .? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to

Photographs: this page, Ronnie Andren; opposite page, Steven Freeman.

thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Candela—A soaring space just off Union Square with medieval-theme décor and a contemporary American menu. Seared yellowfin tuna, braised lamb shank, and the random Asian influence as epitomized by the spicy chicken wontons indicate the chef's range. Light bites and a range of wines can be had at the already-buzzing bar. *116 E. 16th St. (254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Dionysos—This Greek newcomer on lower Fifth Avenue serves an eclectic assortment of the cuisine of the moment—Mediterranean specials like lamb Youvetsi, veal chop with mountain mushrooms, moussaka, and grilled octopus. *75 Fifth Ave., nr. 15th St. (229-2992). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Granville—Besides adhering to the current vogue for clubby, cigar-friendly hangouts, this Gramercy restaurant and lounge offers modern takes on American cuisine—lobster medallions with oxtail risotto, for instance. And the D.J. booth upstairs provides an alternative to the old-English-gent vibe. *40 E. 20th St. (253-9088). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like conca d'oro, pasta con sarde, and rabbit stew. Try the weekend brunch and the occasional historical dinner. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately-priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Charlton's—A traditional American steakhouse with dark wood, white tablecloths, and all the expected accoutrements. Besides beef, there are crabcakes, lamb chops, and homemade soups, plus an extensive list of wine and beer. *922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (688-4646). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

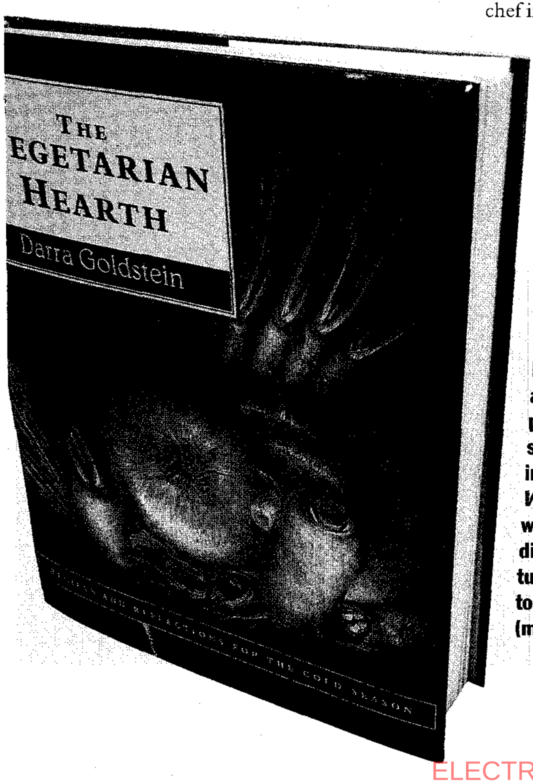
Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Domingo—Josefina Howard's foray into Spanish cooking is a homecoming of sorts. Downstairs there's a Castilian-style tapas bar; upstairs, a more traditional dining room with dramatic skylights. Drop in for churros y chocolate, or make a full meal of the regional Spanish specialties. *209 E. 49th St. (826-8154). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Perigord—This romantic French restaurant near Sutton Place is famous for its classically prepared, elegantly presented French cuisine. The regular clientele, with a liberal smattering of celebrities and diplomats, is the type that dresses for dinner—a good thing, since jackets are re-



In Print **Winter shouldn't preclude eating your vegetables, despite the dismal Dickensian visions of overboiled parsnips and turnips conjured by supermarket produce aisles. Darra Goldstein—a Russian professor at Williams College—infuses her new meatless cookbook, *The Vegetarian Hearth* (HarperCollins; $26), with her love of cold places (and their native dishes), from Uzbekistan (spicy squash turnovers) and Finland (cabbage pie soup) to Tibet (buckwheat salad) and New England (maple baked beans).**

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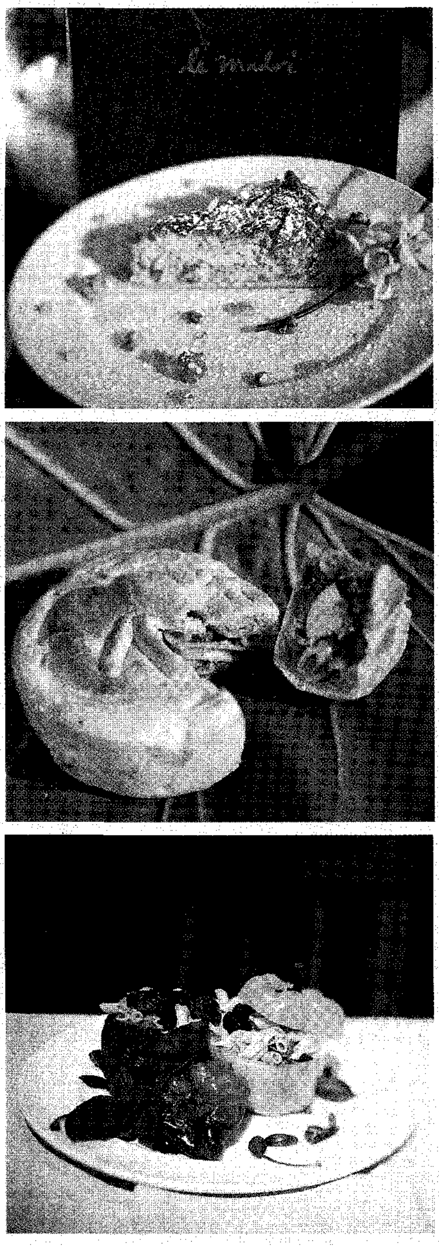

Tasting
Look Homeward, Angelo

Pino Luongo has made Angelo Sessa a happy man. For the first time in a decade-long American cooking career, Sessa, who became chef at Le Madri four months ago, is cooking the foods of his childhood, when his family lived above his mother's restaurant in Naples. For the next two months, Sessa will offer a Neapolitan tasting menu—changing each week—of authentic dishes that remind him that "even if I don't have my family, at least I have my food."

Sessa's gig at Le Madri is more than a little ironic; after all, his new boss could be credited for single-handedly launching—or at least mass-marketing—the Tuscan craze that's dominated Italian cooking here for the past fifteen years. Before Luongo opened Il Cantinori in 1983, Italian was practically synonymous with Neapolitan—specifically pizza, red sauce, and anything Parmesan. "But that's not *true* Southern Italian," says Sessa, whose luscious, lusty specialties have virtually nothing in common with the variations on a spaghetti-and-meatballs theme that predominate at the barely distinguishable checked-tablecloth joints around town. His menus ($45 for a four-course tasting menu; $30 for the three-course pretheater) aim to demonstrate the depth and range of the cuisine, which is particularly rich in fish and elaborate desserts. There's tender baby octopus in a tangy tomato-olive broth. A picture-perfect red pepper stuffed with penne puttanesca. Frittura di pesce, with cleanly fried and lightly battered whiting, shrimp, and calamari. A spectacular timpano di maccheroni, the pasta potpie made famous in *Big Night.* And to finish, a crumbly, amazingly light ricotta cheesecake ribboned with candied orange peel. "Oh, man," says Sessa, remarking both on cooking and eating his highly personal cuisine, "it feels so good to do that." ROBIN RAISFELD

Photographs by Kenneth Chen.

quired. Open Sundays. *405 E. 52nd St. (755-6244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Zaro's Bread Basket—Most famous for its baked goods, this quick-service midtown shop is also handy for take-out sandwich and salad lunches. *466 Lexington Ave., at 46th St. (292-0175). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district cafe popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Millenium Broadway (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castlelike setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ed Sullivan's—This restaurant's nostalgic location in the landmarked Ed Sullivan Theater informs its classic style, with "Hollywood" booths, 30-foot ceilings, and mahogany bars. The American menu—well-priced as a $21.95 pretheater prix fixe—offers such hearty fare as surf-and-turf and pan-seared scallops with truffle mashed potatoes. Live jazz and blues performed nightly. *1697 Broadway, nr. 53rd St. (541-1697). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Ellen's Stardust Diner—A tribute to that archetype of mid-century American gastronomy, this themey diner serves up iconic nourishment, from "Mom's meatloaf platter" to "grilled chicken T-bird" salad. *1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (956-5151). (I) AE, DC, MC.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Java Shop—A full-service coffee shop, offering take-out and waiter service. The American menu includes Belgian waffles, oven-baked fried chicken, salads, and breakfast served all day long. Charles Morris Mount created a sleek, contemporary design, with a java-influenced color scheme. *1611 Broadway, at 49th St. (246-1960). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. *135 W. 45th St. (869-5565). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JUdson Grill—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. *152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," and with the accomplished Lincoln Carson replacing pastry chef Richard Leach, the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. *60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes frito misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—French the way it used to be (the place is 41 years old), and thoroughly charming, reliable, and comforting. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

T.G.I. Friday's—When you crave the familiar, this casual American chain provides predictably decent grub like burgers, steaks, pastas and potato skins. *761 Seventh Ave., at 50th St. (767-8350). Also, seven other Manhattan locations. (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Torre di Pisa—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. *19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Akbar—Newly renovated, this Indian restaurant is cozy and colorful, with a stained-glass ceiling overhead. Business-minded types abound. *475 Park Ave., nr. 57th St. (838-1717). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mickey Mantle's—A sleek sports bar and restaurant with an art gallery, the requisite TV monitors, and a collection of vintage baseball jerseys. Features American cuisine like hickory-smoked baby back ribs, chicken-fried steak, and grilled swordfish. *42 Central Park So. (688-7777). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Motown Cafe—Motor City music, live and memorialized in showbiz displays, keeps the crowds lining up. So do the down-home midtown versions of barbecue, fried chicken, meatloaf, and crab cakes. *104 W. 57th St. (581-8030). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Townhouse Restaurant—A contemporary American restaurant with a devoted following, who come for the cozy reception and eclectic fare like lobster crab cakes and shrimp kebabs with ratatouille couscous. *206 E. 58th St. (826-6241). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

Cafe Pierre—The next best thing to room service is this warm, intimate dining room. Serving contemporary French cuisine, this is the perfect elegant spot to enjoy good food and discreet conversation. Dinner dancing, starting at nine Thursday through Saturday. *2 E. 61st St., in the Hotel Pierre (940-8195). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with

Opening
Dough Nut

Former bond trader Adam Pomerantz quit Merrill Lynch to open Murray's Bagels, a paean to the old-fashioned boiled-and-baked bread of his Brooklyn childhood (Murray's his dad). The dying art—practiced in hallowed shrines like Columbia and Ess-a-Bagel—calls for hand-rolling the dough and using malts in place of sugar. (500 Sixth Avenue, near 12th Street.)

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

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Pierre Au Tunnel

round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Hurricane Island—This American restaurant named for an island off the coast of Maine specializes, of course, in fresh lobster and seafood, and offers a better-than-average selection of microbrews with selections from Belgium and Germany. *1303 Third Ave., at 75th St. (717-6600). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

L'Absinthe—Chef Bergougnoux cooks exquisite contemporary and traditional French food for a most appreciative Upper East Side clientele. All the brasserie details, from the zinc bar and brass rails to the cheese tray and filleted-at-tableside sole meunière, feel more Right Bank than Manhattan. *227 E. 67th St. (794-4950). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Folie—An uptown spot with a downtown feel, serving eclectic French fare like bouillabaisse, tuna tartare, and fondue. Live jazz and a hopping bar scene. *1422 Third Ave., nr. 80th St. (744-6327). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. The food is drawn from all regions; the red snapper with fresh vegetables is a standout, as are the homemade desserts, and the wine list has won awards. Live piano music nightly. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

One Fish Two Fish—Fish is the theme here. Everything—shrimp parmigiana, steamers, quarter-pound Maine lobster—comes with as much salad and garlic bread as you can eat. *1399 Madison Ave., at 97th St. (369-5677). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Primola—Solid Italian fare for a more mature crowd who are practically all in jacket and tie, just off work or back from the weekend. Yes, that was Woody Allen. *1226 Second Ave., at 63rd St. (758-1775). (M) AE, MC, V.*

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tucci—This rustic Italian trattoria near Bloomingdale's is a good place for recharging after an afternoon of shopping or a double feature. The brick-oven pizza is a crowd-pleaser; the daily risotto and fish specials and the homemade pasta appeal to heartier appetites. *206 E. 63rd St. (355-9100). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Wilkinson's Seafood Restaurant—This elegant seafood restaurant in Yorkville features fresh renditions of favorites like Maryland crab cakes with black-bean-and-corn salad, and sautéed red snapper with roasted-garlic-and-rosemary sauce. Late-night complimentary cheese buffet, plus a large selection of vintage ports and cognacs. *1573 York Ave., nr. 83rd St. (535-5454). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Popolo—Italian on the Upper West Side, with everything we've come to expect: gourmet pizzas, classic pastas, and homemade tirami su. In warm weather, eat outdoors. *351 Columbus Ave., nr. 76th St. (362-1777). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel—*and* a completely au courant sushi bar. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Iridium Jazz Club—The American food in this subterranean jazz club will satisfy high and low cravings for everything from lobster to fried chicken. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Mendy's—This kosher deli proudly claims to be New York's only Jewish sports bar and serves hearty American fare like soups, salads, steaks, and chops. *208 W. 70th St. (877-6787). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

River—The *faux*-tropical atmosphere provides a serene background for the interesting amalgam of Southeast Asian food. Standouts include pad thai, basil chicken, pork chops, and red snapper. *345 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 76th St. (579-1888). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Sfuzzi—The Manhattan branches of this national chain offer upscale pasta and pizza, in a casual, festive atmosphere. Popular among the drink-after-the-market-closes crowd, and other Upper West Siders heading home after a long day on Wall Street. *58 W. 65th St. (873-3700). Also, 2 World Financial Center (385-8080). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Lundy Bros.—A restored Brooklyn landmark serving a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializing in fresh seafood. Don't miss the raw bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, V.*

nightlife

Fountains of Wayne...Kansas City All-Stars

Performance Worth Your Weill

Marianne Faithfull puts on three nights' worth of the solemnly cockeyed works of Kurt Weill. January 24 and 25 at BAM, she's backed by the Brooklyn Philharmonic for *Parables of Death;* the twenty-eighth finds her at the Supper Club, performing songs by the twenties German tunesmith in the cabaret-style *Twentieth Century Blues.*

Concerts

Tori Amos—Her image may be forever hitched to quirkiness, but pianist–singer–one woman freak show Amos is using this show to address some very concrete concerns: It's the inaugural benefit for her new organization, RAINN (Rape, Abuse, Incest National Network). 1/23 at 8 P.M. *The Theatre at Madison Square Garden. (307-7171). Sold out.*

Phil Cunningham & Aly Bain—Music of Scotland and Ireland 1/26 at 8 P.M. *Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400). $14–$18.*

Marianne Faithfull—In *Parables of Death,* the gravel-voiced chanteuse gives the full orchestral treatment to a set of Kurt Weill songs, as well as works by Tchaikovsky and Sibelius. The singer, with her Edith Piaf–as–rocker delivery, is better suited to Weill's artfully stilted, off-kilter compositions than one might initially believe. 1/24–1/25 at 8 P.M. (Preconcert discussion by Robert Spano at 7). *BAM Opera House, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (212-307-4100). $15–$35.*

Gershwin: A Portrait in Jazz—The Carnegie Hall Jazz Band (with guest conductor Maria Schneider, and guests Michel Camilo and Nneena Freelon) continues a two-year celebration of the Gershwin brothers' centennials. The bill includes selections from *Porgy & Bess* and other less-than-festive compositions that were left out of Ira's birthday concert last month. 1/23 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave. (247-7800). $18–$55.*

Joe Henderson/Charlie Haden/Kansas City All-Star Band—The "Verve Jazz Fest" tour—a veritable jazz Lollapalooza—hits town like a multigenerational hurricane. The All-Stars' young lions (James Carter, Kevin Mahogany) play the music of Kansas City, circa 1934; hard-bop tenor titan Henderson gives up the big band life to head a trio with George Mraz and Al Foster; and bass great Charlie Haden's decade-old Quartet West supplies lovely, post-free jazz style. 1/25 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824). $35–$40.*

"Key Players"—As if 88 keys weren't thunder enough, the second installment of this pianocentric series packs up to *264* of them—all wielded by expert jazz hands—onstage at once for a lavish "keyboard banquet." Pianists Geoffrey Keezer, Mulgrew Miller, and Harold Mabern (appropriately, a veteran of the late-sixties Piano Choir) do the ruckus-raising honors. Gives new meaning to the dynamic-notation *piano.* 1/27 at 8 P.M. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330).*

Lagni Sussu—"Griots of West Africa," a program of the music and song of the Mandingo and Fulani people. 1/24 at 8 P.M. *Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. (545-7536). $11–$14.*

Los Pleneros de la 21—"Music and Dance of Puerto Rico." This utterly rocking percussion ensemble's infectious energy arouses the kind of jump-up-and-sing-along enthusiasm you look for in a show like this. 1/25 at 8 P.M. *Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400). $14–$18.*

Smashing Pumpkins—The Windy City's unlikely arena-rock heroes have spent the fall and winter proving that there really is no such thing as bad publicity. Despite its high-profile drug troubles over the summer (does one death and one arrest sound bad enough?), the band continues to fill sports venues across the land, and with triumphal panache, at that. With Fountains of Wayne (see essay). 1/24 at 7:30 P.M. *Nassau Coliseum, Mitchel Field Complex, Uniondale, L.I. (307-7171). $25.*

"Warmer by the Stove"—The first two installments of a four-part improvised music series. 1/27: the Russian Dragon Band, featuring Art Lande, Kahbu Doug Young, Bruce Williamson, and Dwight Killian. 1/28: *Rare Sightings: Midwest Eccentrics,* with Hal Rammel (playing such instruments as saw, "triolin," and the Seuss-esque "single-string snath") and Steve Nelson-Raney on saxophone. All shows at 8 P.M. *Lotus Fine Arts Center, 109 W. 27th St. (627-1076). $8 nightly.*

What Is American Music?—Bobby Short and Schuyler Chapin host a wildly diverse program that joins works by seven composers, among them Scott Joplin, Charles Ives, Stephen Foster, and George Gershwin. Performers include the youthful, virtuosic jazz pianist Cyrus Chestnut, the quirky synthesizer and organ pioneer Dick Hyman, and the reigning champs of Ivy League a cappella, the Yale Whiffenpoofs. 1/25 at 8 P.M. *The 92nd St. Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100). $20.*

Clubland

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 1/23: Doc Watson; Richard Buckner. 1/24–1/25: Rockapella; Kevin Bacon's vanity project/roots band the Bacon Brothers (he'll play "Footloose" if you ask nicely). *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. Shows nightly at 9. 1/22: Coyote Shivers. 1/25: Antietam. 1/26: Karate. 1/27: Noel Redding (*the* Noel Redding, of the Jimi Hendrix Experience!) and Friends. 1/28: Dash Riprock; The Gravel Pit. 1/29: Apples in Stereo. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—The Holmes Brothers, a local quartet that unites gritty blues with countrified pedal steel guitar and disco-worthy falsetto harmonies. This band must be seen to be believed—so go see them 1/24–1/25. 1/18: Junior Wells. 1/30: Ivy League grad student meets Harlem street singer in the form of Satan & Adam. 1/31: the Heavy Metal Horns. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—St. Marks, not Coney Island, but still thrills and spills a plenty, with seedy outer-borough ambience and bands picked by Jesse Malin, lead singer of local punk-preservationists D Generation. Every fourth Saturday night belongs to the famed trash-rock party Green Door NYC. Jayne County revives the early-seventies proto-

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Photograph by Nick Knight.

punk scene on a weekly basis with Max's Kansas City Wednesdays. 1/22: Lysergic; Frogpond; Lughead. After the bands play, guest D.J. Joey Ramone spins classic punk platters. 1/24: Nada Surf, whose MTV glory may have temporarily faded, but whose smart alterna-pop is no less appealing. 1/25: Fat Bag. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

The Cooler—The meatpacking district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 1/22: Urban Desire party. 1/23: Sunday Puncher; the Cogs. 1/24: Sergey Kuryokhin Benefit: Auctyon; Ober-Manken; Project Object; Khvost. 1/25: the Defiant Ones (an offshoot of the original D.C. rastafarian-hardcore-punk band, Bad Brains); Funkface. 1/27: Sonic Youth guitarist Lee Ranaldo; Tony Conrad; Gerard Malanga. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush faux-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today, or ever. Hidden beneath the Time Cafe, Fez takes some ambition and assertiveness to access on a crowded night. 1/21: Deb Pasternak; Professor & Maryann; Richard Buckner. 1/24: Lars Vegas; Julia Greenberg; Lisa J. Cornelio. 1/25: Lazy Boy; Congo Norvell. 1/28: Michelle Lewis; Billy Mann. Every Wednesday, Fez presents Stella: An Evening of Big Room Comedy, featuring members of MTV's the State and other cutups. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—The Swans may have inspired a generation of "slow-core" bands like Codeine and Sebadoh to cut the tempo down to a crawl, but after seventeen years of struggle, they're calling it quits with this show. Catch the band that stopped it all, along with some youthful sonic heirs, Low, 1/24. The next night, the opposite pole of the alternative-rock spectrum blows into the Plaza in the guise of the Jesus Lizard, a band so heavy, manic, loud, and destructive, the city of Seattle has attempted to ban them from performing there. Opening for the Lizard will be Brainiac, an Ohio outfit whose live shows are models of fierce, funny rock insanity. 1/25. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars and some of the biggest names in now music. 1/28–1/29: the Dewar's Scottish Music Festival with Teenage Fanclub and Bis in the main space, poetry and bagpipe music in the AlterKnit Theater. Every Monday in January, Joe Gallant and Illuminati Big Band play the music of the Grateful Dead. (See jazz listings for other events.) *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 1/22: Dash Riprock. 1/25: Sleepy LaBeef. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Four New York boys whose previous bands (Skunk, Wider, Bullet LaVolta) were merely great, Chavez have synthesized a brand of lean, challenging, *loud* guitar-rock that is as smart in its melodies as it is complex in its structure. 1/26, with Tower Recordings. 1/21: the Gufs. 1/23: Freakwater; Richard Buckner. 1/24: Go to Blazes. 1/25: Elysian Fields. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 1/21: Albert Griffith and the Gladiators. 1/23: Nigerian hip-hopper Mike Okri. 1/24: Local zouk sensations Tabou Combo. 1/25: Katende. 1/27: John Silva and his orchestra. 1/28: Horace Andy; the Slackers. *204 Varick St. (243-4940)*

The Supper Club—After Marianne Faithfull's successful run at Rainbow and Stars last year in "Twentieth Century Pop," the gruff-voiced chanteuse returns to the cabaret format 1/28 with a vengeance, tackling *Twentieth Century Blues*—a set of Kurt Weill songs and other Weimar-era ditties including "Mack the Knife" and "Pirate Jenny." 1/24–1/25: Henry Prego and his Big Show Band. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by getting there early. 1/22: The smartest country band in the land, the Mavericks. 1/24: Majek Fashek. 1/25: Luther "Guitar Junior" Johnson; Jon Paris Band. 1/29: Goldfinger; Weston; Blue Meanies; Reel Big Fish. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 1/21: Second Sight, featuring Henry Kaiser and Grateful Dead sound sculptor Bob Bralove. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—Most 95-year-olds would consider themselves lucky to have the strength to go *see* a jazz concert, let alone give one. But that's how alto sax legend Benny Waters celebrates his 95th—with a three-night stand (1/23–1/25) beginning on the big day itself. 1/20–1/21: Russell Gunn. 1/26: Manny Duran. 1/27: Toshiko Akiyoshi. 1/28: "Jazz Jam." 1/29: Charles Blenzig Trio. *315 W. 44th St., bet. Eighth and Ninth Aves. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With first-rate sound and a great view from every seat in the house (the standing room area at the bar's not bad, either), the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. 1/21–1/26: Clark Terry Quintet; Harry "Sweets" Edison Jazz All Stars. 1/27: Tim Sessions Sextet. 1/28–2/2: Milt Jackson Quartet; James Moody Quartet. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Iridium Room—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy basement, along with the occasional legend. One of the latter, the great guitar innovator Les Paul, has moved his Monday night office hours here after the closing of his longtime haunt, Fat Tuesday's. 1/21–1/26: Wallace Roney Quintet, featuring Geri Allen. 1/28–2/2: Jimmy Heath. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Knitting Factory—1/21–1/24: Dutch percussionist Han Bennink plays two sets a night, each set in a duo with a different partner. Duettists range from avant-garde-jazz pianist Matthew Ship to Sonic Youth guitarist Lee Ranaldo. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish-night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (relatively) swinging jazz club. While no amount of imagination can render the institutional, linoleum-tile-and-fluorescent-tube décor any more inviting than your average café, the concept is fairly happening. 1/24: the Frank Kimbrough Quartet. *11 W. 53rd St. (708-0480).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Every Sunday, come for the Jazz Composers Forum and stay for the Across Seventh Street Septet. Every Monday, the Jason Lindner Big Band fills the joint. 1/22 Mike Kanin and Mark Turner quartet. 1/23: Gideon Feldstein sextet. 1/24–1/25: Bruce Cox quartet. 1/28: "Human Feel," featuring Kurt Rosenwinkle. 1/29: Sam Yahel Organ quartet. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Ed Sullivan's—Despite its name and location (it's tucked practically inside the Ed Sullivan Theater), the old-man bar turned chichi dining spot should not be confused with any of the odious theme restaurants that surround it. 1/25: Nick Palumbo and the Flipped Fedoras. Every Friday, Sullivan's is home to a band whose players cut their teeth during the actual swing era, the Harlem All-Stars. *1697 Broadway, bet. 53rd and 54th Sts. (541-1697).*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. 1/21–1/26: John Hicks Trio/Quintet. 1/28–2/2: Stanley Cowell Quartet. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Village Gate—Jazz and swing dancing nightly, from 10 P.M. to 2:30 A.M. 1/21–1/25: Roy Gerson Quartet. 1/28–2/1: Randy Sanke Quartet. *240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. 1/21–1/26: Wycliffe Gordon; Ronald Westray Quartet, with Cyrus Chestnut, Steve Kirby, and Alvester Garnett. 1/28–2/2: Brad Mehldau Trio. Mondays, the Van-

Performance

Kansas City Royals

Originally assembled to portray Depression-era greats like Fats Waller in Robert Altman's latest film, the Kansas City All-Star Band—Jesse Davis, Nicholas Payton, Mark Whitfield, Christian McBride, and nine other latter-day jazz luminaries—take the stage at Town Hall January 25. The triple bill's other headliners are Charlie Haden's Quartet West and mighty tenor saxist Joe Henderson, leading a trio.

Photograph by Eli Reed.

Talent

Stately Wayne Manner

"Some people thought it was a drug reference; some people thought it was a sexual thing. But Fountains of Wayne is this store in New Jersey that sells fountains," says Adam Schlesinger of the opaque moniker he and Chris Collingwood chose for their band. As to how the quartet (which opens for Smashing Pumpkins January 24 at Nassau Coliseum and headlines Tramps February 8) actually got named for a suburban lawn-ornament emporium, he elaborates: "It was a name that my mother suggested." Surely, two singer-guitarists who listen to Mom even when naming their rock group must be fresh-scrubbed, respectable fellows, right? Mostly. Their infectious, soaring guitar-pop addresses nonconfrontational, Beatlesque themes like alienated office drones and unworthy boyfriends. And before Fountains of Wayne's "Radiation Vibe" started seeing heavy radio play, Schlesinger scored with "That Thing You Do!"—the real hit he penned for the fictitious band in Tom Hanks's boomer-friendly movie of the same name. But Schlesinger and Collingwood do have a dark side: "When we were in college, a music professor gave us the keys to this little recording room," says Collingwood. "He tried to teach a class in there one day, and we had wired everything wrong. That's 'cause we're so counterculture." His partner in crime adds philosophically, "That's our idea of rebellion: miswiring the MIDI patch bay in college."

ETHAN SMITH

Fountain Heads: Collingwood and Schlesinger (center).

guard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M.and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Visiones—Spanish food and avant-ish jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. 1/21: Melissa Walker Quartet. 1/22–1/25: Chris Potter Quartet. Every Monday, Gil Evans protegé and composer Maria Schneider leads her excellent seventeen-piece orchestra at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust W. Tsilis Quartet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra show Fri. and Sat. at 1 A.M. *125 MacDougal St. (673-5576).*

Zinno—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. 1/20–1/26: Rufus Reid, Ron Jackson, and Anthony Wonsey. 1/27–2/1: Hilton Ruiz, Andy Gonzalez, and Joe Gonzalez. Sundays in January: Vera Masa, Paul Meyers, and Cid Teixeira. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Sundays: "All Star Comedy." Mondays: Open-mike night. Tuesdays: Eric Deskin hosts "Premium Smoke," a night of—no joke—cigars and comedy. Wednesdays: "Women of Comedy." Thursday: "Chupacabra Night," with Arnold Acevedo. Fridays and Saturdays, the club promises "the country's top comedians." Shows are at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. 1/22: Comedy Fiesta, with Michael DeLorenzo; Julie Halston's New York. 1/24–1/26: John Pinette. 1/23–1/26: Paul Mooney. 1/28: Lionel. 1/29: Salsoul sketch comedy troupe; VH1 'droid John Fugelsang. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50, two-drink minimum.*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. 1/20–1/26: Ray Romano; Dave Attell; Gregg Rogell; Greer Barnes; Greg Giraldo; Tom Cotter. 1/27–2/2: Greer Barnes; Jeff Ross; Jim David; Rick Crom. Shows Fri. 9 P.M. and 11 P.M. Sat. 9 P.M.,, 10:45 P.M., and 12:30 A.M. and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. 1/21–1/28: Ian Bag, Jeff Ross, Mark Maron. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 1/20–1/26: Al Romero; Rick Scotti; Rich Ramirez. 1/27–2/2: Lenny Varnedoe; Richie Byrne; John Rizzo. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 P.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri.–Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. 1/24–1/25: Wally Collins; Tom Cotter; Greg Vacarello; Marc Maron. Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11:30 P.M. Cover is $12 plus two-drink minimum Fri.-Sat., $8 on weeknights. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—John Pizzarelli. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 P.M. (dinner at 6:30); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 P.M. (supper at 10:30). $20; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Cafe Carlyle— The fabulous Eartha Kitt (the original Cat Woman—as if anyone could forget) is back for an extended, two-month run. Tues.–Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $45; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Dutch Weisman's Winter Follies—A spectacularly un-p.c., quaintly anti-family-values revue, complete with showgirls, high living, and low comedy. Wed. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., Fri. and Sat. at 11. $35 cover. *108 W. 18th St. (645-7045).*

Eighty-Eight's—Every Tuesday in January, and 1/18: David Campbell. $12, with a two-drink minimum. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

Rainbow and Stars—1/21–2/1: Tony Danza. Yes, *that* Tony Danza. Singing and dancing. $40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; dinner required at early shows. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Bars

Angel's Share—Tucked discreetly inside an already-discreet second-story Japanese restaurant, this ultra-suave boîte is the ultimate in low-key hipness. The management admits only as many customers (about 30) as there are seats and routinely turns away large parties, to keep rabble-rousing to a minimum. The combination of seclusion, exclusivity, and the bar's legendarily precise (some say obsessive) bartenders results in perhaps the finest experience of its kind in the city. *9 Stuyvesant St., near 9th St. and Third Ave. (no phone).*

Orchard—The futuristic-terrarium theme of the spacious but unaustere new hang is entertaining without being just another irksome novelty. Occasional trees, branches, rock outcroppings, and moss-draped dioramas adorn the rear of the room, while the front section is lit by large specimen jars converted into lamps. Dig the countersunk, rear-projection TV near the ceiling. *200 Orchard St., nr. Houston. (673-5350).*

Riverrun—A hybrid beer hall–subway tunnel whose most architecturally significant objects are the phone-booth-size pissoirs. Have a beer with Danny, the best bartender in town. And have a boiled egg—they're free. While you're at it, drop a dime in the cheapest jukebox this side of 1940. *176 Franklin St., nr. Hudson St. (966-3894).*

Von—Understated, cozy décor; a choice selection of Belgian and English beers; slammin' D.J.'s; and a Sunday afternoon antiques market give Von an intimacy that appeals to quasi-boho publishing types and citizens of the hip-hop nation alike. *3 Bleecker St. (473-3039).*

Photograph by Joseph Cultice.

in concert

Karol Szymanowski Tribute...Project America

Classical Music

Tuesday, January 21

Philadelphia Orchestra—Performs works by Mozart, Debussy, and Milhaud with oboist Richard Woodhams; Franz Welser-Möst, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18–$70.*

Cassatt String Quartet—Performs works by Melinda Wagner, Daniel S. Godfrey, and Sydney Hodkinson. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St.(501-3330), at 8; $12.*

Wednesday, January 22

EOS Ensemble—Part of the second EOS Festival, entitled "Minimalism and the Baroque," this concert features Adams's *Nixon in China*, Act III, and Bach's *Well-Tempered Clavier. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$30.*

Thursday, January 23

New York Philharmonic—With cellist Yo-Yo Ma and violist Cynthia Phelps; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $20–$75.*

Music in the Time of Tiepolo—Countertenor Derak Lee Ragin performs works by Vivaldi and Marcello with the Aulos Ensemble. *Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (570-3949), at 8; $20.*

Friday, January 24

New York Philharmonic—See 1/22, at 11 A.M.

Eroica Trio—Performs works by Vivaldi, Zwilich, and Schoenfeld. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15.*

Vienna Chamber Orchestra—An all-Mozart program; Philippe Entremont, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15–$50.*

American Symphony Orchestra—"The Soul of Modern Poland: The Music of Karol Szymanowski"; Leon Botstein, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $18–$45.*

Saturday, January 25

What Is American Music?—The inaugural concert in Project America, a multiyear program of national culture. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $20.*

New York Philharmonic—See 1/22.

Sunday, January 26

Teresa Berganza, Mezzo-Soprano—Performs with pianist Juan-Antonio Alvarez. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 5; $40.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana* and Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci*, 1/21 at 8, 1/25 at 1:30; Bellini's *I Puritani*, 1/22 at 8, 1/25 at 8; Puccini's *La Bohème*, 1/23 at 7:30; *Le nozze di Figaro*, 1/24 at 8, 1/27 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $23–$250.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Dance

Altogether Different Festival—Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7:30. Through 1/26. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $17.*

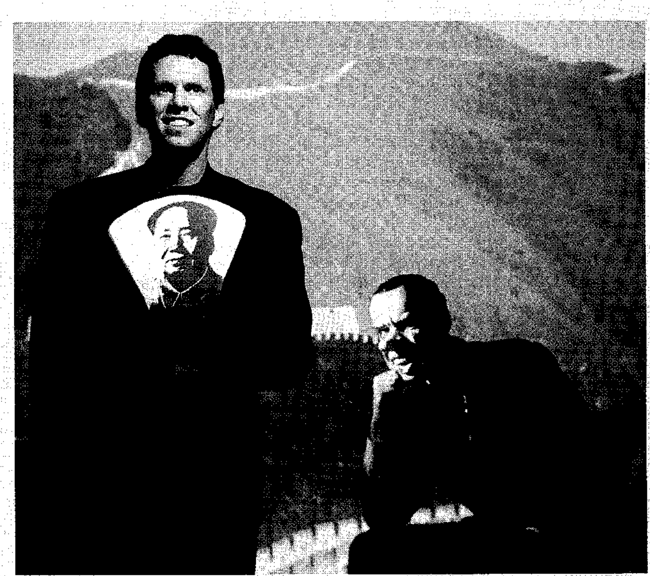
Buto-Sha Tenkei—1/24 and 1/25 at 8. *Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.(752-3015); $20.*

Mazowsze—Polish folk music and dance. 1/26 at 2. *Gershwin Theatre, Campus Rd. and Hillel Place, Brooklyn (718-951-4500); $23–$28.*

Roxane D'Orleans Juste—1/24 and 1/24 at 9, 1/25 and 1/26 at 8. *Merce Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St., 11th floor (924-0077); $12.*

New York City Ballet—Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, and Sun. at 3. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $22–$65.*

Talent Freestyle



Rewriting Bach doesn't sound like the smartest idea. Particularly rewriting the Baroque master in the manner of Philip Glass. But that's what Jonathan Sheffer has done, rescoring Bach's *Well-Tempered Clavier* as part of the analytically edged program for "Minimalism and the Baroque," the second three-day EOS Festival. "I noticed this startling similarity in two kinds of music that were 300 years apart," Sheffer says. In effect, he's translated Bach from a sonnet to free verse, picking up on the composer's latent modernity. "It's sort of free association."

And as composer, conductor, and founder of the upstart EOS Ensemble, Sheffer is indeed free. Frustrated by lack of opportunities to conduct in New York, Sheffer created EOS with money from foundations and his own savings, determined to bring new audiences to classical music through provocatively themed programs. Last year's festival, devoted to writer Paul Bowles's little-known music, was a huge success, and Sheffer hopes to attract its cult audience again with the inventive Minimalism-Baroque juxtaposition. The January 20 concert matches Steve Reich's *Eight Lines* with Handel's *Lucrezia*. On January 22, the Bach is teamed with a semi-staged version of John Adams's *Nixon in China*, which hasn't been performed since its premiere ten years ago. Both evenings combine straight orchestral performance with semi-staged opera. "I like the orchestra to be mobile, so it's not always sitting on the stage in tails," Sheffer says. Named for the Greek goddess of dawn—"We chose that because we felt that we were on the dawn of something"—EOS, mixing and matching composers and ensembles, operas and concerti, has at the very least broken the classical-concert mold. "Perhaps I feel too free, but I do whatever needs to be done," Sheffer says in his own defense. "A lot of works have a funny performing history, and you have to try to make decisions for yourself: 'What's the right way to perform the work *now*?' " ALEXANDRA LANGE

kids

Glass...Paper...Ice

Children's Events

I Got Rhythm—Children growing up, or visiting New York, really ought to get a Gershwin soundtrack going in their heads. Arrive early (at 1) for "Gershwin: A Portrait in Jazz," one of a series of family concerts at **CARNEGIE HALL,** to hear Charlotte Blake Alston tell tales on the main-hall stage beforehand, and see Jon Faddis, music director of the Carnegie Hall Jazz Band, introduce his trumpet and show off some of the sounds it can make. The concert with vocalist Nneena Freelon includes selections from *Porgy and Bess* and infectious Gershwin numbers like "It Ain't Necessarily So" (arranged by Gil Evans), "I Got Rhythm," and "Nice Work If You Can Get It." Recommended for kids 7 and older. January 25 at 2. 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800). $5.●

Performance In the Bag

'Our work is highly untechnical. You see the automobile and you say, 'That's just one of those big refrigerator boxes turned on its side; I know how they do that!' " Judith Martin, artistic director of the Paper Bag Players, says with pride. Characters get into a bed by stepping behind an enormous sheet of paper and "make" cookies by drawing them with a Magic Marker. Understanding how things are done is fun for a young audience and, says Martin, "creates a wonderful bridge between us and them." *The Horrible Horrendous Hideous Haircut,* a collection of the six-member ensemble's short pieces (at the Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse January 25 through March 2), includes that familiar *uh-oh* moment after the haircut. Knowing laughs break out as the audience—of mostly 4-to-8-year-old kids and their parents—watches a woman try to cook dinner with what turn out to be jumping beans. They need to jump; she needs to cook—a nice metaphor for the real-life frustrations that kids and grown-ups often feel in each other's company. Still surprising to Martin—a founding member of the group, which began performing in 1958—is the hush that comes over the audience with an elliptical piece like "Postman's Dream," which ends when the main character wonders out loud whether he is in reality a postman dreaming he is a butterfly, or a butterfly dreaming he is a postman: "I would think the piece would be too lyrical, too abstract for children." As it turns out, Martin thinks, pieces like this give children something they didn't know they wanted. "Everybody works so hard to try to sell stuff to kids, and to amuse them, that children don't get to have much poetry in their lives. And they like poetry."

BARBARA ENSOR

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Meet the Music—Children can hear homegrown sounds, played and sung by virtuoso performers, at a family concert presented by the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center. "The American Imagination" includes Leonard Bernstein's *Sonata for Clarinet and Piano* and George Hamilton Green's *Ragtime Pieces for Xylophone and Piano.* Rita Dove—a Pulitzer Prize winner and former poet laureate—recites poetry and talks with the audience. The performance, the second in a series of three 50-minute programs, is geared for families with 6-to-12-year-old children. 1/26 at 2. **ALICE TULLY HALL** (875-5775). $12.●

Hello Muddah, Hello Faddah—Avoid those miserable come-and-get-me calls from your teenager in the dog days of summer by choosing the right camp—or other summer program—in the first place. The **92ND ST. Y'S** free Summer '97 Teen Fair will have representatives from about twenty "adventure"-oriented, academic, sports, arts, community-service, and travel activities on hand to discuss details. 1/26 from noon to 4. 1395 Lexington Ave. For more information, call Julie Wolpov at 415-5614.●●

The Spirit of Pocahontas—If you aren't yet familiar with the "Walt Disney's World on Ice" school of movie spin-offs, look for an essentially color-by-numbers version of the movie in question with the familiar soundtrack abridged a bit, inventive no-expense-spared transformation of the story onto ice, and, of course, spectacular skating. Kids of all stripes enjoy the adaptations, whether or not they've seen the movies (or their parents condone the Disneyfication of all literature). Up to three performances a day are at **CONTINENTAL AIRLINES ARENA** 1/21–26; **NASSAU MEMORIAL COLISEUM** 1/28–2/2. Call 212-307-7171. Ticket prices range from $13.50 to $37.50.

Freedom Train—Theatreworks's rousing, classic musical (in its twenty-second year) about Harriet Tubman and the Underground Railroad includes wonderful period songs like "Good News, the Chariot's a' Comin' " and "Steal Away." 1/25 and 1/26 at 12:30. **THE PROMENADE THEATER,** 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (677-5959); $18.50. Reserve.●

Three Wishes—**TADA!**'s *Little Moon Theater* is a musical about a group of traveling players who manage to grant wishes as they go—and tangle with a fairy godmother. Through 1/26. 120 W. 28th St. (627-1732); $12 adults, $6 kids.●

Playback—If these toys could but talk: The teddy bear that kept a nun company in a convent for 50 years, a peashooter made by a Brooklyn boy, and Barbie in a Calvin Klein–designed outfit: "New York Toy Stories," the ultimate transgenerational outing, runs through 4/27. **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,** Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Hours are Wed. through Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5. Suggested contribution $5, $4 seniors, students, and children, $10 families.

Glass Blast—To go with the current exhibit of Swedish glass at the **BARD GRADUATE CENTER**: a workshop where kids aged 6 to 12 (and adult companions) can embellish a glass tumbler and a paperweight. The workshop is repeated 1/26, 2/1, and 2/23 from 1 to 3. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3011). $8 includes materials and refreshments. Register.

cue

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Radio Highlights

The WFUV Long Player—1/23: Iris DeMent's *The Way I Should.* 7 to 9 P.M. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

The Thistle and Shamrock—1/25: The annual tribute to Scotland's national bard, Robert Burns. At noon. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Mountain Stage—1/24 and 26: Featuring Taj Mahal, Richie Havens, Rusted Root, Barenaked Ladies. Fridays at 2 P.M., Sundays at 7 P.M. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Concert Artist Guild's "Artists-In-Radio"—1/26 through 4/20: A project which examines music and music-making through performance and conversation with resident artists. On 1/26, the Bachmann-Klibonoff-Fridman Trio will be featured. Fridays at 2 P.M., Saturdays at 9 P.M. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Amsterdam Mahler—1/26: Mahler selections from the Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra with Riccardo Chailly, conductor. Sundays at 1. WNYC, 93.9 FM.

New York & Company—1/22: Charles Evers, Eroica Trio, Jeanne Jordan, and Steven Ascher; 1/23: Star Parker, Diane Ackerman, Bill Irwin; 1/24: Brett Wood; 1/27: John Hockenberry, Larry McMurtry, and Diana Ossana; 1/28: Phillip Lopate, Marlo Thomas, Stan Freberg; 1/29: Calvin Trillin, Bill Rider, Matt Groening and Robert Mankoff. Leonard Lopate hosts. WNYC, 820 AM.

Symphony Hall—1/22: Shostakovich's *Festive Overture,* Sibelius's Symphony No. 2 in D. 1/23: Clementi's Symphony in D, Lalo's Symphony in G. 1/24: Rimsky-Korsakov's *The Maid of Pskov,* Brahms's Symphony No. 4 in E. 1/27: Mozart's Hom Concerto No. 1 in D, Mozart's Symphony No. 36 in C. 1/28: Herald's *Zampa:* Overture, Chopin's Piano Concerto No. 1 in E. 1/29: Haydn's Symphony No. 88 in G, Delius's Violin Concerto. Weeknights at 8. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Texaco–Metropolitan Opera—1/25 at 1:30: *Mascagni/Leoncavallo.* Dolora Zajick, Fabio Armiliato, Bruno Pola, Diana Soviero, Johan Botha, Leo Nucci, and Anthony Michaels-Moore with the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra and Chorus. Simone Young conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Sunday Night Opera House—1/26 at 8: Puccini's *Turandot.* Birgit Nilsson, Renata Tebaldi, Georgia Tozzi, and Jussi Bjoerling with the Rome Opera Orchestra and Chorus, Erich Leinsdorf conducting. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

The Written Word

From Literature to Lyric—1/20 at 7:30: Writers in Performance/Manhattan Theatre Club, featuring John Guare, Arthur Laurents, and Bert Fink. At City Centre, 131 W. 55th. St. (645-5848); $10.

Cindy Nemser Interviews Jill Krementz—1/22 at 7:30: A discussion of their work. Barnes & Noble Chelsea, 675 Sixth Ave. (727-1672); free.

Jessica Hagedorn and Patrick McGrath—1/23 at 6:30: Reading from their recent work. Mad Alex/Biblio's, 317 Church St. (344-6990); $3.

Johanna Keller, Michelle Wolf, Ellen Sobelman, Mark Svengold—1/23 at 7:30: Reading from their recent work. Barrow Street Readings/Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St., Brooklyn Heights (777-7343); $7.

Francine Witte and Open—1/26 at 3:15: A reading followed by an open mike. Poet to Poet/Back Fence, 155 Bleecker St.; $2.

Tribute to Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.—1/20 at 8: An evening of gospel music and the words of MLK. Poetry Project/St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (674-0910); $7.

Harry Mathews—1/21 at 6:30: Reading from his recent work. American Irish History Society, 991 Fifth Ave., (288-2263).

Michael Dorris—1/21 at 7:30: Reading from *Cloud Chamber.* Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

David Lipsky and Kim Benabib—1/21 at 7: Reading from their new novels. At Posman Books, 1 University Place, (533-2665); free.

Roberta Allen, Roy Edroso, Frazier Russell—1/24 at 10:30: Reading from their recent fiction and poetry. Poetry Project/St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (674-0910); $7.

Valerie Miner—1/24 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Winter's Edge.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Carl Rollyson—1/26 at 7: Discussing *Rebecca West: A Life.* Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

Kenneth Koch and Ron Padgett—1/26 at 7:30: New York School Poets will read from their vast collection of work. Posman Books, 1 University Place. (533-2665); free.

Manufacturing Desire: An Evening of Very Short Readings About Advertising, Media, and Consumer Culture—1/27 at 7: An evening of readings and performances on topics ranging from the uses of slang in advertising to celebrity perfumes and Web marketing. Featured writers include *New York*'s "Cityscape" columnist Karrie Jacobs, Jesse Sheidlower, Stephanie Syman, Tom Vanderbilt, Jonathan Hoefler, and Aaron Landsman. At The Puffin Room, 435 Broome St. (292-0900).

Larry McMurtry and Diana Ossana—1/27 at 8: Reading from their work. Unterberg Poetry Center at the 92nd St. Y., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100); $12.

Dale Peck—1/27 at 7: Reading from *The Law of Enclosures.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Small and Independent Presses: In the Age of Internet—1/29 at 6: Featuring John Oakes, Jean Casella, Betty Smith, and others. Seagram Building, 375 Park Ave., fourth floor conference room (675-7805); $10.

Brenda Coultas, Carol Szamatowicz—1/29 at 8: Poetry Project/St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (674-0910); $7.

Colin Harrison—1/29 at 7: The kickoff event of the Gotham Readers series *New York Noir: Crime Fiction and the City.* Harrison will read from his novel *Manhattan Nocturne.* The Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672, ext. 207); $7.

Lectures and Panels

Judaism and Christianity—1/22 at 7:30: Rabbi Gary M. Bretton-Granatoor will present the first of four lectures probing the development of Rabbinic Judaism and early Christianity and their relationship. Stephen Wise Free Synagogue, 30 W. 68th St. (877-4050); $20 for the series.

Haki Madhubuti, "How Can We Build Independent Black Institutions in a Pluralistic Society?"—1/23 at 6: As part of NYU's "Black Genius" forum, the founder of Third World Press and the Institute of Positive Education/New Concepts School in Chicago will present his views and discuss his work. Vanderbilt Hall, Tishman Auditorium, 40 Washington Square So. (998-2130); free.

Hardtime Stories and Morning Glories: Life in a Tenement—1/25 at 2: In honor of the Lower East Side Tenement Museum's model of an 1863 tenement now at the Museum of the City of New York, Ruth Abram will speak on life in the tenements. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave. (534-1672).

Crime—1/25 at 11 A.M.: Speakers include Ruth Messinger, Deborah Glick, Tom Duane, Jerry Nadler, Carolyn Maloney, and Catherine

Shopping **So accustomed are we to the contemporary ideal of a neutral, streamlined wardrobe that it's easy to forget how transforming an extravagant piece of couture can feel. Suzie Wong silk dresses, Pucci skirts, sixties swimsuits, seventies sandals (below), and pieces from Dior, Fortuny, Galanos, and Chanel jog your memory at the Vintage Fashion and Antique Textile Show.** ***(Metropolitan Art & Antiques, 110 W. 19th St. See listings.)***

Abate. Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Square So. (477-1899); free.

Garry Trudeau—1/28 at 8: Renowned satirist and *Doonesbury* creator Trudeau will discuss themes from his book *What a Long, Strange Strip It's Been*. The 92nd St. Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St.; for further information, call 996-1100, $18.

Diane Ackerman on the Human Mind—1/23 at 8:15: A discussion with this acclaimed author. The 92nd St. Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100); $18.

Jewish Feminism—1/28 at 8:15: A discussion with Paula Hyman, Dr. Nechama Liss-Levinson, Nessa Rapoport, and Susan Weidman Schneider. The 92nd St. Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100); $12.

Random House Literary Breakfast—1/21 at 8:30 A.M.: Moderator Harold Evans talks with panelists William F. Buckley Jr., Roy Blount Jr., A.M. Rosenthal, Sapphire, Jesse Sheidlower, and Steven Sondheim about "Words: The Use and Abuse of Language." Fred's (at Barneys New York), 10 E. 51st St. (call 940-7480 to reserve a seat); $35.

Un Ballo in Maschera—1/22 at 6:15: John H. Muller from the Julliard School looks at the great Verdi opera. Kaplan Penthouse, tenth floor, Rose Building, 70 Lincoln Center Plaza. (769-7028); $10 in advance, $12 at the door.

Wozzeck—1/29 at 6:15: Harlow Robinson, chairman of the Department of Modern Languages at Northeastern University, and stage director Mark Lamos look at the Met's new production of Alban Berg's work. Kaplan Penthouse, tenth floor, Rose Building, 70 Lincoln Center Plaza. (769-7028); $10 in advance, $12 at the door.

The Amazing Diversity of the Tropical Forest: From Brazil to the New York Botanical Garden—1/23 at 6:15: Tropical forests, which occupy only 7 percent of the world's surface, possess as many as two thirds of the world's plants and animals. Learn about these areas and how the New York Botanical Garden is attempting to preserve them with Dr. Scott A. Mori. The Rockefeller University, Caspary Hall, 1230 York Ave., at 66th St. For more information and registration, call 718-817-8747.

Tours

Irish Ellis Island—1/25 at noon: A guided tour of the museum and grounds emphasizing Irish immigrant history. Meet at the flagpole at the center of Castle Clinton National Monument in Battery Park. Call Big Onion Tours at 439-1090 for additional information; $15 adults, $13 students and seniors.

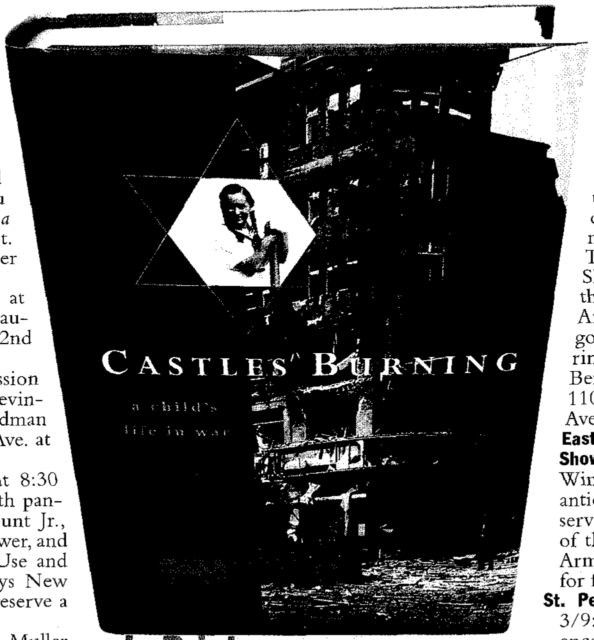
A Chocolate Lover's Guide to New York—1/26 at 11 A.M.: Visit several of New York's finest chocolatiers with chef Nina Kauder for tastings and demonstrations. Organized by the 92nd St. Y. Call 996-1100 to register; $65.

Soaring Heights: The Cathedral of St. John the Divine—1/26 at 1:30: Explore the world's largest Gothic cathedral, which is more than 100 years old (and is *still* under construction). The tour includes refreshments and a special visit to the Cathedral House built by J. P. Morgan. The leader is Tom Fedoreck, St. John's senior guide. Call 996-1100 to reserve; $20.

Historic TriBeCa—1/26 at 1: Visit one of New York's most fascinating neighborhoods; discover the architecture and history of TriBeCa. Call Big Onion Tours at 439-1090 for additional information; $9 adults, $7 students and seniors.

Events

Vintage Fashion and Antique Textile Show—1/31–2/2: Fabrics and garments from the 1800's through the 1970's. Features the fashions of Dior, Fortuny, Gucci, and Chanel. With more than 40 dealers from around the country. At Metropolitan Antiques, 110 W. 19th St. Call 463-0200 for



In Print
Trump *Castles*

The late Magda Denes's memoir, *Castles Burning*, is described in the blurbs accompanying it as "Holocaust literature," another "chronicle of World War II," "one more personal account of fascism in Europe" but nonetheless "surprising," "moving," "complex," and even "uplifting." Since good memoirs do indeed read like good novels, maybe it's time reviewers stopped being shocked that the former aren't routine nonfiction—eminently classifiable with a Dewey decimal, and of narrow and exhaustible interest. Denes's book, narrated by a preternaturally watchful 9-year-old in Budapest, is about life and brutal death. It is composed of calm, rhythmic sentences: "In the dark when I couldn't sleep, Ivan told me fairy tales in a whisper. . . . The tales were always intrinsically just. They progressed from peril to joy. . . . The prince rescued the princess. Losses were restored, and the near dead revived. Lack of caution was not a fatal error. Over the years of these whispered fables, I realized that my brother loved to tell them as much as I loved to listen to him. I also realized, with a thorn, that as the years passed, I believed the substance of these stories less and less. And then, less yet." A well-made book about life and death—even if the Holocaust is responsible for the latter—is *of course* "uplifting," in the unsentimental sense of being spiritually and aesthetically profitable. This beautiful book reminds us that literature turns sorrow into something worth knowing. (Norton; $24.) LINDA HALL

more information. $15 on Friday, $5 on Saturday and Sunday.

Project America—1/25 at 8: With "What is American Music?" the 92nd St. Y launches this multi-year, interdisciplinary program of concerts, lectures, and events surveying our nation's culture, ideas, people, and history. The evening's hosts are cabaret legend Bobby Short and Schuyler Chapin, commissioner of the New York City Department of Cultural Affairs; among the subjects to be addressed are gospel hymns, jazz, spirituals, chamber music, ring shout, Ives, Gillespie, Foster, Ellington, Bernstein, Gershwin, and Hendrix. Call 996-1100 for tickets. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. $20.

East Side House Settlement's Winter Antiques Show—Through 1/26: The forty-third annual Winter Antiques Show (the social peak of the antiques season) will benefit the largest multi-service organization in the Mott Haven section of the South Bronx. At the Seventh Regiment Armory, Park Ave. and 66th St.; call 265-9150 for further information.

St. Petersburg: A Cultural Celebration—Through 3/9: A visual- and performing-arts celebration encompassing more than 25 cultural institutions in St. Petersburg and New York. The World Financial Center, 200 Liberty St. Call 945-2600 for further information.

Exhibitions

The Treasures of the *San Diego*—Through 2/28. Sunken treasures from the 1600s. Among the artifacts on display: four cannons, navigational instruments, an ivory chess set, swords, and helmets. On display at The Philippine Center, Fifth Ave. and 45th St.; $4, $2 children. Call 922-3019 for further information.

The New Baroque: Early Dance Re-creations and Inspirations—Through 5/10. Twentieth-century encounters with Baroque dance and music, prints and illustrations of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century dance, and documentation of contemporary works. At the Dance Collection Reading Room of the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, 40 Lincoln Center Plaza (870-1630).

Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village—1/29 through 8/10. From the 1820s through the 1850s, a substantial African-American community known as Seneca Village thrived on what is now the west side of Central Park alongside the Great Lawn. This exhibition tells the story of that forgotten community. At the New York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park West (873-0509).

Sports

Snowshoeing Weekend—1/24–26. Knowing how to snowshoe gives certain entrance to the outdoorsy elites' upper room, kind of like knowing how to tie a fly. Another, perhaps lesser bonus: It's great exercise. Your accommodations for this trip to Keene Valley, NY, are a heated log cabin where you can lay your sleeping bag. Meals included. Prices range from $159 to $299. *Sponsored by Outdoor Bound, 505-1020. Reservations required.*

Super Bowl XXXI—1/26 at 6 P.M. (FOX). This year's version of the big game features the Patriots' defense, the Packers' offense, and everyone's favorite: the halftime show.

7th Annual Super Bowl Sunday 5K—1/26 at 10 A.M. Runners will finish in plenty of time to watch the game, and with the knowledge that they're more deserving of sipping a Cape Codder or an Old Milwaukee (depending on their team) than fellow fans. *Start and finish at Central Park's Engineer's Gate (Fifth Ave. and 90th St.). Race-day entrance fee is $13 for members, $20 for non-members. Call 860-4455.*

Gymnastics, Martial Arts, and Dance Classes at Chelsea Piers—Classes begin 1/27. If hour-long gymnastics classes for adults seem a bit dubious or even

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

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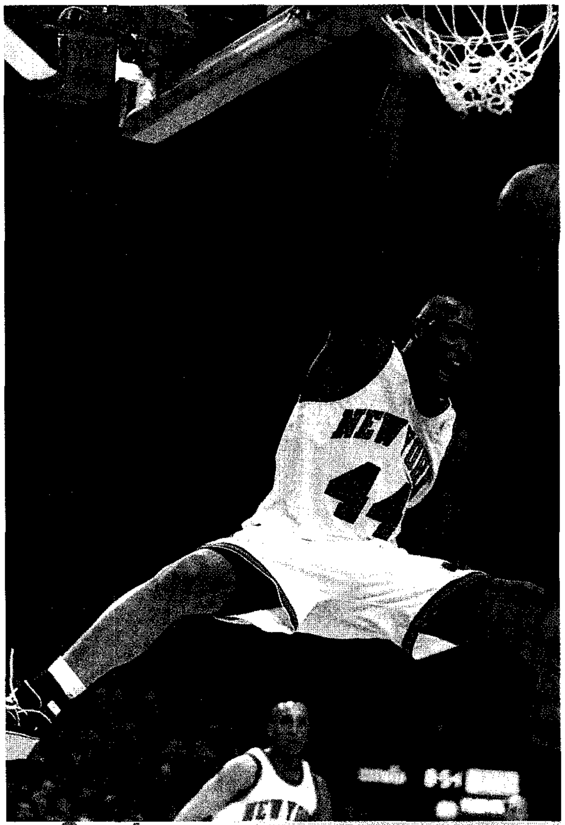
Around the World in 15 Months—1/27. The truth is that everyone likes to talk about taking the big I-eschew-conformity-and-my-job-trip, but most will never, say, spend 15 months bicycling 10,000 miles and exploring five continents. And that's fine, because you can hold on to your apartment and your relationship and listen to Monica Smith's stories about her journey through Africa, Asia, Europe, Australia, and North America instead. *The Five Borough Bicycle Club monthly meeting is at 6:30 P.M. in the HI-AYH International Hostel, 891 Amsterdam Ave at 103rd St.*

Hockey—1/27: Rangers vs. Chicago Blackhawks at 7:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSG Network)

Basketball—1/26: Knicks vs. Miami Heat at 12:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (NBC); 1/28: Nets vs. Cleveland Cavaliers at 7:30 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel); 1/28: Knicks vs. Boston Celtics at 7:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSG Network)



Sports

'Tis the Season

The time to "gel" is officially over. This week the pricey new Knicks test themselves against the rival Bulls and the Heat, and show us—ideally—that they are contenders, not pretenders.

Online

The Last President of the American Century—As the era thus christened by Henry Luce draws to a close, we have (as Walter Lippmann predicted) the president we deserve. Which isn't such a bad thing. Live coverage of the presidential inauguration begins at noon on CompuServe, and continues throughout the day. Correspondents will file reports hourly, and photos will be available within minutes of events occurring. On CompuServe, 1/20, at *GO Whitehouse.*

Crispy Critter—Gay icon Quentin Crisp will discuss the personal odyssey that began 30 years ago when he wrote his groundbreaking book, *The Naked Civil Servant*. Crisp's most recent activity is his new role as shill for Quentin Crisp Whiskey. A portion of the profits from this new libation go to an AIDS-related charity; a portion doesn't. On America Online in the Odeon, 1/20 at 8:00 P.M.

"Why are these JPEGS stuck together?"—In an event that might be entitled "Exploitation Online," four aspiring models who posed for AOL's new Cyber Babes calendar (wince!) will field questions about how to get ahead in the slightly disorienting world of virtual modeling. On America Online in the CyberPlex, 1/20 at 8:00 P.M.

And the Partridges in a Pair, See—Shirley Jones and Danny Bonaduce will reminisce without bitterness about how *The Partridge Family* destroyed their lives. Bonaduce will share amusing anecdotes about his years as a hard-core drug user while Jones will discuss why she remembers her involvement with the sitcom as "the fatal torpedo to a promising film career." On America Online in the Odeon, 1/21 at 9:00 P.M.

Hart to Heart—As Lionel Stander fairly panted about Stephanie Powers during the opening credits of eighties television series *Hart to Hart,* "she's beautiful!" And so she is. Powers will be prattling about her new gig as a host for the Romance Classics cable network, but men of a certain age may want to attend exclusively for the purpose of getting kinda misty-eyed. On CompuServe, 1/23, at 9:00 P.M; Go Conference.

A Very Barry Sequel—Barry Williams, the actor known for playing Greg on *The Brady Bunch* and not much else since, will host talk about the psychic dislocation of masquerading as part of the archetypal American family while dating the women who played his mother and his sister and fending off advances from from the man who played his father. On America Online in the Odeon, 1/23 at 9:00 P.M.

A Man of Respect—Rodney Dangerfield will promote his new movie, *Meet Wally Sparks*, while discussing his the circuitous road he has traveled to show-business success (he didn't start his stand-up career until age 40) and why AOL has relegated him to a conference room known as "The Bowl." At 10:00 P.M. on 1/24.

Putting AT&T Out of Business—This technical how-to session will provide detailed instructions on how to make free long distance calls without breaking any laws. Using your internet connection, it's possible to reach anyone (anywhere!) who is similarly wired, for the price of a local call. It should come as no surprise that this technology has the major telephone carriers scared out of their socks. On America Online in the Bowl, 1/26, at 6:00 P.M.

The Captain Is a Clown—Did you know that Clarabell the Clown (from *Howdy Dowdy*) was played by none other than the young Captain Kangaroo? Do you care? Bob Keeshan will reflect on his long, hard climb to the top of the children's-television heap. For some reason, this conference (on America Online, 1/27) has been scheduled for 10:00 P.M.

Photograph by AP/Wide World Photos

Blaine *continued from page 43*

current Saturday-afternoon hangout of a world-famous amateurs' club that has been around at least since the thirties. The magicians sit in the back room. It is badly lit. At tables, about 30 men in windbreakers and sneakers occupy themselves with rubber bands, paper flowers, cards.

Blaine says he would never go to a place like Reuben's.

"Blue glasses," says Doug Edwards, a CPA in checked sneakers. "Nice kid. He started coming here a few years ago, but I haven't seen him in a while."

"He was just learning," he adds. "I showed him how to do the one-hand fan." ("No way," says Blaine.) Edwards fans out his deck like a Kabuki actor. "Some people say I look exactly like Doug Henning," he says.

The guys at Reuben's say that it is also here, several years ago, that Blaine met his mentor, Bill Kalush. Kalush, a produce businessman and investor in his forties, never performs publicly, but he's regarded as a singular card man in the tradition of the great underground magicians of the past. (In the nineteenth century, for example, one Johann Nepomuk Hofzinser, of Vienna, produced some of magic's greatest tricks, although he showed them to only a select few.) Blaine won't acknowledge a professional relationship with Kalush, saying only that he "thinks I'm talented."

"What do you think of that?" asks a gentleman in his seventies. A Floating Bill—a flat one—hovers above his hand by an almost imperceptible thread. The man is wonderful, with bright, sweet eyes, and doesn't seem the least bit magic.

A balding gent in a snappy blue blazer holds two rubber bands stretched between his fingers and shows how they seem to melt through each other, back and forth. He is Alan "Ace" Greenberg, the chairman and CEO of Bear Stearns. He comes here a lot. He likes magic. He's not bad.

"Nice effect," someone says.

At four, when Reuben's closes, the magicians go outside.

Edwards is carrying a plastic brain in a plastic bag.

"Didn't you go for your operation yet?" asks Lenny Greenfader, a retired motorcycle cop.

A guy in a purple Banana Republic sweater pulls me over. He's Harvey Cohen, the president of Finders, a head-hunting company.

"Hey, look at this." Cohen stands about a yard in front of me on the sidewalk and rises—not jumping—a full foot in the air.

"I used to teach karate," he says after landing. "One day this 10-year-old kid comes into my class and shows it to me."

That kid's name was David Blaine.

"He was some kind of genius kid," Cohen says. "He got the karate school to give him lessons for free."

"OOH, HE LEVITATED ALL RIGHT," SAYS Blaine's doorman on Gramercy Park. "Doormen see a lot—and I've never seen anything like *that*."

Upstairs, Blaine won't levitate for me, and I tell him I don't believe he can do it. "I don't feel like it," he pouts. Instead, he puts his hand on a table (he's wearing long sleeves) and appears to turn it all the way around, clockwise. "Doctors can't figure it out," he says.

"People thought of me as some special child," Blaine offers, reclining again. "They used to stop my mother on the street when I was a baby and just look at me and freak."

He has photographs up now of his mother; he lost her more than two years ago to cancer. She was a dark-haired Faye Dunaway look-alike. The child of Russian-Jewish immigrants, she was a mid-level fashion model and schoolteacher. She struggled to raise Blaine on her own in Brooklyn and then New Jersey after his father left the family when Blaine was 2.

"I'm kind of an orphan," says Blaine.

His apartment has a lot more in it now. There's a fax machine so he can exchange notes with his producer. There are several telephones—regular, cordless, and cellular. There's an exercise machine, and furniture. There's a note on the refrigerator listing all the things Blaine must do every day: "Get up at 7 A.M. Eat healthy. Work. Read . . ." Just like in *The Great Gatsby*.

He shows me one of his favorite books, a biography of Orson Welles. He turns to a marked page and makes me read it: "We can hardly help but realize that the creation of such a legend [his own] is central to the deepest source of his creative power."

"Cards are just a stepping stone," Blaine says, stretching out on his comfy new couch. This year, he reveals, after the airing of the special, he'll appear in a one-man Off Broadway show, now tentatively set for a secret spot in the meatpacking district.

"This'll be a scary show," Blaine says. The eerie effect of his eyes is offset somewhat by his huge feet, in Adidas sneakers.

"Illusions without illusions," he goes on sonorously. "I'm going to completely change my persona. I will be pure evil. Freak everybody out."

He smiles and stands in the arched doorway of his living room, arms outstretched. His fingertips barely touch the wall. His sneakers start to rise. It's a little wobbly, but he keeps going. And going. ■

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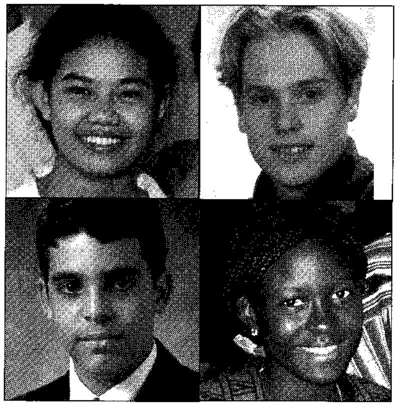

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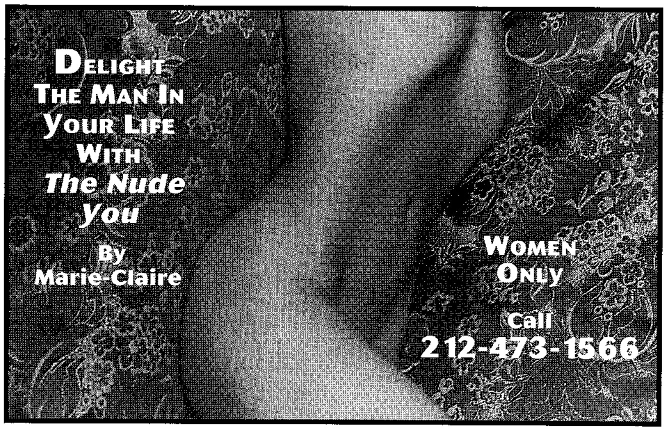

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Continued from previous page.

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Terrific Energy—Pretty, vivacious, petite, green-eyed blond, very fit, widely traveled publishing exec - loves skiing, biking, theater and film. Wishes to share an exciting life. You are attractive, fit, successful, 50ish, with a real zest for living, and seek a mate for great adventures, outdoors and in. Note. 4651 ✉

Brown-Eyed Beauty, PhD—Jewish, 40s, warm, slender, athletic, bright professional - vibrant, adventuresome, with passion for life. Still seeking soul mate: a successful, fun-loving, good man, 40s-50s. Where are you? 4636 ✉ ☎

You've Just Won 20 Million Dollars—Only kidding. You've really won a 40-something lady with a heart of gold, who is worth more than 20 million. I am pretty, slim, sexy, warm, witty and fun, with a great sense of humor. I love the beach, dining out and relaxing with friends. To cash in your lottery, you must be a successful, 40s-50s male who is kind and caring, with good looks and a great personality. Note/photo. 4621 ✉

Highly Successful Jewish Male MD—Specialist, good-looking (everyone says so), 5'11", dark hair, divorced, enjoys living well. Looking for slim, active, pretty woman, 30-45, for fun and more. Note/photo. 4592 ✉

Asian Professional—Gentle heart, fun-loving and down-to-earth, middle-aged guy who loves the environment, gardening and children - seeks sincere, honest, affectionate and warm, loving professional lady, willing to have an intimate relationship and family. Note/photo/phone. 4583✉

Spunky And Special—Jewish female, 41, pretty, with warm brown eyes and smile, seeks a wonderful, warm and loving, successful Jewish male, for dating and more. Nonsmoker. Photo/phone/note. 4609 ✉

Let's Dance The Night Away—Terrific Jewish male executive, nonsmoker, 56, traditional values, romantic, sensitive. Loves tennis, movies, travel and dining out. You: 30-40, same values, petite, sexy, attractive, stylish, fun and youthful. Till we meet... Note/phone/photo. 4565✉

Rabbi—33, 5'7", marriage-minded, seeks single Jewish female professional, 25-33, for kosher relationship. Photo. 4571 ✉

A Simple Request:—Male desires female for long-term relationship leading to marriage. Me: 42, divorced, Jewish (not religious), good-looking, emotionally and financially secure. You: ?? Us: Happily ever after. Photo/note/phone a must with best time to call. 4672 ✉

Optimist—Single Jewish man, 37, 165 lbs, handsome, well-built and athletic. *Light brown hair and green eyes.* Successful Manhattan corporate lawyer. Passionate, affectionate, generous, kind, stable, adventurous and romantic. Broad intellectual and athletic interests. If you are a beautiful, warm and well-educated woman, 24-34, with integrity, wit and charm, please send note and photo. 4655✉

Slim, Fit, Energetic—And financially secure mother of two, looking for a best friend, lover and lifetime partner. I'm mainstream in my professional life, but offbeat and easygoing otherwise. I enjoy most physical activities, opera, jazz, theater, travel, but I'm always willing to try something new. Please be intelligent with a sense of humor, perhaps even an artistic bent, 38-47. Photo. 4677 ✉

Hong Kong-American—Pretty, 30s, looks 26, MBA, 1/3 JD; tennis. Seeks male for serious relationship. 4669 ✉

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Highly Successful—39-year-old, handsome Jewish doctor seeks very pretty female, 23-33, for possible relationship. Race unimportant. Photo a must. 4560 ✉

Luxurious Lifestyle—Available for sharing with generous middle-aged male. Please be 18-35, bright, pretty and interested in sun and foreign travel. Send photo and note to 4270 ✉

Create Magic!—With a multifaceted, Ivy MD/PhD/inventor, funny, with looks, heart, 5'10", muscular, 43, fun. Seeks a warm lady under 37 for best friend, lover for life. Phone/photo a must. 4664 ✉ ☎

Alluring—Over-50 widow, long blond hair, buxom, seeks 45-55, single, white, healthy, tall, passionate NY male with hair, for monogamous romance. 4602 ✉

Tall, Handsome Gentleman—33, MBA/MS, banker, seeks attractive, well-educated professional lady, 25-30, nonsmoker, never married, for fulfilling relationship. Note/phone/photo please. 4580✉

Beautiful, Smart, Trim—5'4", long *hair brunette, (nonreligious) Jewish,* creative professional, 42, seeks man, 40s-50s, for great, committed relationship. Photo/note. 4678 ✉

Honest, Very Romantic—Young at heart, handsome (you judge) executive - at 51, would love to meet attractive, self-assured sweetheart seeking appreciative partner. Love travel, great food, sports. Kids welcome. Note/photo. 4635 ✉

42-Year-Old—Divorced Jewish male physician seeks companion for warmth and comfort, to share in long walks and quiet nights. Photo required. 4670 ✉

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Global Adventurer—Affluent, youthful man, 65, slim, 5'6", athletic, sensuous, with humor - enjoys music, outdoors. Seeks attractive, petite female to explore the world with. Photo/note/phone. 4624 ✉

City/Country Brunette—Professional lady, 52, divorced, Jewish, seeks elegant, cultured, sincere gentleman. 4601 ✉

A Winter's Tale—Accomplished Manhattanite, 43, seeks 30s female. 4550 ✉

Pretty Female—Searching for someone special to settle down. You're tall, sincere, 40s. Compatible. 4572 ✉ ☎

Stunning, Slender Blond Artist—Of Nordic descent, patient, secure and sensuous, with refined grace and sensitivity, delightful personality, energetic, romantic, a lover of the arts and nature - seeks chemistry with very handsome, 49-58, 6' plus, nonsmoker, athletic, educated, financially secure, humorous, kind, charismatic Christian gentleman who values honesty, friendship, fidelity, for the best relationship of your life! Please send note, phone and a recent photo (a must). Will exchange. 4612 ✉

Who Says All The Good Men Are Taken?—This professional, traditional, considerate Italian-American, age 35, seeks love, marriage, family and a happy ever-after with a petite, refined Christian lady, age 25-35. Note/photo. 4600 ✉

Looking For The Right One!—38-year-old white male, physician. Caring, sensitive, loving - seeking "love of his life". You: 27-35, white female - fit, fun, pretty. If you're right - write. Photo too. 4570 ✉

Upbeat, Easygoing—36-year-old Jewish MD, relaxed mom of three year old, with plenty of time to explore adult interests. Passion for life a must. Skiing a plus. Hoping to expand family. Photo. 4365 ✉

Ralph Lauren Look-Alike—East Side, highly successful entrepreneur, 48, 5'11", physically fit, well-educated, world-traveled, seeks a spirited and very beautiful soul mate, 35-45, for committed relationship. Note/photo. 4615 ✉

Sunrises, Being Near The Water—The natural world, friendships, and travel adventures sustain me. Loving, romantic, very attractive, trim, fit, divorced Jewish female - generous spirit, genuine, open-minded, successful, financially independent. Likes excitement, loves sailing, hiking, theater. Enjoys creating warm, ively home, and sharing someone else's nterests. Seeks financially stable, athletic, grounded, 46-61, 5'8" plus man for a real relationship and laughter. 4647 ✉ ☎

Handsome Executive—28, 5'11", 169, caring, adventurous, seeks wife. 4663 ✉

Shy, Single White Male—48, looking for petite, 35-45, single white female or friendship, laughter, hanging out and...maybe romance?? 4676 ✉ ☎

Petite, Pretty MD—Seeks tall, fit professional man, 33-46, who wants the best things in life. Photo. 4605 ✉

Bright, Attractive, Funny—Professional, charismatic, nonreligious Jewish woman, age 30, seeks a gentleman with similar attributes. Note/photo/phone. 4606 ✉

Handsome, PhD Jewish Male—49, 6'3", fit, successful, funny, kind - and special bonus attributes if you act now! Likes movies, books, restaurants, tennis. Seeks female counterpart under 42. Note/photo/phone. 4630 ✉

CT Yachtsman, Executive—Above-average in appearance, intelligence...trim, healthy, easygoing and adventurous - seeks attractive, warm, energetic first mate with similar attributes, 43-53. Photo. 4576 ✉

Super-Attractive Blond—Waspy, 49, loves tennis, beaches, country, walking... Interested in elegant gent, 58-70. 4562 ✉

Outdoor Girl - Indoor Heart—Jewish woman, 42, warm, funny, smart and successful, loves biking, skiing, hiking, adventure and travel, cooking and good movies. If you're a Jewish man, 40 plus, who has generosity of spirit, sense of humor and smarts, athletic and ready to be my best friend and lover for life - join me to make '97 the best ever. Photo. 4563 ✉

Attractive Jewish Female—39, very athletic, former tournament tennis player, intelligent, witty and initially shy, seeks very fit, handsome, down-to-earth, intelligent, successful male who is affectionate and loving. Note/photo/phone. 4679 ✉

Chinese Lady—Pretty, charming, 30s, has various interests, seeks American gentleman, 35-45, mature, successful, humorous, for marriage. Photo. 4674 ✉

Hispanic Lovely—Attractive, sexy, 40, 5'5", slim, with style, warmth and grace - genuine, family oriented. Seeking kind and good-hearted gentleman, 40s plus, who is emotionally and financially secure, for long-term relationship. Phone. 4639 ✉

Young Widow—My wonderful college-sweetheart husband died. 45, 5'8", Wasp, college graduate from sophisticated and privileged background. Secure with children! I am attractive, fit, humorous and admired! My friends loved my husband too. Write to me if you are secure, admired and comfortable with this approach. 4660 ✉ ☎

Ever-Changing, Adventurous—Fun-loving, slim, fit, pretty, shapely woman, mid 40s, seeks warm, stable, kind, spiritual man, 40s-50s, fit, and ready to enjoy 1997. Note/photo/phone please. 4575✉☎

Intense Yet Playful—34, 5'4", dark hair, hazel green eyes, pretty professional, athletic, with great sense of humor, enjoys sports, NYC, movies, travel, quiet times. Seeks attractive, warm, caring, honest, spontaneous and fun male, 32-40, who's athletic, to play one-on-one. Note/photo/phone a must. 4634 ✉ ☎

Corporate President—Westchester/Manhattan, late 40s, divorced, tall, athletic, very successful, generous, romantic, sensitive, health conscious. Enjoys fine dining, good movies, theater and international traveling. Looking for young, beautiful, passionate, slim lady, 27-37, who is looking for a serious and fun-loving relationship. Must have a great sense of humor. If interested, recent photo, note and phone. 4658 ✉ ☎

Wind Chill think **HEAT INDEX**
Thermals think **BATHING SUIT**
Radiators think **AIR CONDITIONING**

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Stunning Brunette—Jewish, 5'7", 39, beautiful, athletic, fun! 1996 marathon finisher, equally adept on horseback or with chopsticks, can navigate black diamonds in the Rockies, tapas bars in Madrid and crystal-clear waters of the Caribbean. You are an established, single Jewish male, athletic and dynamic, who, like me, seeks a worthy complement to his life. 4645 ✉ ☎

Isn't It Romantic—It sure would be if this successful businesswoman found that special guy to cuddle up with in the evening. I'm 40, pretty, slim, fun, a great listener, enjoy a wide variety of city and country activities. You should be good-hearted, able to laugh and well-practiced in the art of relaxing. Note/photo. 4593 ✉

Elegant Beauty And Heart—Slim, 5'8", professional Modern Orthodox mom, early 40s, seeks a contented, well-rounded male. Note/phone/photo. 4578 ✉ ☎

Got Brother/Uncle/Father/Friend?—Late 40s-early 60s...who's too busy to realize his life could be fuller with someone special to share it with? Looking for a professional male for our active, warm, wonderful, attractive, single Jewish mom. Make things happen for two deserving people. Note/photo. 4588 ✉☎

Joker, Smoker, Midnight Toker—Italian female, 30, easygoing, down-to-earth, attractive, professional. Enjoys travel, music, books and magazines. Seeking an intelligent, attractive man who likes to laugh, doesn't mind takeout and who is as comfortable at Lincoln center as he is at MSG. 4652 ✉

Blond Hair, Green Eyes—29, 5'4", sexy, sensitive, intelligent and fun-loving. Looking for a handsome, caring, down-to-earth Jewish male, 29-34, 5'9" plus. Note/photo. 4610 ✉

Very Pretty MD—5'8", 135 lbs, Audrey Hepburn type, wishes to meet successful, attractive, upbeat, intellectual man, 38-48, to share life's simple pleasures. Note/photo. 4574 ✉

Sexy, Gym-Fit, Brown-Eyed Beauty—36, Jewish, with irresistible smile and girlish charm, seeks partner for whole enchilada, bambinos and all. If you're a handsome professional, 35-45, send photo and note. 4656 ✉

Nice Jewish Guy—31, active, fit, successful, likes movies, blading, books, travel and Maine. Seeks intelligent Jewish woman. Note/photo. 4632 ✉

Special Request—White male, 6'1", desires intelligent female willing to move in for a monogamous relationship. Drug and disease free. Nassau County. 4620✉☎

Harry Looking For Sally—Harry is a 30-year-old, single Jewish male, 5'8", fit and a finance professional. Sally should be 25-32, down-to-earth, Jewish female who is a mensch seeking a mensch. Note/photo/phone. 4627 ✉ ☎

Unique—Petite, attractive professional Italian brunette - seeks handsome, sincere, fit, emotionally/financially secure professional male (44-49) for meaningful relationship. Photo/note. 4644 ✉ ☎

Long-Legged Professional—Attractive, slender single woman, 42, 5'9", lives in CT/works in NYC. I'm sensitive, affectionate and adventurous. Teddy bears and champagne are two of my passions. Seeks tall, attractive, nonsmoking, responsible man of substance, for fun, relationship and Peking duck! Photo please. 4637 ✉

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Jewish, 38, Lawyer/Businessowner—Really handsome, fit, fun, romantic - seeks slim female, 30s, for sharing, caring, laughter, love and forever. Photo/note, will exchnage. 4684 ☒

Incurable Smile—Jewish female with vim, 33, 5'6", really pretty, slim, fit, fun and kindhearted, seeks tall, handsome guy, under 40, with professional success and upbeat outlook. Note/photo. 4666 ☒

Attractive Female MD—26, US-born Chinese, seeks conservative, US-educated Chinese male, MD or Ivy PhD, 26-32, for friendship. 4586 ☒

Single Jewish Male—41, seeks kind, fun, romantic, full-figured single female, who enjoys good conversation, restaurants and movies. 4653 ☒ ☎

Not Marriage-Minded White Female—"Head turner", 45, 5'6", long-legged and slim, dark longish hair, "retired" professional. Seeks equally financially and mentally independent gentleman (40s/50s) with generous heart, for fun, occasional travel and trusted best friend. Note/photo. 4657 ☒

Attractive, Sensuous, Adventurous—Slim, shapely, young 41, Jewish, educated, business owner, seeks cute, young-looking guy, 36-46, successful professional, optimistic, funny, well-rounded, for committed best friend/lover. Photo. 4597 ☒ ☎

World Class—Foreign born entrepreneur, tall, handsome, sharp intellect, passion for life and travel, seeks uncommon, pretty woman; sensuous, brainy beauty, spiritually live, culturally open-minded, 38 plus. Pix/authentic note. 4687 ☒

Regular Guy—White, low key, avid runner, smart, slim athletic build, 6'2", 40, professional, principled - seeks classy white/Asian woman, 30s, intrepid optimist, slim build, witty, attractive. 4631 ☒ ☎

Sturdy, Worldly Jewish Intellectual—Sought, 40 plus... By: substantive, introspective, amply lush, Mediterranean-looking, professional, single Jewish female, 5'7". For: serious and playful purposes. 4640 ☒

Gay Male, Attractive, Professional—6', 170, 43, seeks gay male to share romance, creativity, outdoors, skiing, France, foreign films. Photo please. 4661 ☒

Blond And Blue-Eyed Male—6', good-looking inside as well, Jewish businessman, athletic build, early 30s, seeks very attractive nonsmoker, sensitive, fit, exclusive style, 25-35. Photo a must; will exchange. 4564 ☒

Me: Jewish, Brunette, Beauty—35, 5'11"; lawyer, ex-model, spiritual. You: handsome, Jewish, nonsmoker, 32-45, romantic, Epicurean, successful, athletic, tender, strong, generous. Photo. 4553 ☒

Attractive Greek Brunette—Late 40s, seeks relationship with a caring man between 45-53 years old, who has a great personality and who loves an active life. If an energetic, educated, independent, sweet woman who laughs a lot and one who has a positive outlook on life interests you, please respond. Photo and note. 4603 ☒

Tall Leggy Blond—On the outside. Bright, funny on the inside. Seeks handsome, kind, successful man, fit with wit, 35-41, 5'10"+. Recent photo/note. 4642 ☒

Seeking Fun, Romance And Family—Male, 46, smart, playful, caring. Divorced and ready for new commitment. I love children, and will devote hours to their conception and care. Photo, please. 4616 ☒

New Beginnings—Our treasured friend is a blue-eyed, blond, beautiful widow (one son). She'd like a mid-40s, 6', enlightened, Jewish, fun-loving, successful man. Photo! 4623 ☒

Celtic-American Businessman—36, seeks mate for pro- and/or re-creation. Wordsmith genius - like G.B. Shaw. Fun-loving and innocent - like Dana Carvey. Looks like a genetically-improved JFK, Sr. Built like Ivan Lendl (or did he play for the Knicks?). You are also a glaring aristocrat with soft beautiful eyes. Photo/note. 4230 ☒

Black Tie—No tie... Classy chick wants totally cool 50-plus guy to come out and play. Note/photo please. 4559 ☒

Affluent Finance/Equestrian Beauty—32, sleek, 5'7", MBA, seeks loving, affluent gentleman (35-50) to adore. Loves horses, travel, skiing, sailing. 4582 ☒ ☎

Always And Forever—Friendship first? Handsome, 38, 6'1", steadfast, genuine, moral, very fit, nonsmoker, Italian descent, athletic, never-married, successful, kind. Seeks caring, fun, bright, pretty, affectionate lady for relationship full of sharing, love, family, security. Photo. 4608 ☒

Roland Garros In '97—Handsome, successful esq., 39, enjoys travel, beach and tennis - seeks warm, classy, striking, professional Jewish lady, (212), 30-42, 5'5" plus. Note/photo. 4596 ☒

Good Looks—Woman professional (49) seeks successful, sincere man (45-60). 4579 ☒

Beautiful European Professor—45, living in Riviera and NY, seeks handsome, honest, successful man. 4568 ☒

Successful Attorney—40, 6'1", fit, seeks beautiful woman, 28 and under, for mutually beneficial relationship to include travel. Photo and note a must. 4510 ☒

Down-To-Earth Female—Attractive, funny, Jewish, sensitive professional. Enjoys working out, music, the outdoors and movies. Seeks similar male (30-42). Note/photo. 4599 ☒

Upper East Side—Professional woman, 52, warm, slender, seeks well-spoken man with sense of humor, to share simple and sophisticated pleasures. 4558 ☒

Attractive, Fit Educator—Male, 50, loves outdoors. Seeks white female, 36-42, Christian background, nonsmoker. Note/photo. 4671 ☒

Good-Looking, Good-Hearted Romantic—55, lawyer, refined, successful, fit, unpretentious, inspired by beaches, travel and the finer things in life. Seeks intelligent, pretty, successful, slim, passionate lady of style, for best friend/lover for life - to explore everything NYC offers. Photo, please. 4643 ☒

Gay European Boy-Next-Door—Educated physician, 35 years old, boyish-looking, is asking for a classy mensch type of man with a soft heart and strong values, to be the active lever in a more traditional relationship. Please send a leter. 4662 ☒

30-Year-Old Female Idealist—5'2", attractive, fit. Warm heart, bright eyes, sharp mind, adventurous spirit. Seeking kind, smart, athletic and easygoing man, 28-37, with sense of humor, a love for his work and an open mind. Let's dance! 4573 ☒

Heart Out West But Feet In NY?—Witty professional female seeks white fly fisherman with a sense of humor, over 45 and financially secure. 4569 ☒

Strong Exterior, Soft Heart—Journalist, 35, tall, casual. Open to possibility but no agenda. Fan of Barnes, Stegner, L. Freud, Beckmann, Stoppard, Shakespeare, talk, travel, adventure. Hope to meet 32-40, tall, intellectually curious, creative, optimistic, strong, sweet, attitude-free man. Note/photo/please. 4654 ☒

Gay White Male—35, Italian, outgoing, professional, funny, loves NYC, restaurants, film and travel - seeking great guy, 30-40, "whose friends wonder why he is single." Note/photo. 4604 ☒

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Savvy, Sensual, Slender—Blue-eyed writer, 5'6", happy with life at 41, seeks thoughtful, handsome, fit, tall, secure Jewish man, 37-47. Photo? 4551 ✉ ☎

Slim, 30s, Pretty—Highly educated female seeks successful, secure man, 38 plus, for marriage/family. Phone. 4638 ✉

Connecting Takes Guts—5'6", 125 lbs, Jewish woman, 50s, with usual interests in culture and arts, with a funny bone, seeks Jewish man, nonsmoker, early 60s-late 60s, taller than me - and won't view Ft. Lee a distance obstacle. Have the courage to connect! Write! 4594 ✉

Cute Chick—30s, successful, Christian, seeks same in cute (5'10" plus) guy, 30s, who's looking for fun in NY. Photo/note/phone. 4665 ✉

This Real Woman—Is quite capable of writing a glib ad, but quality of response is more important than quantity. I'm also looking for a warm accomplished 45+ man with a sense of humor, who has given up on teeny-boopers! By the way, I'm a 5'6" leggy blond with green eyes and great "joie de vivre". Note/photo please. 4686 ✉

Unique Jewish Woman—Widow, with depth, energy and enthusiasm, seeking sincere mensch, 50-60, emotionally and financially secure as I am, love NYC, theater and mountains. 4617 ✉ ☎

European-Born—Extremely attractive lady, 52, seeks distinguished man. 4552 ✉

Teachers Do It With Class!—Single Jewish female, 32, looking for someone special (34-39) to share similar interests. Let's talk. Note/photo/phone. 4577 ✉

Reliable—Handsome, wry, down-to-earth, Ivy, in the arts, (212), young, fit 49, 5'11", reflective, kind, informal. Loves books, nature, music, good talk. Seeks warm, bright, gentle Manhattan woman, 30s-40s, with depth of spirit, matching good looks and heart, for just the very real thing. Hugs too. Recent photo/note of substance (no form letters), please. 4614 ✉

If Honor, Integrity Are A Way Of Life—Laughter as important as eating, and life means more than a routine, then you are the man for me. I'm 41, fit and fun. I have the qualities I seek in you. Don't wait, as my looks are great. Photo/phone. 4648 ✉

Live Dangerously—Compassionate, leggy, sensual redhead, 5'7", 125 lbs, Yiddishe kopf, goyish looks, liberal heart. Seeks intelligent, 45-plus Jewish prince to light my fire. Photo preferred. 4611 ✉

The Time Is Now!—Fun, handsome, successful Jewish guy, 39, seeks Jewish woman, 30-35, to share all life has to offer. Photo/note please. 4641 ✉

Very Pretty, Elegant—Slender sandy-blonde New England bred ivy-grad, vivacious with a strong interest in the arts and a healthy lifestyle seeks a good-looking man, 35-50, 5'10" plus, who is fit, intelligent and who considers himself a man of good character. Note/photo. 4685 ✉

Latin Man—Originally from Argentina. 42, 6', financially secure, looking for sweet woman, 30 plus, ready to start family. Note/photo. 4629 ✉

If You're An Affectionate—Extremely beautiful, slender, well-toned, athletic, very intelligent, single white female (25-35) who is reading this ad and interested in meeting a great guy - you won't be disappointed. You'll meet an extremely handsome, tall, single white male, 39, who travels to NY often, is an exceptionally successful man, advanced-degreed, generous, never married, nonsmoker, and has everything going for him: looks, great body (ex-athlete), moxie, personality, character and strong values. I enjoy travel, tennis, boating, skiing, candlelight dinners, weekend getaways and much more. Description/recent photo is a must - will exchange. 4598 ✉

Million-Dollar Legs—Heart and brains too! Great-looking, 5'8" brunette, East Side exec, fit and fun, sophisticated... seeks successful man, age 40-55, with similar qualities. Photo. 4650 ✉ ☎

Don't Marry Me—Just be the lovin' man in my life. My children are grown, my life secure. All I'm missing is one smart man with a sense of humor, who wants to share good books, good theater and the good life in NY and East Hampton. 4591 ✉

Very Pretty, Warm Professional—Slim, sophisticated, down-to-earth, engaging. Seeks intelligent Jewish man over 45. Photo/note. 4584 ✉

Faith, Hope And Love—I need them to live. I have sense of humor, compassion, integrity, and intelligence. Looking for a professional man, 40s-50s, with same. I am a teacher, homeowner, 5'3", blond hair, blue eyes, average build, attractive, 40. Christian values more important than ethnic background. 4556 ✉ ☎

32-Year-Old Jewish Guy—5'10", athletic, good-looking, successful systems consultant. A true mensch with a big heart and traditional values. I enjoy NYC, biking and country weekends. Seek fun and romance leading to marriage, family, dog, picket fence, etc. How about you? 4613 ✉

TRIPLE-A RATING

The GODMOTHERS are conducting a special search on behalf of an active and internationally successful, radiant blond. 40ish, green-eyed and trim, she would like to focus her attention on a man of professional status who is intellectually curious and has the emotional readiness for a realistic, affectionate, grown-up involvement. A frequent flyer, she is involved in world-wide capital markets and combines her European style of culture and graciousness with a flair for fun and adventure. Divorced, no children, she maintains a balanced life between work, friendships, music and tennis. If you are the man for her, call us.

THE GODMOTHERS©
212-245-7175

Romantic Heart Hunters© Since 1979

Committed Idealist—46, male, Legal Aid criminal defense lawyer, idealistic and politically progressive, Star Trek fan, Ivy-educated, socially inexperienced, late bloomer. Would like to meet professional woman for lasting and fulfilling relationship. Photo/note/phone. 4595 ✉

Successful, Kind MD—42, Jewish, passionate, handsome and fit, from the Jersey shore. Seeks affectionate, kind, intelligent, attractive woman to fall in love with forever. Note/photo/phone appreciated. 4590 ✉

Vivacious, Attractive Businesswoman—(Slim, 5'7") seeks successful man (35-45). I love an intellectual who enjoys Looney Toons, deep conversations and drinking cappuccino. Note/photo. 4646 ✉ ☎

Not Marriage-Minded But—This beautiful, down-to-earth, warm, independent woman is seeking one special, sophisticated, fit, nonsmoking Manhattan man of integrity, in late 40s-50s, who loves life and lives it fully. Photo please with reply. 4561 ✉

Tired Of The Usual Suspects—32, Jewish-Armenian female, 5', 112 lbs, pre-med, in need of a study break and looking to wrestle with someone other than Newton 'til infinity. You: single white male, 30s, wry wit, educated, complex (but not tortured), attractive in a Timothy Hutton sort of way, with a fondness for foolishness (especially mine) and a willingness to venture toward commitment. Note/photo (optional). 4659 ✉

Single White Male—Honest, handsome, blue-eyed, tall, Italian, 39, professional, for serious Asian lady. Photo. 4688 ✉ ☎

Southern Gentleman—56, intelligent, articulate, sense of humor and compassion, seeks kindred spirit: mature, classy lady to share denouement. The best is yet to come! 4625 ✉ ☎

Seeking Sweet, Smart, Very Classy Lady—35-42. I'm handsome, 40s, 5'9", fit, caring Jewish man with success, warmth, humor, taste and style. 4626 ✉

Lovely, Literate Lady—Warm, pretty, musical, athletic, arts buff, seeks smart, vital, professional man, 47-60, who prefers Bach to rock. Photo/note. 4618 ✉

Looking To Begin '97 On A High Note—Male attorney, divorced, seeking a woman who enjoys humor, who looks to have relaxed evenings out and hopefully relaxed evenings in. 4589 ✉

Red Blazer Seeks Sporty Model—Attractive, fun-loving, successful white female, 50, seeking a single white male - sensitive, caring, considerate, with good sense of humor and love for adventure, to blaze new trails. Nonsmoker. 4622 ✉ ☎

Eternity Starts Here—Successful entrepreneur, 31, 6', very handsome, financially secure, outgoing, with a passion for work and play. Enjoys skiing, scuba, travel, romantic evenings and good conversation. Seeks a gorgeous, bright, elegant woman for lasting relationship. Note and recent photo necessary for reply. 4607 ✉

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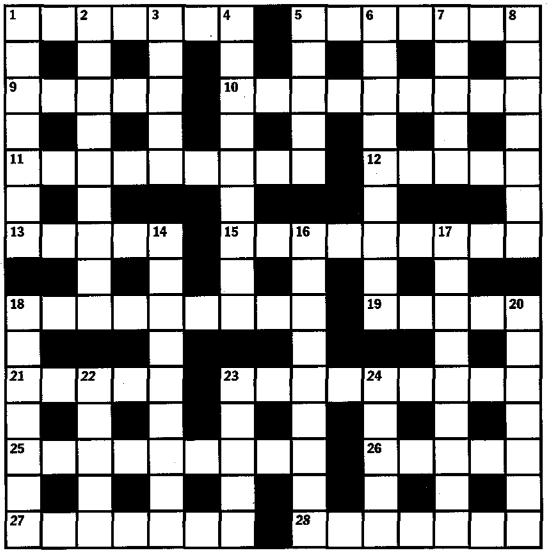
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS
- **1** Balance story about offspring. (7)
- **5** Model priest becomes course counsellor. (7)
- **9** Bill for Windows. (5)
- **10** Kind of sentence coppers have to face? (9)
- **11** Shells to be found at the edge of secondary highway? (9)
- **12** Opponent fails to finish—a washout. (5)
- **13** The Queen's about to have the anaesthetic. (5)
- **15** Stress speed is as variable between the same points. (9)
- **18** Trifling with marriage on the first day. (9)
- **19** Bird with head covered. (5)
- **21** Do they sound a false note? (5)
- **23** One fought mad dog with lariat. (9)
- **25** PM needs to do some more to run the House. (5,4)
- **26** Those born on a heartless day? (5)
- **27** Plant pests concealed among primates. (7)
- **28** They find any cut a disaster in Central America. (7)

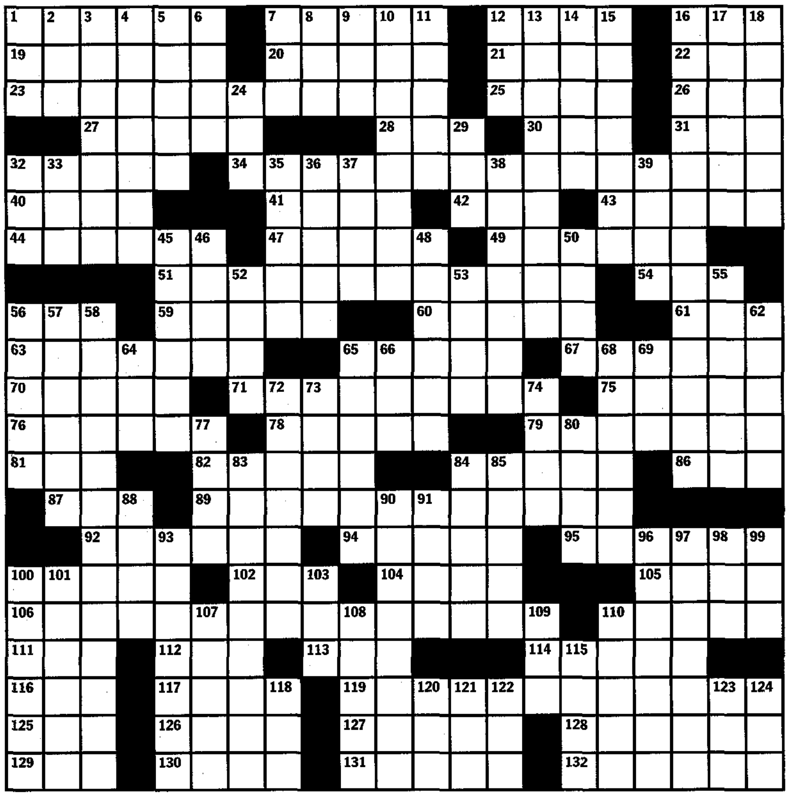


DOWN
- **1** Member finds Scripture mostly readable. (7)
- **2** Harbottle's reckless commitment. (9)
- **3** Arab leader portrayed as disheartened. (5
- **4** Cryptic clue one academic used to describ space. (9)
- **5** Preference for early Sisley seen in collection. (5)
- **6** E-mail Copt received from Egyptian ruler. (9)
- **7** Tired ceremonial at theatre opening. (5)
- **8** Concerning the conveyance, it's free. (7)
- **14** Ruined reso, rebuilt—with new premium. (9)
- **16** Rapacious state includes Socialist and Conservative. (9)
- **17** Statement and description of NHS customer? (9)
- **18** Raising one's hat to a lady may reveal horns. (7)
- **20** Writer ran up article with any odd material. (7)
- **22** Eastern king only not very open raised little hope. (5)
- **23** Despite big losses company shares retain lustre. (5)
- **24** 2-digit number, Greek style. (5)

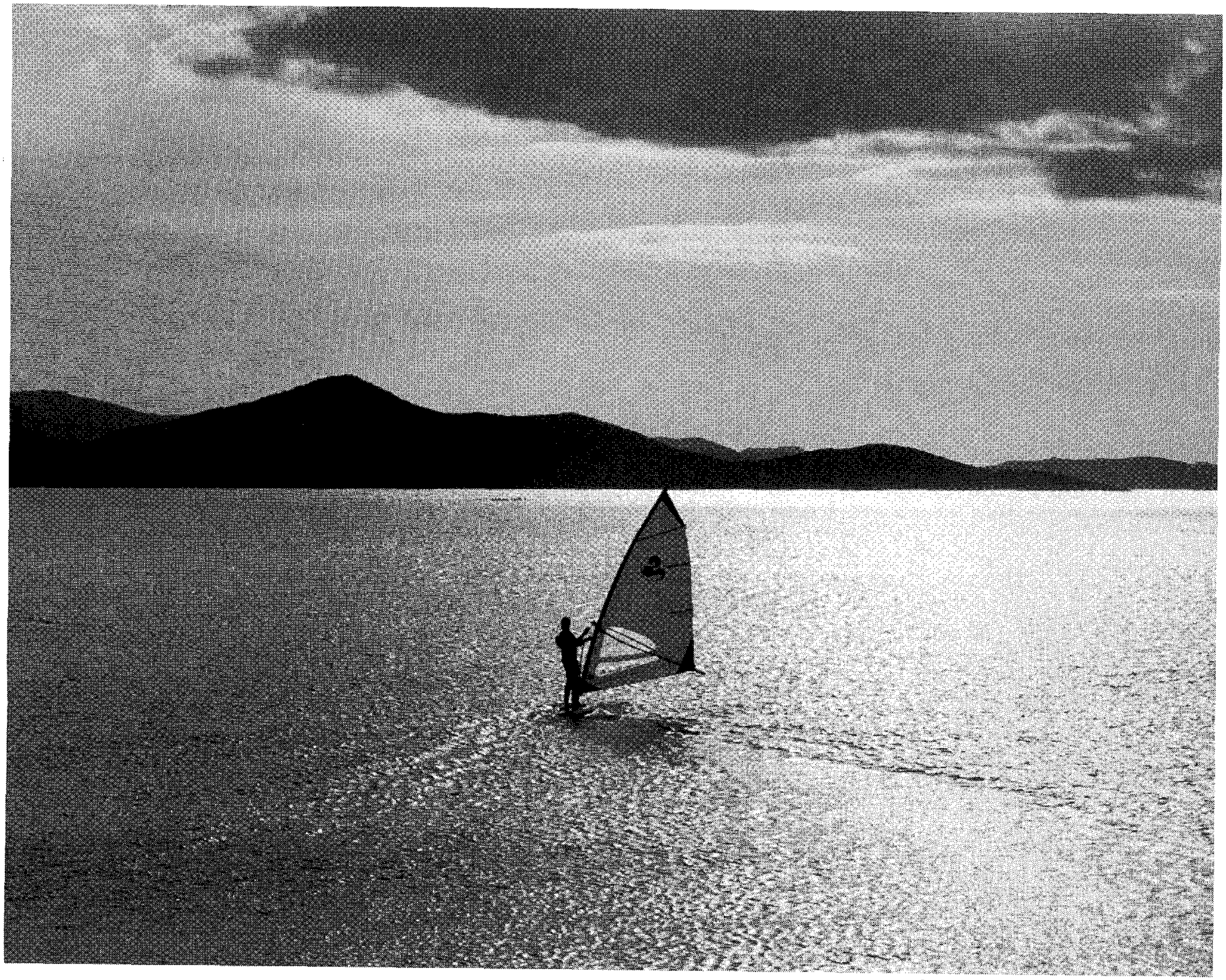
'Chef's Dictionary': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS
- **1** Explosions
- **7** Open-mouthed
- **12** Minus
- **16** Paul Scott's "The —— Quartet"
- **19** Hat style
- **20** Dizzy Gillespie specialty
- **21** Theater acronym
- **22** Coach Parseghian
- **23** STEAM
- **25** Slanted type: abbr.
- **26** Debtor's chit
- **27** Place for a boutonniere
- **28** Crumpets' go-with
- **30** Yes, to Pierre
- **31** Solar-system hub
- **32** Microwaves briefly
- **34** ROAST
- **40** "Do I dare to —— peach?": T. S. Eliot
- **41** Swenson of "Benson"
- **42** Part of H.R.H., currently
- **43** Available, as cash
- **44** Adjusted beforehand
- **47** Helen's abductor
- **49** Staring at the stars
- **51** STEW
- **54** R.N.'s attentiveness
- **56** The sound of "silence!"
- **59** Jacques, in a song
- **60** Graded
- **61** Motor-club insignia
- **63** Nervous-system units
- **65** Patriot who wrote "Common Sense"
- **67** Talked back
- **70** Kind of sanctum
- **71** FRY
- **75** Will Rogers prop
- **76** Chip for a dip
- **78** Sonneteer
- **79** Composed of champions
- **81** —— Lanka
- **82** Cobblers' concerns
- **84** Paint-the-town outing
- **86** Iron in the raw
- **87** TV alien
- **89** BOIL
- **92** Site
- **94** Like a ghost story
- **95** Hothead's failing
- **100** Heart: Fr.
- **102** Dadaism pioneer
- **104** Leopold's 1924 co-defendant
- **105** Before sol or space
- **106** COOK
- **110** Bounced by the boss
- **111** —— matter of fact
- **112** Labor union initials
- **113** Pinch-hitter
- **114** Hollers
- **116** "Erie Canal" mule
- **117** Tonto's "—— Sabe"
- **119** GRILL
- **125** Room extension
- **126** Inoffensive swearword
- **127** "As You Like It" girl
- **128** Blackboard accessory
- **129** Susan of "L.A. Law"
- **130** Look after
- **131** Dog tag, for short
- **132** Lincoln or Rockefeller

DOWN
- **1** "—— Daughter," Marquand novel
- **2** Tony-winner Salonga
- **3** Fawn on
- **4** Beethoven opuses
- **5** Golf hazards
- **6** Yegg's target
- **7** Lawyers' org.
- **8** Fetch
- **9** —— Simbel
- **10** Painted likeness
- **11** Rapiers' relatives
- **12** End of Chou's name
- **13** Group of attendants
- **14** Rusty of baseball
- **15** "Amadeus" villain
- **16** TOAST
- **17** Encircling
- **18** Debonair
- **24** Keebler worker
- **29** "—— du lieber!"
- **32** Wise to the jive
- **33** Hear here
- **35** Longer on the vine
- **36** —— of (greatly respecting)
- **37** Prefix for culture
- **38** Envoys
- **39** Exhaust opening
- **45** Energetic try
- **46** Partner of toss
- **48** Short —— (summary treatment)
- **50** Londoners' last letters
- **52** Chow hall
- **53** Punjab princess
- **55** Ides of March victim
- **56** Quick cuts
- **57** Malaga matron
- **58** POACH
- **62** Idolize
- **64** Actor Stephen of "The Crying Game"
- **65** Puckered fabric
- **66** Capp and Capone
- **68** Assert without proof
- **69** N. Eur. airline
- **72** "Tartuffe" dramatist
- **73** Mideast gulf
- **74** WW I spy
- **77** Grecian mountain of myth
- **80** Penitence period
- **83** Sooner State resident
- **84** More wily
- **85** Freshman cadet
- **88** Basketball infraction
- **90** Of good upbringing
- **91** Switch ending, informally
- **93** Chirping insect
- **96** Six-day deliverer
- **97** Keep at
- **98** "—— he drove out of sight . . ."
- **99** "Maggie May" singer Stewart
- **100** Discontinued
- **101** Reduced in price
- **103** G.I. marts
- **107** Prolonged attack
- **108** Designer Emilio
- **109** Nursery-rhyme "pocketful"
- **110** Signal rocket
- **115** Corp. officer
- **118** Opposite of even
- **120** Bullring bravo
- **121** Sermon topic
- **122** Won at musical chairs
- **123** Born as
- **124** Slip up



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 6



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